

# THE LIVING AGE.

No. 9.—13 JULY, 1844.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
1. Lost Jager, . . . . .	<i>Monthly Magazine</i> , . . . . . 515
2. Bishop White, . . . . .	<i>Evergreen</i> , . . . . . 520
3. The Polka, . . . . .	<i>World of Fashion</i> , . . . . . 521
4. Swallows on the Eve of Departure, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . . . . 522
5. Rise and Fall of the Great Lakes, . . . . .	<i>Brooklyn Star</i> , . . . . . 523
6. Napoleon and the Poet de Lille, . . . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , . . . . . 524
7. Columbus, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . . . . 527
8. Hair Cutting, . . . . .	" . . . . . 528
9. Miss Sarah Martin, . . . . .	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> , . . . . . 529
10. Popular French Songs, No. 1, Malbrough, . . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . . . . 531
11. Mexico, as it was, and as it is, . . . . .	<i>Athenæum</i> , . . . . . 533
12. Brigands in Spain—Pleasant Travelling, . . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . . . . 536
13. Despatches of the Duke of Wellington, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . . 537
14. Fair Annie Macleod, . . . . .	<i>Metropolitan</i> , . . . . . 538
15. Mistresses, Masters, and Servants, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . . . . 540
16. Groans of the Internal Genii, . . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . . . . 541
17. James Wadsworth, . . . . .	<i>Albany Journal—N. Y. Express</i> , 543
18. Madame de Girardin, . . . . .	<i>Foreign Quarterly Review</i> , . . . . . 545
19. Jenny's First Love-Letter, . . . . .	<i>Ayrshire Wreath</i> , . . . . . 555
20. Susan Oliphant—A True Tale, . . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . . . . 556
21. Charlotte Corday, . . . . .	" . . . . . 560
22. Naebody Kens Ye, . . . . .	<i>Whistle Binkie</i> , . . . . . 561
23. Wanderings of a Journeyman Tailor, . . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . . . . 563
24. The Summer Midnight, . . . . .	<i>Rev. James W. Eastburn</i> , . . . . . 565
25. Congress of Vienna, . . . . .	<i>Foreign Quarterly Review</i> , . . . . . 566
26. SCRAPS.—Purifying Stables, 520—Moral Retribution, 530—Play Writers, 532—Popery in America, 544—Companion to the Toilet, 544—Steam Horse, 554.	

BOSTON:

E. LITTELL & CO., 118½ WASHINGTON STREET.

BOSTON.—REDDING & CO.—JORDAN & CO.—HOTCHKISS & CO.  
 NEW YORK.—MOWATT & CO.—SUN OFFICE.—BURGESS & STRINGER.  
 PHILADELPHIA.—CLAUDE & CANNING—R. G. BERFORD—ZIEBER & CO.  
 BALTIMORE.—N. HICKMAN—W. TAYLOR.  
 ALBANY.—W. C. LITTLE—GEORGE JONES. PORTLAND.—GEORGE COLMAN.  
 CINCINNATI.—ROBINSON & JONES.  
 NEW ORLEANS.—BRAVO & MORGAN.

Stereotyped by GEORGE A. CURTIS; New England Type and Stereotype Foundry, Boston.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

We give up the page which we had reserved for our weekly letter to the readers of the *Living Age*, that we may copy part of a letter from the Paris correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*. The American people do not yet realize the portentous difference which steam has made in our politics, by bringing Europe so near to us. It will soon become a question how far we are to stand by President Monroe's warning to Europe, to let this continent alone.

Before we give up the floor to Mr. Walsh, we beg leave earnestly to recommend the notice of Miss Sarah Martin, to all who admire the Man of Ross, or love the widow who gave two mites.

No event of this month here has produced a stronger sensation and bitterer discussion in the political world, on both sides of the channel, than the Prince of Joinville's effusion on the condition of the French navy, and the maritime exigencies and capabilities of France, in reference to war-steamers and in the hypothesis of a contest with Great Britain. He signalizes the present French inferiority in steam-power; the naval equality with her neighbor that power may procure for France, whose supremacy at sea she had so often and vainly disputed: he expounds the comparative practicability of assailing the British shores, and, by means of steam-privateers, of preying on her navigation and commerce. All divisions of his subject are treated with uncommon frankness or hardihood, and with an ability admitted everywhere: instances of apparent truckling to Great Britain are explained and vindicated by the vast disparity of French with British naval force, the latter being sure to prevail in the end, most destructively, whatever advantage France might snatch at the outset in single efforts. For the laudable purpose of the publication—that of rousing the Chambers and country to a sense of their perilous situation, and to immediate heed of the new means of a glorious security—the hypothesis of a rupture with the nearest and most formidable of naval empires was indispensable; but, any spirit or aim of hostility, any wish for a struggle, any degree of insensibility to the benefits and obligations of peace, is disclaimed in the most natural, rational, and conciliatory terms. You have seen the railing of the London press at your President and Secretary of State for the Texas treaty; and that even Mr. Wheaton's commercial convention with the Zollverein has given extreme umbrage and provoked complaint and contumely. The treatment, however, of the Prince de Joinville and his production, in the same quarter, exemplifies still more broadly the intolerance, arrogance, and virulence of that watch and ward of national immunity and ascendancy. All the organs of the several parties in London lavish indignation and opprobrium on the audacious prince: the *Chronicle* calls him a "harum scarum youth," and bestows the epithet *Bucanier* on the pamphlet, which "does not bespeak the feelings or the imagination of a prince, but the beggarly avarice and vulgar spirit of the bucanier." The same Whig oracle tramples on the memory of the Duke of Orleans for having betrayed a warlike spirit on some occasions towards England, and then adds:

"As a manœuvre of the house of Orleans, the fact of the pamphlet appearing is even more unwarrantable and disgraceful, than as the expression of a young seaman's spite. There cannot be a fuller proof how heartless and hollow were those professions and those salutations which welcomed to the palace of Eu the queen of these realms. It was this very stripling, the Prince de Joinville, who stood on the beach, a cigar in his mouth, to receive her, at the very moment when his piratic imagination was, perhaps, picturing, in the words of his pamphlet, how he could 'overtake an English merchant vessel, plunder, and burn her, and then escape from the steamers of war too heavy to follow.'"

The Tory Standard reproaches him with the ambition to acquire mob-popularity; the Spectator observes that Louis Philippe is "troubled with a naughty boy out of bounds among Opposition agitators;" the Times asserts that Louis Philippe pulled his son's ears, and argues earnestly to prove the pamphlet to be one of "hostility to England," qualifying it, indeed, as "well written and of much truth;" the semi-official Herald talks of "the imprudence of the young sailor"—of his "inconsiderate temerity," and represents him as "bidding, in a false position, for popularity at the price of a war with England." The Times, in the outset, was at once candid, fearful, and braggart. Note this text:

"Steam navy is the subject of the prince's observations. He fixes the attention of his readers at once on that great revolution in naval war which is unquestionably coming—rather, which has silently taken place from the introduction of steam; of which, however, the full results, never yet experienced, are to burst upon us in their full force for good or for evil when next we find ourselves engaged in war with any great naval power. It is a serious consideration that our small island is encircled by what is now a great high road, on which large armies may be moved, at the will of their general, with a speed and facility wholly unparalleled in previous warfare—that a body of twenty or thirty thousand men may be conveyed during the darkness of any winter's night from the nearer French harbors to any point of our south-eastern coast—may threaten, during a summer's day, the whole line of country from Dover to Plymouth. Add to this the annoyance which may be inflicted on our homeward-bound merchantmen beating up the Channel by the steaming privateers of Brest or Havre; and, finally, the simplicity of steam manœuvres, which may supersede, we know not to what extent, the dearly-earned skill and experience of the English sailor; and we have a vista of possibilities in which the enemy of England might well be excused for revelling, and which the Prince de Joinville appears not at all disinclined, as far as in him lies, to develop into hard facts. He looks upon the application of steam to warlike purposes as a fresh chance for the world against England—a new state of things for which the previous one furnishes no precedent. And he is right. Naval war is now a new game, to which genius has not yet been applied; and we can scarcely guess what new combinations, what unexpected methods of attack and defence, genius will devise. All we can say is, that old traditions will be found almost certainly inapplicable. To supply their place, we must trust to that which has never in any case failed us—the boldness, energy, and resource of the English character. And happily those energies have not as yet been backward to develop themselves under their new conditions."

From the Monthly Magazine.

## THE LOST JAGER.

"I AM for the Gernsjagd this morning, Netty," said young Fritz of the Back Alp, as he swaggered over the threshold of her grandmother's cottage: that is, he did not exactly swagger, but he stepped in with an air, such as became the handsomest bursch, and the stoutest wrestler, and the best shot in Grindewald, and who knew withal that he was beloved, deeply and dearly, by the prettiest fraulein of the valley. And pretty she was—a dear little bashful drooping mountain daisy, with such hair—not black—not exactly black—but with a glossy golden brightness threading through it, like—what shall I liken it to?—like midnight braided with a sunbeam. And she looked so handsome in her Bernese bonnet with its airy Psyche-like wings, and she tripped so lightly; and I believe, to say the truth, she had the only handsome foot and ancle in the parish—and such an one!—and then she had such a neat, light, elastic, little figure. Suffice it to say, she was Fritz's liebschen, and Fritz was a passable judge of female beauty, and himself the Adonis of Grindewald. And she was the sun of the valley, or rather the mild moon—or, in short, sun, moon, and stars; and had been so denominated in sundry clumsy German rhymes in her praise, by Hans Keller, who, with a like multiplicity of attributes, was himself the Horace—and Virgil, and Anacreon, and—schoolmaster of the neighborhood:—very clever, and very crazy. Darling Netty—many an evening, as, by a sort of accident pre-pense, I happened to saunter by with my pipe, and lingered to gossip away half an hour of bad German, with Fritz and his intended, and her dear, drowsy, deaf, old grandmother. I have thought Fritz was a happy man; and perhaps, to say the truth—perhaps—envied him—a little.—Heaven forgive me!

"I am for the Gernsjagd this morning," said Fritz, as he flung his arm round the blushing maiden. "Old Clausen marked some half dozen of them up by the Rosenlani Gletscher yesterday; and I think we shall pull down some of the gallants, before we have done with them. He promised to meet me at the chalet at eleven; and, by the shadow of the Eiger, it must be close upon the hour: so come with me luck, and by to-morrow evening at furthest, we shall be back with a couple of noble gemsen. 'Down, foolish fellow!—down, Blitz!' he said to his dog, that was yelping around him, in anticipation of the sport. 'Why, he is as fond of chamois hunting as his master. Look at him, Netty.'"

But Netty did not look. Fritz knew well enough that she dreaded, on his account, even to terror, the perils of chamois hunting; but he was devoted to it, with an enthusiasm which is so common to those who practise that dreadful diversion. *Perhaps* this passion did not compete with his love for Netty: perhaps it did. He had never gone, it is true, without her consent; but it was as well for both, that the question had never been brought to an issue, whether he would have gone without it. Not but that he loved, really loved Netty; but he thought her fears very foolish, and laughed at them, as men are very apt to do on such occasions. Netty started when he mentioned the Gernsjagd, and bowed her head to his breast—perhaps to hide a tear, perhaps to examine the buckle of his belt, in which, at that moment, she

seemed to find something particularly interesting. Fritz talked on laughingly, as he thought the best way to dispel her fears was not to notice them at all: so he talked, as I said, until he had no apology for talking any more; and then he paused.

"Fritz! my dear Fritz!" said she, without looking up, and her fingers trembled in the buckle which she was still examining. "My dear Fritz!"—and then she paused too.

"Why, my dear Netty," said he, answering her implied expostulation, "I would n't like to disappoint old Hans—after Wednesday, you know"—and he kissed her cheek, which glowed even deeper than before. "After Wednesday, I promised never to hunt chamois again; but I *must* go, once—just once—to drink a farewell to the Monck and the Aarhom, to their own grim faces—and then—why, I'll make cheese, and cut wood, and be a very earth-cloth of the valley, like our good neighbor Jacob Biedermann, who trembles when he hears an avalanche, and cannot leap over an ice-cleft without shuddering. But once—just once—come with me luck, this time, and, for the future, the darlings may come and browse in the Wergisthal for me."

"I did not say I wished you not to go, Fritz." "No; but you looked it, love; and I would not see a tear in those bright eyes, for all the gemsen between this and the Orteles; but you know, my dear, there is really no danger; and if I could persuade you to give me your hearty consent and your good wishes."—

"I'll try, Fritz!"—

"What! with that sigh, and that doleful look!—No, no, Netty; I will send an apology to old Hans. Here Blitz," as he put a small hunting-horn in the dog's mouth, and pointed up the hills, "Off, boy! to the Adelboden. And now, have you anything to employ my clumsy fingers, or shall we take a trip as far as Bohren's Chalet, to see if the cream and cheese of my little old rival are as good as their wont. I shall go and saddle old Kaiser, shall I!—he has not been out these two days."

Fritz, peasant as he was, knew something of the practical philosophy of a woman's heart, and had a good idea of the possibility of pursuing his own plan, by an opportune concession to hers. On the present occasion he succeeded completely.

"Nay, nay," said the maiden, with unaffected good-will, "you really must not disappoint Hans; he would never forgive me. So come," said she, as she unbuckled the wallet which hung over his right shoulder—"let me see what you have here. But"—and she looked tearfully and earnestly in his face—"you *will* be back to-morrow evening, will you, indeed?"

"By to-morrow evening, love, Hans—gemsen—and all. My wallet is pretty well stocked, you see; but I am going to beg a little of that delicious Oberhasli Kirchwasser, to fill my fläschen."

I need not relate how Fritz had his flask filled with the said Kirchwasser, or how his stock of eatables was increased by some delicious cheese, made by the pretty hands of Netty herself, or how sundry other little trifles were added to his portable commissariat, or how he paid for them all in ready kisses, or how Netty sat at the window and watched him with tearful eyes, as he strode up the hill towards the Scheidegg.

At the chalet he found that Hans had started



alone, and proceeded towards the Wetterhorn. He drew his belt tighter, and began to ascend the steep and craggy path, which wound round the base of the ice-heaped mass, along the face of which, half way to the summit, the clouds were lazily creeping. It was a still, sunny day, and he gradually ascended far enough to get a view over the splendid glacier of Rosenlani. Its clear ice, here and there streaked with a line of bright crystal blue that marked the edge of an ice-ref. Hans was not to be seen. All was still, except now and then the shrill piping of the marmot, or the reverberated roar of the summer lavanges, in the remote and snowy wilds above him. He had just reached the edge of the glacier, and was clambering over the *debris*, which a long succession of ages had carried down from the rocky peaks above, when the strange whistling sound emitted by the chamois caught his ear. On they dashed, a herd of nine, right across the glacier—bounding like winged things over the fathomless refs, with a foot as firm and confident as if it trod on the green sward. Fritz muttered a grim *donnerwetter* between his teeth, when the unerring measurement of his practised eye, told him they were out of shot; and dropping down between the huge blocks of stone among which he stood, so as to be out of sight of the game, he watched their course, and calculated his chance of reaching them. They crossed the glacier—sprung up the rocky barrier, on the opposite side, leaping from crag to crag, and finding footing where an eagle scarce could perch, until they disappeared at the summit. A moment's calculation, with regard to their probable course, and Fritz was in pursuit. He crossed the glacier further down, and chose a route by which he knew, from experience, he would be most likely, without being perceived by the chamois, to reach the spot where he expected to meet with them. At some parts it consisted but of a narrow ledge, slippery with frozen snow, on which even his spiked mountain-shoes could scarcely procure him footing. Sometimes the path was interrupted, and the only means of reaching its continuation, was by trusting himself to the support of some little projection in the smooth rock, where the flakes, which last winter's frost had carried away, broke off abruptly. Sometimes the twisted and gnarled roots of a stunted pine, which had wrought into the clefts, and seemed to draw their nourishment from the rock itself, offered him their support. He did not look back; he thought not of danger—perhaps not even of Netty—but merely casting an occasional glance to the sky, to calculate the chances of a clear evening, resumed his perilous journey.

Many hours had elapsed in the ascent, for he was obliged to make a long circuit, and the sun was getting low in the west when he arrived at the summit. His heart throbbed audibly as he approached the spot where he expected to get a view. All was in his favor. He was to leeward—the almost unceasing thunder of the avalanches drowned any slight noise which the chamois might otherwise have heard—and a little ridge of drifted snow on the edge of the rock behind which he stood, gave him an opportunity of reconnoitring. Cautiously he made an aperture through the drift—there they were, and he could distinguish the bend of their horns—they were within reach of his rifle. They were, however, evidently alarmed, and huddled together on the edge of the opposite precipice, snuffed the air, and gazed about anx-

iously, to see from what quarter they were menaced. There was no time to lose—he fired, and the victim he had selected, giving a convulsive spring, fell over the cliff, while its terrified companions, dashing past, fled to greater heights and retreats still more inaccessible.

The triumph of a conqueror for a battle won, cannot be superior to that of an Alpine huntsman for a chamois shot. The perils run, the exertions undergone, the many anxious hours which must elapse before he can have an opportunity even of trying his skill as a marksman—all contribute to enhance the intense delight of that moment when these perils and exertions are repaid. Fritz leaped from his lurking-place, and ran to the edge over which the animal had fallen. There it was, sure enough, but how it was to be recovered presented a question of no little difficulty. In the front of the precipice, which was almost as steep and regular as a wall, a ledge projected at a considerable distance from the summit, and on this lay the chamois, crushed by the fall. To descend without assistance was impossible, but there was a chalet within a couple of hours walk, at the foot of the Gauli Gletscher. The evening was fine, there was every promise of a brilliant moonlight night, and Fritz was too good a huntsman to fear being benighted, even with the snow for his bed, and the falling avalanche for his lullaby.

Gaily, therefore, he slung his carbine, paid his respects to the contents of his wallet, not forgetting the Oberhasli Kirchwasser, and as he made the solitude around him ring with the whooping chorus of the kuhlied, commenced his descent towards the chalet.

On his arrival he found it empty. The inmates had probably descended to the lower valley, laden with the products of their dairy, and had not yet returned. He seized, however, as a treasure, on a piece of rope which he found thrown over a stake, in the end of the house appropriated to the cattle, and praying his stars that it might be long enough to reach the resting-place of the chamois, he once more turned his face towards the mountains.

It was deep night when he reached the spot. The moon, from the reflection of the snow, seemed to be shining from out a sky of ebony, so dark and so beautiful, and the little stars were peering through, with their light so clear and pure; they shine not so in the valleys. Fritz admired it, for the hearts of nature's sons are ever open to nature's beauties, and though he had not been taught to feel, and his admiration had no words, yet accustomed as he was to scenes like this, he often stopped to gaze. The kuhlied was silent, and almost without being aware of it; the crisping of the frozen snow beneath his footsteps was painful to his ear, as something not in accordance with the scene around him—it was a peasant's unconscious worship at the shrine of the sublime. But, to say the truth, he had no thought but one, as he approached the spot where the chamois lay. The ledge on which it had fallen ran a considerable way along the face of the cliff, and by descending at a point at some distance from that perpendicularly above it, where a piece of crag, projecting upwards, seemed to afford him the means of fastening securely his frail ladder, he hoped to be able to find his way along to the desired spot. Hastily casting a few knots on the rope, to assist him in his ascent, he committed himself to its support. He had arrived within a foot of the rocky plat



form, when the piece of crag to which the rope had been attached, slipped from the base in which it seemed so firmly rooted, struck in its fall the edge of his resting-place, sprung out into vacancy, and went booming downwards to the abyss below.

Fritz was almost thrown over the edge of the precipice by the fall, but fortunately let go the rope, and almost without at all changing the position in which he fell, could trace the progress of the mass as it went whirling from rock to rock, striking fire wherever it touched in its passage, until it crashed amidst the pine-trees. With lips apart and eyes starting from their sockets, while his fingers clutched the sharp edges of the rock until they were wet with blood, he listened in the intense agony of terror to the sounds which, after a long interval, rose like the voice of death, from the darkness and solitude below. Again all was silent—still he listened—he stirred not, moved not, he scarcely breathed—he felt that kind of trance which falls on the spirit under the stroke of some unexpected calamity, of a magnitude which the imagination cannot grasp. The evil stalked before his glassy eyes, dim, and misty, and shapeless, yet terrible—terrible! He had just escaped one danger, but that escape, in the alternative before him, scarcely seemed a blessing. Death! and to die thus! and to die now! by the slow, graduated torture of thirst and starvation, almost within sight of the cottage of his destined bride. Thoughts like these passed hurriedly and convulsively through his mind, and he lay in the sick apathy of despair, when we feel as if the movement of a limb would be recalling the numbed sense of pain, and adding acuteness to its pangs. At length, with a violent effort, he sprang upon his feet. He ran along the ledge, leaping many an intervening chasm, from which even he would at another moment have shrunk. His hurried and oppressed breathing approached almost to a scream, as he sought in vain for a projection in the smooth rock, by which, at whatever risk, he might reach the summit. Alas! there was none. He stood where but the vulture and the eagle had ever been, and from which none but they could escape. He was now at the very extremity of his narrow resting-place, and there was nothing before him but the empty air. How incredulous we are when utter hopelessness is the alternative.

Once more he returned—once more he examined every spot which presented the slightest trace of a practicable passage, once more in vain. He threw himself on the rock, his heart seemed ready to burst, but the crisis of his agony was come, and he wept like a child.

How often, when madness is burning in the brain, have tears left the soul placid and resigned, like the calm twilight melancholy of a summer's eve, when the impending thunder-cloud had dissolved into a shower. Fritz wept aloud, and long and deep were the sobs which shook every fibre of his strong frame; but they ceased, and he looked up in the face of the placid moon, *hopeless*, and yet not *in despair*, and his breathing was as even and gentle as when he gazed up towards her on yestereve, from the rustic balcony of Netty's cottage. Aye, though he thought of that eve when, her cheek reclin'd on his bosom, they both sat in the still consciousness of happiness, gazing on the blue glaciers, and the everlasting and unchanging snow-peaks. He had no hope—but he

felt not despair—the burning fangs of the fiend no longer clutched his heart-strings. He sat and gazed over the forest and gray crag, and the frozen and broken billows of the glaciers, and the snows of the Wetterhom, with their unbroken wilderness of pure white, glistening in the moonlight, and far, far beneath him, the little dusky cloudlets dreaming across the valley, and he could trace in the misty horizon the dim outline of the Faulhorn, and he knew that at its base was one heart that beat for him as woman's heart alone can beat, and yet he was resigned.

The moon neared to her setting, but just before she went down a black scroll of cloud stretched across her disk. It rose higher and higher, and became darker and darker, until one half of the little stars which were coming forth in their brightness, rejoicing in the absence of her, by whose splendor they were eclipsed, were wrapped as in a pall; and there came through the stillness and darkness a dim and mingled sound, the whisper of the coming hurricane. On it came, nearer and nearer, and louder and louder, and the pines swayed, and creaked, and crashed, as it took them by the tops, and now and then there passed a flash over the whole sky, until the very air seemed on flame, and laid open for one twinkling the rugged scene, so fitting for the theatre of the tempest's dissolution; and then the darkness was so thick and palpable, that to him who sat there, thus alone with the storm, it seemed as if there were no world, and as if the universe were given up to the whirlwind and to him. And then the snow came down, small and sharp, and it became denser and denser, and the flakes seemed larger and larger, until the wings of the tempest were heavy with them; and as the broken currents met and jostled, they whirled, and eddied, and shot up into the dark heavens, in thick and stifling masses. Scarce able to breathe, numbed by the cold, exhausted with fatigue, and weak from the mental agony he had undergone, Fritz was hardly able to keep his hold of a projecting edge of a rock to which he had clung, when, waiting to gather strength, the gust came down with a violence which even the Alpine eagle could not resist, for one which had been carried from its perch swept by in the darkness blindly struggling and screaming in the storm.

Oh, Night! Night! there is something so intensely beautiful in thee! Whether in the stillness of thy starry twilight, or in the clear, and placid, and pearly effulgence of thy moon; or when thou wrappest thy brow in its black and midnight mantle, and goest with thy tempests forth to their work of desolation—Oh, thou art beautiful! The spirit of poetry mingles its voice with the thrillings of thy wind-harp, and even in thy deep and holy silence there is a voice to which the soul listens, though the ear hears it not. On the wide sea, and on the wide moor, by the ocean strand, and on mountain lake, and dell and dingle, and corn-field and cottage, O thou art beautiful! But amid the lavange, and the icefall, and the mighty masses of everlasting snow rising up into the heavens where the clouds scarce dare, and their solitude and their majesty, there is an awe in thy beauty, which bows down the soul to the dust in dumb adoration. The lofty choir—the dim and massy aisle—the deep roll of the organ—these, even these, often strike like a spell on the sealed spirit, and the well-springs of devotion gush forth fresh and free. Yet, O what are

these! The deep music moaning from vault to vault to the roar of the fierce thunder; or the lofty temple, to the mighty hills, atoms though they be in the universe of God; or the studied darkness of the shrine, to the blank dullness of the tempest night, seeming, with its grim indefinite, to shadow forth immensity.

What a small portion of the poetry which the heart has felt has ever been recorded. How many wordless thoughts—how many unuttered emotions, such as shine like stars over the pages of the happy few whose lips have been unsealed, rise in the soul of the peasant hind, and are known, and enjoyed, and pass away—into the nothingness of forgotten feelings! Full, deep, and strong, flows onward, silently and perpetually, the stream of sympathy; and here and there by the river side one dips in his little pitcher, and preserves a tiny portion; while all the rest, undistinguished, passes on to the sea of wide eternity. Through the mind of the Alpine peasant, in such a night, with a hopeless sentence passed upon him, what a world of feelings must have strayed, to which he could give but lisping and broken utterance. He prayed—with an artless and fervent eloquence, he committed himself and his spirit to the hands of his God, to whose presence he seemed more nearly to approach in his isolation from the world. He prayed, in words such as his tongue had never before uttered, and with feelings such as, till that period, his heart had never known.

The storm became gradually exhausted in its violence. The thunder grew faint, and the gusts came at longer intervals. As the immediate peril decreased, Fritz, whose senses, from the stimulus of danger, had hitherto borne up against the intense cold and his previous fatigue, began to feel creeping upon him, along with a disinclination to move, a wild confusion of thought, such as one feels when sleep is struggling with pain. There was a dim sense of peril—a thought of falling rocks and cracking glaciers—and sometimes there was a distant screaming of discordant voices—and sometimes they seemed to mumble uncouth and harsh sounds into his ear—and then again would he rally back his recollection, and even find in his known peril a relief from the undefined and ghastly horrors of his wandering thoughts. But his trance at every relapse became deeper and deeper, and his returns of recollection were more and more partial. He had still enough to make an attempt at shaking off the numbing drowsiness which was creeping upon him, and twining round his heart with the slow and noiseless coil of a serpent. He endeavored to struggle, but every limb was palsied. He seemed to himself to make the efforts of the wildest desperation to raise himself up; but no member moved. A gush of icy coldness passed through every vein, and he felt no more.

During that night there was no little bustle in Grindlewald. Poor, poor Netty. The storm had come down with a sudden violence, which completely baffled the skill of the most sagacious storm-seers in the valley; and even Herr Krüger himself—even Herr Krüger, Old Long Shot, as they used to call him—had been taken by surprise. He was sitting opposite me, with the full red light of the wood fire in the kitchen of mine host of the Three Kings beaming on his wrinkled brow, and thin gray locks, which were twisted and staring in every imaginable direction, as if

they had got a set in a whirlwind. The huge bowl of his meerschaum was glowing and reeking, and the smoke was playing all sorts of antics; sometimes popping out at one side of his mouth, sometimes at the other, in a succession of rapid and jerking puffs, whose frequency soon ran up a sum total of a cloud, which enveloped his head like a napkin. He had just given me the history of the said pipe, and of its presentation to him by the Baron von—, who, by his assistance and direction, had succeeded in bringing down a gemsbock. The motto, *Wein und Liebe*, was still visible on its tarnished circlet of silver, and the old man pointed out its beauties with a rapture, not inferior, perhaps, to that of the connoisseur, who falls into ecstasies over some bright sunspot on the canvas of Rembrandt. As the low moaning which preceded the storm, caught his ear, he drew in the fragrance of the bright Turkish with which I had just replenished his pipe, and, as he emitted the fumes in a slow cautious stream, turned inquisitively towards the range of casements which ran along one side of the neat wainscotted apartment. He was apparently satisfied, and turned again to the fire. But the growl of the thunder the instant after came down the valley, and disembarassing himself of his mouthful, with a haste which almost choked him, walked hastily to the window. One glance seemed enough. He closed the shutters, and returning slowly to his seat, muttered, as he habitually replaced his meerschaum in his mouth, God help the jagers to-night!

"A rough evening, Herr Krüger," said Hans, who this moment entered the room, and clapped his carbine in the corner. He had evidently dipped deep in the kirehwasser.

"What, Hans! is that you? Beym kimmel! I was afraid you were going to pass the night up yonder—and young Fritz! you and he were to have been at the jagd together!"

"True, so we were; but, heaven be praised, Fritz called to bid good-by to pretty Netty—and—and so—old Hans had to go alone."

"And feeling lonely among the hills, had the good luck to come back to Grindlewald, instead of sleeping till doomsday in a dainty white snow-wreath. There are no others out?"

"None, thank heaven!" and he filled the glass which stood next him from the bottle at my elbow. "So here's your health Herr Krüger, and to you, Herr B—, good health, and good luck, and a good wife, when you get one." I was just putting my German in order, for the purpose, in after-dinner phrase, of "returning thanks," when our hostess, looking in at the door, said, in a voice of the greatest earnestness, "A word, Hans."

Hans was just in the middle of his goblet, and its bottom was gradually turning upwards to the ceiling, when he was thus interrupted. He merely rolled his eyes in the direction of the speaker, with an expression which indicated, "I'll be there immediately," and continued his draught with the good-will of one who hates mincing matters.

"Come, once more, Hans," said I, as I filled his cup to the very brim. "I have a health to give, you will drink heartily I am sure. Here's to our good friend Fritz and his little liebchen—a long life and a happy one."

"Topp! mein bester man!" said Hans, and the second goblet disappeared as quickly as the first.

Once more the head of our hostess appeared at the door, and her previous summons was repeated.

"I'll be there immediately, my dear, pretty, agreeable, good-natured Wirthinn—there immediately—immediately;" hiccupped Hans. "I like you, my young Englishman, I like you, and I like you the better for liking Fritz; and if you have any fancy for bringing down a gems-bock, there's my hand, junker! Hans Clausen knows every stone of the mountains as well as—"

Once more the door opened, and—not our hostess, but Netty herself, entered the room.

It seemed to be with difficulty that she crossed the floor. Her face was pale, and her long Bernese tresses were wet with the rain. She courtesied to me as she rose, and would almost have fallen, had she not rested one hand on the table, while the other passed with an irregular and quivering motion over her pale brow and throbbing temples. Hans had become perfectly quiet the instant of her entrance, and stood with an air of the most dogged and determined sobriety, though the tremulous manner in which the fingers of his left hand played among the skirts of his hunting-jacket, bespoke a slight want of confidence in his own steadiness. Poor Netty! She had just strength to whisper, "Where is Fritz, Hans?" and, unable to wait his answer, sunk feebly on the bench, and covered her eyes with her trembling fingers.

Krüger laid down his pipe; no trifling symptom of emotion. Hans was thunderstruck. Every idea but that of Fritz's danger, seemed blotted from his memory. He stared and gaped for a few seconds on me and Krüger, and then, utterly forgetful of Netty's alarm, flung himself blubbering upon his knees. "Oh! for God's sake, Mädehan, do not tell me, Fritz went to the hunting to-day. Oh, unglücklich! unglücklich! lost, lost, lost! My poor Fritz; my friend, my best beloved!" and he would have continued longer the maudlin incoherence of his lamentations; but the first words of his despair were too much for Netty, and she sunk down upon the table, helpless, and breathless.

She seemed to be gone forever, it was so long before the exertions of the hostess and her daughter could recall her to her senses. She was conveyed to bed, and left under the care of her poor old grandmother, who had followed her from the cottage. A consultation was immediately held, under the presidency of old Krüger: and, notwithstanding the whole collective wisdom of Grindlewald was assembled in mine host's kitchen, nothing could be done. To wait till morning was the only course, and with no little impatience did many a young huntsman watch for the first break of day and the subsiding of the storm. Fritz was a universal favorite, so fearless, so handsome, such a shot, and so good-natured withal. And then, Netty! The little Venus of Grindlewald! There were none who would not willingly have risked their lives to save him.

With the first dawn of morning, half a dozen of the stoutest huntsmen, under the guidance of Hans, started for the Rosenlain. They had made every provision for overcoming the difficulties they expected to meet with in their search. One of them had, from the cliffs of the Eiger, seen Fritz cross the glacier the day before, and commence

the ascent which was previously described; a path well known to the hunters, but so perilous, as to be only practicable to those of the steadiest nerves, quickest eye, and most unerring step. Their shoes were furnished with cramps, a light ladder formed part of their equipage, and several short coils of ropes slung over the right shoulder, and so made, that they could be easily connected together, were carried by the party. They had the blessings and the good wishes of all Grindlewald at their departure: I accompanied them to the edge of the Rosenlain, and watched the progress of their journey over its frozen waves. Slowly they ascended the giddy path; sometimes gathering into a little cluster of black atoms on the face of the cliffs, sometimes scattered from ledge to ledge. Then, when obliged partially to descend, an individual of the party was slung by a rope from the upper platform, for the purpose of fixing the ladders and securing a safe passage to the rest. "Well! which way shall we turn now?" said young, round-faced, light-haired, ruddy-cheeked, rattle-pated Gottfried Basler, who had blubbered like a baby the night before, and, of course, like a baby, had exhausted his grief before morning. "Which way are we to turn now, Hans? I am afraid, after all, we have come out on a fool's errand. There have been wreaths thrown up here last night big enough to bury Grindlewald steeple; and if poor Fritz be really lost in them, we may look till Mont Blanc melts before we find him. It is, to be sure, a satisfaction to do all we can, though heaven help us, I am afraid there is little use in it."

Hans, poor fellow, was nearly of the same opinion, but it was too much to have the fact thus uncompromisingly stated. He muttered a half audible curse as he turned impatiently away, and walked along the cliff, endeavoring to frame an answer, and make up his mind as to the point towards which the search ought to be directed. His companions followed without uttering a word.

Basler again broke silence.

"Gott, what a monster!" he exclaimed, and his carbine was cocked in a twinkling.

Far below them, a huge lammer-geyer was sailing along the face of the cliff. He seemed not to perceive the group, to whom, notwithstanding the mournful search in which they were engaged, his appearance was so interesting, but came slowly dreaming on, merely giving now and then a single heavy flap with his huge sail-like wings, and then floating forward as before.

"Stay Basler," whispered Hans, as he himself cocked his carbine, "There is no use in throwing away your bullet. He will probably pass just below us, and then you may have a chance. Steady yet a little. How odd he does not notice us. Nearer, and nearer; be ready, Basler. Now—fire. A hit! beym himmel!"

Crack! crack! crack! went carbine after carbine, as the wounded bird fell tumbling and screaming into the ravine, while its mate sprung out from the face of the rock on which the slayers were standing, and swept backwards and forwards, as if to brave their shot, uttering absolute yells of rage. Basler's skill, however, or his good fortune, reigned supreme, and, though several of his companions fired from a much more advantageous distance, their bullets, unlike his, whizzed



on and spent themselves in the empty air. The object of the practice still swept unhurt across their range, until his fury was somewhat exhausted, and then dropped down towards the dark pine-trees, to seek for his unfortunate companion.

"A nest, I dare say," said Hans, as he threw himself on his face and stretched his neck over the cliff. Ha! a chamois they have managed to throw down—the kerls! You spoiled their feast, Basler. But—mein Gott! is it possible! Gottfried—Heinrich—look there. Ja freilich! freilich! it is Fritz!" And he leaped up, screaming like a madman, nearly pushed Gottfried over the precipice to convince him of the reality of the discovery, and then, nearly did the same to Carl, and Franz, and Jacobeber, and Heinrich.

"I am afraid he is dead," said Basler.

Hans again threw himself on his face, and gazed gaspingly down. Fritz did not move. Hans gazed, and gazed, but his eyes filled with tears, and he could see no more.

"Here Jacob," said he, as he once more sprung up, and hastily began looping together the ropes which his companions carried. "Here Jacob, place your feet against the rock there. Now, Gottfried, behind Jacob: Heinrich—Carl—now, steady, all of you—or stay, Carl, you had better descend after me, and bring your flaschen along with you."

In a few seconds, Carl and he stood beside their friend. They raised him up. A little kirch-wasser was administered to him—they used every measure which their mountain-skill suggested to waken him from his trance, which was rapidly darkening down into the sleep of death. The sun which now began to beat strongly on the dark rocks where they stood, assisted their efforts. They succeeded—his life was saved.

That evening Fritz sat on one side of the fire in the cottage of Netty's grandmother, while the good old dame herself plied her knitting in her usual diligent silence on the other. He was pale, and leant back on the pillows by which he was supported, in the languid apathy of exhaustion. Netty sat at his knee, on a low oaken stool, with his hand pressed against her cheek, and many and many a tear, such as overflow from the heart in the fulness of its joy, trickled over his fingers.

"Now, Fritz," said she, looking earnestly up in his face, "you will never—never, go to the gemsjagd again."

"Never—never," echoed Fritz.

But he broke his word, and was chamois-hunting before the end of the honey-moon.

**INTERESTING CHEMICAL DISCOVERY.**—It is notorious that horses, more especially racers and hunters, are subject to inflammatory diseases, and it is observed that grooms are short-lived. This has been ascribed to the air of unventilated stables being strongly impregnated with ammonia, an alkali that may be classed amongst the most powerful stimulants, the constant respiration of which predisposes to affections of the lungs. Various means have been tried with a view to the absorption of this subtle poison, but hitherto without attaining the desired result. During the last session of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, a paper was presented to the council by Mr.

H. Reece, descriptive of a plan for purifying the air of stables, by a mixture of gypsum or sawdust with sulphuric acid. This mode is said to be at once safe, simple, and efficacious. Mr. Reece made some experiments in the extensive stables of Mr. Evans of Enstone, the results of which are stated to be quite satisfactory. The stables were, in the first instance, strewn with gypsum (crystallized sulphate of lime) coarsely powdered; but though the ammonia was evolved with the wetted straw, no trace of it was visible after two days' exposure, when examined with slaked lime. The stables were then strewn with the gypsum, moistened with sulphuric acid, and when examined next morning, every portion was found to have absorbed sufficient ammonia to emit its peculiar pungent odor when brought in contact with slaked lime. The stables had lost their close, unhealthy smell, and, to use the words of the grooms, appeared to be quite sweetened. As it was evident the gypsum acted merely mechanically, affording a convenient absorbent surface for the acid, some further experiments were made, substituting sawdust for gypsum, which were attended by still more favorable results. The prepared mixture should be laid upon trays, as the acid is considered likely to injure the horses' feet. One part of sawdust will readily absorb three times its weight of acid solution, which should be mixed in the proportion, by measure, of one part of sulphuric acid to fifteen of distilled water. The ammoniacal salt makes an excellent manure, but it should not be mixed with the straw until after removal from the stable.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

From the Evergreen.

#### BISHOP WHITE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"He was, as he himself expressed it, the last surviving link between the church of England and that of America."

THERE WAS ONCE a chain, that bound, with mystic zone,

A sacred mother to her distant child,

The ancient Church, that hallows England's throne,

To her young daughter in this western wild.

With prayers and vows each golden link was twined,  
And well might man revere what Heaven's own  
hand had joined.

But he who bore it o'er the boisterous deep,

Lo! from his hand the intrusted treasure falls—

His aged head declines in dreamless sleep—

No more to verdant fields his flock he calls;

While from the groups that watch around his bed,  
Burst forth the thrilling wail that mourns the much-  
lov'd dead.

Dead!—Fee! we not his living presence pressing

Into our hearts, from memory's greenest cell?

Hear we not still his voice the throng addressing,

As when upon our infant ear it fell?

Mark we not still his silver tresses play

Around his reverend brow?—And is he cold in clay?

Oh, firm in faith, in piety serene,

Wrapp'd as a robe in wisdom's changeless lore,

The friend of peace 'mid every varying scene,

And meek in power as though no sway he bore.

Father in God! fresh tears our sorrow tell,—

Thou faithful unto death—thou blest in heaven—  
farewell!

We love the beauty of the summer's day,

Tending in cloudless splendor toward the west;

We watch the glory of its parting ray,

That decks with rubied gems old ocean's breast.

Such was thy path, meek prelate, bathed in light,—

Praise to Jehovah's name, that made its close so  
bright.

From the World of Fashion.

## THE POLKA.

"Que de choses dans un menuet!!!"

MARCEL, *Maitre de danse.*

Who is there in possession of his senses, that has not by this time heard of the Polka? The old talk of it, the young and the middle-aged learn it, and all but the crippled or the blind endeavor to dance it. From Almack's to the humblest dancing booth in England, the Polka is attempted, and men forget their usual avocations to descant upon its merits; and the ladies abandon all things but the latest fashions, to praise and to admire it.

La Polka has spread like a contagion from the depths of Poland to St. Petersburg, and from Petersburg to Vienna, and from Vienna to Paris, and from Paris to London, and no doubt it is by this time tripping over the Great Atlantic, and setting in commotion the yellow-looking damsels of New York. Music composers are making fortunes of tunes for the Polka. Dancing masters and mistresses are vesting large sums in the funds, because they must teach the Polka, and be well paid for their lessons in the art. Even in the past month, when a meeting was held for the purpose of providing an asylum for the aged teachers of dancing in this metropolis, and when all belonging to the profession were laudably anxious to promote so good and so benevolent an object, it was yet found that the meeting was but thinly attended, because the most celebrated professors of the art were compelled to absent themselves; for each and all the excuse was the same—"They were giving lessons in *la Polka*!"

We have had everything in England to testify the deep interest we take in this fashionable dance, excepting one. We have had no work published on this subject. Such, however, is not the case with our tasteful neighbors on the other side of the Channel, for at this moment we have before us a very pretty *brochure* entitled "*Physiologie de la Polka d'après Cellarius, par Auguste Vitu et Paul Farnese*," in which due commendation is bestowed upon this dance, and the art of dancing, itself, is elevated to its proper degree of importance.

The author of this pamphlet depicts himself as being introduced by "the lady of his love," to a celebrated professor of the Terpsichorean art, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the mysteries of the Polka. He is doubtful how he may be received, and he is resolved to ingratiate himself with the august professor, who bears the classical name of Cellarius.

"Do you speak Polish?" said the instructor to me.

"Alas, no;" I replied, as I dolefully shook my head.

"So much the better; it relieves me from the embarrassment of using a language, one word of which I do not comprehend."

I was confounded by the simplicity and candor of the professor.

"What do you think," said he, "of the gallopade?"

"It is," I answered, "the refined expression of a sentiment purely primitive. It is the progressive and complete development of the material instincts of man. All the phases of modern civilization terminate in the gallopade. I regard the nineteenth century but as an epoch of synthesis and elaboration, since in philosophy it has the

ape's tail of Fourier—in politics, the speeches of Marshal Soult—in poetry, M. Dulignac—in literature, M. Elias Berthel—in art, the cane parasols of Farge—and in choreography, the gallopade —"

"That is very well indeed, sir; but what do you say of the waltz?"

"Whilst the gallopade presents all the characteristics of a social dance, that is symbolical of an epoch; the waltz, more modest, but more attractive, gives to the mind the analysis of a scientific constitution—that is, it is less universal, but more special, than the gallopade. Whilst, then, the former is of all times and all countries, the latter seems peculiar to the people of Germany; to those, only, who infuse into their pleasures a species of scientific and mathematical regularity—the gravity of algebra, and the moroseness of the integral calculus. The waltz is the invention of the greatest of modern geniuses—of the famous astronomer Copernicus—at least, if my assertion be not proved, it may be, which comes to the same thing. One point is perfectly manifest, and that is, that the waltz is nothing more than a magnificent lesson in astronomy."

The professor looked puzzled, and the points of his toes described in the air great notes of interrogation.

I collected myself a little, and then continued thus:—

"The constant evolution operated by a couple waltzing around a central point, which may be supposed to be in the middle of the room, reminds one instantly of the movements of the earth, which turns on its own axis as it revolves around the sun. That species of intoxication which possesses itself of our being, after some few minutes engaged in waltzing, that drags us along, that flings us full of vertiges and incapable of interrupting our career, or even of having a distinct idea; all that gives us, I say, a correct apprehension of the perpetual motion; and then I venture to affirm, as an ingenious hypothesis of my own, that the comets are wandering stars, that are condemned by nature to meander through the universe, because they are fated to continue in a waltz, too prolonged in the assembly of organized bodies."

The master raised his head, and his face was shining with smiles—his pale forehead was hallowed by the sublimity of majesty—his black beard bristled with exultation—he opened his mouth, and said—nothing.

We flung ourselves into each other's arms, and perfectly comprehended each other.

Maria, my beloved, wept at this affecting scene, for she too understood us.

Gentle reader, *can you do so?*

As soon as our tender emotions had subsided, we again entered the domain of science, and there the professor, with an affability that suited his genius, told me that he was the high priest of a new faith, which he intended to spread over the entire world, and that new faith was entitled *La Polka*.

We were about to write—thus much from our French author—but we cannot refrain from giving some of his aphorisms with respect to the Polka.

"The Polka can alone be danced by people who have two feet. The great use of the feet is to dance the Polka."

"Country dances suit those of a sanguine temperament. The waltz is for the lymphatic. The Polka for the bilious."

"No lady ought to dance the Polka if she have passed her thirtieth year. After thirty, the Polka only inspires ferocious ideas.

"Do you wish to espouse that young person, who, seated at the lower end of the ball room, scarcely dares to raise her eyes to you, to supplicate you not to forget her—then insist upon her mamma dancing with you the Polka. If you wish to please the mamma, make the daughter Polka with you.

"A fashionable ball without the Polka, is a dinner without soup, a coat without sleeves, or an eye without the eyebrow.

"Tell me how you dance the Polka, and I can tell you what you are.

"The only great men who ever existed, who, if they had the opportunity, could not dance the Polka, were Tamerlane, Lord Byron and Talleyrand, and this, because—they were lame."

It will be seen from the preceding extracts, with what liveliness and spirit the French writer descants upon his attractive theme.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### TO SWALLOWS ON THE EVE OF DEPARTURE.

BY B. SIMMONS.

"The day before V——'s departure for the last time from the country—it was the 4th of August, one of the hottest days of the season—as evening fell, he strolled with an old school-fellow through the cool green avenues and leafy arcades of the neighboring park, where his friend amused him by pointing out to his attention vast multitudes of swallows that came swarming from all directions to settle on the roofs and gables of the manor-house. This they do for several days preparatory to their departing, in one collected body, to more genial climates."—*MS. Memoir.*

##### I.

Jovous birds! preparing  
In the clear evening light  
To leave our dwindled summer day  
For latitudes more bright!  
How gay must be your greeting,  
By southern fountains meeting,  
To miss no faithful wing of all that started in your flight!

##### II.

Every clime and season  
Fresh gladness brings to you.  
Howe'er remote your social throngs  
Their varied path pursue;  
No winds nor waves disserve—  
No dusky veil'd FOREVER,  
Frowneth across your fearless way in the empyrean blue.\*

##### III.

Mates and merry brothers  
Were ye in Arctic hours,  
Mottling the evening beam that sloped  
Adown old Gothic towers!  
As blythe that sunlight dancing  
Will see your pinions' glancing  
Scattering afar through Tropic groves the spicy bloom in showers!

\*"They all quit together, and fly for a time east or west, possibly in wait for stragglers not yet arrived from the interior—they then take directly to the south, and are soon lost sight of altogether for the allotted period of their absence. Their rapidity of flight is well known, and the 'murder-aiming eye' of the most experienced sportsman will seldom avail against the swallow; hence they themselves seldom fall a prey to the raptorial birds."—*CUVIER, edited by Griffiths.* Swallows are long-lived; they have been known to live a number of years in cages.

##### IV

Haunters of palaced wastes! \*  
From king-forlorn Versailles  
To where, round gateless Thebes, the winds  
Like monarch voices wail,  
Your tribe capricious ranges,  
Reckless of glory's changes,  
Love makes for ye a merry home amid the ruins pale.

##### V.

Another day, and ye  
From knosp and turret's brow  
Shall, with your fleet of crowding wings,  
Air's viewless billows plough,  
With no keen-fang'd regretting  
Our darken'd hill-sides quitting,  
—Away in fond companionship as cheerily as now!

##### VI.

Woe for the soul-endued—  
The clay-enthralled mind—  
Leaving, unlike you, favor'd birds!  
Its all—its all behind,  
Woe for the exile mourning,  
To banishment returning—  
A mateless bird wide torn apart from country and from kind!

##### VII.

This moment blest as ye,  
Beneath his own home-trees,  
With friends and fellows girt around,  
Up springs the western breeze,  
Bringing the parting weather—  
Shall all depart together?  
Ah, no!—he goes a wretch alone upon the lonely seas.

##### VIII.

To him the mouldering tower—  
The pillar'd waste, to him  
A broken-hearted music make  
Until his eyelids swim.  
None heeds when he complaineth,  
Nor where that brow he leaneth  
A mother's lips shall bless no more sinking to slumber dim.

##### IX.

Winter shall wake to spring,  
And 'mid the fragrant grass  
The daffodil shall watch the rill  
Like Beauty by her glass.  
But woe for him who pineth  
Where the clear water shineth,  
With no voice near to say—How sweet those April evenings pass!

##### X.

Then while through Nature's heart  
Love freshly burns again,  
Hither shall ye, plumed travellers,  
Come trooping o'er the main;  
The self-same nook disclosing  
Its nest for your reposing  
That saw you revel years ago as you shall revel then.†

\*In the fanciful language of Chateaubriand, "This daughter of a king (the swallow) still seems attached to grandeur; she passes the summer amid the ruins of Versailles, and the winter among those of Thebes."

†"However difficult to be credited, it seems to be ascertained beyond doubt, that the same pair which quitted their nest and the limited circle of their residence here, return to the very same nest again, and this for several successive years; in all probability for their whole lives."—*Griffith's Cuvier.*



## XI.

—Your human brother's lot!  
 A few short years are gone—  
 Back, back like you to early scenes—  
 Lo! at the threshold-stone,  
 Where ever in the gloaming  
 Home's angels watch'd his coming,  
 A stranger stands, and stares at him who sighing  
 passes on.

## XII.

Joy to the travail-worn!  
 Omnific purpose lies  
 Even in his bale as in your bliss,  
 Careerers of the skies!  
 When sun and earth, that cherish'd  
 Your tribes, with you have perish'd,  
 A home is his where partings more shall never dim  
 the eyes.

From the Brooklyn Star.

## THE RISE AND FALL OF THE GREAT LAKES.

In 1841 the waters of Lake Erie receded to such an extent that the Erie Canal, for several miles, was left without water, and great fears were entertained in that vicinity that this ebbing of the lake would continue so long and to such an extent that this portion of the canal would for a time be rendered useless.

During the prevalence of strong easterly winds, this end of the lake was greatly affected during this general subsidence of its waters.

I had frequently heard it remarked by persons residing in the country bordering upon the lakes, that these waters rise and fall every seven years. I have watched the account of the rise and fall of the lakes for near thirty years, and have ascertained during that period that the rise is not *periodical*, but *occasional*.

Chicago, on Lake Michigan, during the land speculations in village lots, extended its borders so far toward the lake during a period of the subsiding of the waters, that on the occasion of the great rise of the lakes, the outside village lots were five feet under water.

The rise of the river Nile, in Egypt, the inhabitants watch with much care; and they have the means of determining the stage of water each successive year by means of a measure called a Nileometer, the notings of which are recorded.

The inundations of this river are generally annual, and happen at the period of the summer solstice; but I have known two years during my recollection that there was not the usual annual inundation, and much suffering was produced in Egypt by the consequent failure of the crops.

A large pond in the town of Concord, Mass., has its rising and falling during an interval of several years, and these appear to be disconnected with years that are wet and those which are dry. The inhabitants in the vicinity have, in noticing the rise and fall of the waters, what is equal in some respects to the "Nileometer." In the beach of the pond, which is of white sand, when the pond is low, a wagon and horses can be driven on the beach the whole circuit of the pond between the water and the bushes, which border the beach; but, in years of high water, the pond extends some distance into the bushes covering the beach. The oldest inhabitants who have noticed the rising and falling of the pond for half a century or more, are unable to account for these changes. The pond has no visible inlet or outlet, and covers an area of about one hundred acres.

The great lakes are not influenced in any noticeable extent by seasons of dry or wet weather.

The area of surface drained by the great lakes, including the St. Lawrence, is computed at 510,000 square miles. The area of surface drained by the

waters of the Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, &c., is about 1,100,000 miles. The length of course of the waters of the lakes and the St. Lawrence, may be estimated at 1200 miles, and the width of the basin at about 425 miles. That of the Mississippi may be estimated at 2000 miles length of course, with a mean width of 550 miles of basin.

The area of surface drained by the Nile is estimated at about 420,000 square miles, with a length of course of 1680 miles, and a mean breadth of basin of about 550 miles.

The waters of the lakes are spread out over a great surface, while the waters of the Mississippi have a narrow channel. The rise of the former is consequently slow, while that of the latter is comparatively rapid.

The waters of the great lakes and those of the tributaries of the Mississippi mingle together at very high spring floods, when the lakes are at the greatest height. The waters of the great lakes which flow into the Gulf of the St. Lawrence pass over that portion of the surface of our continent which forms the curve of the sphere.

The head waters of the Mississippi come from an altitude which, when added to its northern latitude, would give a climate of the temperature of Iceland.

The cause of the rise of the lakes may be placed among those which cause the flow of Arctic ice at greater extent some years than others.

If we should find that the rise and fall of the great lakes are periodical and at long intervals of time, then, in that case, we must look for the influence of some solar or terrestrial body belonging to our system as the cause of these changes.

Some sections of the continent have long periods of drought. Here is an atmospheric phenomenon which is beyond the reach of human science to determine.

Whatever disorders we may find in the order of things, are parts of the great system, and help to make up the harmonies of nature. The thunder and its electric fire are, in our view, the convulsions of the air; but nature has placed these among its harmonies. So of the earthquake, the tornado and the frost.

The great lakes occupy the successive terraces of the earth, in the great slope to the St. Lawrence; and could we but view them from an elevated position, with a telescopic eye, we should see beauties of high order.

The waters of the great lakes are yet of that fertilizing quality that are possessed by the waters of the Nile and the Mississippi. Yet one of these is as much the king of lakes, as one of the others is the king of rivers. E. M.

NEW MODE OF PLANTING APPLE-TREES.—A horticulturist in Bohemia has a beautiful plantation of the best apple-trees, which have neither sprung from seeds nor grafting. His plan is, to take shoots from the choicest sorts, insert them in a potato, and plunge both into the ground, having put an inch or two of the shoot above the surface. The potato nourishes the shoot whilst it pushes out roots, and the shoot gradually springs up, and becomes a beautiful tree, bearing the best fruit, without requiring to be grafted.—*Canada Newspaper.*

EFFECT OF HABIT.—The following utterly ridiculous instance of the painful habit London waiters have acquired of invariably repeating every syllable a customer utters, before they can possibly return any answer, literally occurred to a friend, who thus triumphantly tested their imperturbable gravity of countenance:—"Waiter!" "Yes sir." "Bottled stout." "Bottled stout, sir? Yes sir." "And—here, waiter!" "Yes sir." "Meet me in the willow glen!" "Willow glen, sir? Yes sir."—*Newspaper paragraph.*

From Frazer's Magazine.

NAPOLEON'S enmity to a free press was limited to the discussion of politics. He encouraged, rewarded, and honored authors whose labors were bestowed upon arts and sciences, and whatever else could contribute to the material good of society. He was a lover of poetry, but did nothing for the lovers of the muses. He disliked Voltaire; often declared that De Lille was the only French poet worth reading since the days of Racine and Boileau; and always spoke with tenderness of the author of the poem on the Immortality of the Soul. Had De Lille lived long enough, Napoleon would have given him some signal mark of distinction; but he returned from a long exile, and died before the hero of Marengo had time to pay much attention to any other than military merit.

Napoleon was right in his judgment of this admirable imitator of Virgil, whose return to France was hailed with transport by all that was elegant and refined, after the revolutionary storm had blown over. A proof of the attention paid to De Lille will be found in the following anecdote.

There is a *Traiteur* on the Boulevard du Temple, well known by the sign of the Cadran Bleu. It was in this house that De Lille, when young, had read to a set of joyous companions, over a bottle of hermitage, his poem on Imagination. It was there that, for the first time, he received that applause which the literary world has since ratified by its suffrage in favor of that fine episode in which he paints the artist lost in the catacombs of Rome.

The recollection of this early triumph always revived in the soul of the poet the most pleasing emotions, and rendered the Cadran Bleu so dear to him, that on the anniversary of his youthful triumph he ordered a dinner, and invited his select friends to join him in the great room, to which he accorded so much local affection. When he lost his sight, this annual recreation was the more dear to him, as his pleasures were more circumscribed. Although he could not see kind faces, he could listen to the various conversations, and enjoy the bustle of a large room, where there were some dozen sets at dinner.

During the dark tempest in which his country had been tossed under the reign of the cannibals of the Revolution, De Lille retired to Switzerland, and then to London, where one of his most painful privations was that of the annual feast at the Cadran Bleu. When peace was for a moment restored, he returned to Paris, and his first desire, associated with recollections of times long past, was to dine there with a small party. He did not reflect on his vast renown, and the inconvenience of appearing in public, where, instead of listening unnoticed, he must necessarily be the object of general attention. No man, perhaps, ever received from the contemplation of nature stronger or more lively inspirations; no man ever delighted more than De Lille to look upon the world, enjoy its beauties, and convert them into poetical images; the noise and bustle of the crowd, the tumult and the din of large cities, were so many agreeable pictures to his ardent and inquiring mind. He suffered in solitude, and his friends sought to fill the blank that blindness had formed around him, with everything that could amuse and solace him. "If Providence will no longer permit me," said he, "to behold the light of heaven, where I found millions of dithyrambs on the immortality of the soul; if I can no longer enjoy the aspect of Na-

ture, I can at least listen to the accents of friendship, mix in active scenes of life, and hearken to the voice of that people who love my lyre, and, for a moment, thus forget my infirmity. *Oh! my friends, let us go once more to the Cadran Bleu!*"

In vain his friends represented the inconvenience to him, at his age, blind and infirm as he was, to be surrounded by a crowd, importuned, questioned, and fatigued; but he would go, and solicited with such earnestness to be accompanied, that there was no resisting his entreaties. At length one of his most intimate friends conceived a mode of satisfying his wishes, without exposing him to any inconvenience. This friend inhabited a spacious house in the Faubourg St. Germain, and resolved to arrange everything in such a manner as to imitate the great room of the Cadran Bleu, and make De Lille believe that he was dining in his favorite house, and in the saloon rendered so dear to him. All was prepared in consequence of this kind and happy conception; and, to the great joy of the poet, the day was fixed. His heart beat high as he heard the carriage that was to convey him thither roll over the pavement of the court-yard. He trembled with joy as he placed himself with Madame De Lille and two friends in the carriage, which, instead of going to the Boulevard du Temple, went to the hotel of the kind friend, where every one had his part to play, even to the porter at the gate, who cried out in a loud voice, in imitation of the oyster-women who sit at the door of all the *traiteurs* in Paris, "*Will you eat oysters? they are all fresh and good! Will you have fresh oysters?*" "Yes, yes, good woman," answered the delighted poet, "up stairs with them!" Several members of the academy, men of letters and distinguished artists, were placed at small tables, and making a noise with knives and plates and discussing all the common-place topics of the day, in order to render the illusion complete, and make the old bard believe he was really in the great dining-room of the Cadran Bleu. He pressed the arm of the friend who conducted him, and whispered, "There is the movement, the noise, the clatter I love so much. That is life! time flies here on the wings of electric fluid. Let us get a table, in a good place where I may hear all they say. Ho! waiter, give me a chair!"

He had scarcely spoken, when one of the best comic actors of the French theatre was at his side.

"What can I do to be agreeable to you, sir?"

"A table, a chair, place for four, my good lad, in a snug corner; but so as I may hear everything that is said in the room."

"Here, sir, is a place vacant that will suit you perfectly."

"That is a good lad. But tell me your name."

"Paul, sir; head-waiter of the 'Cadran Bleu.'"

"Good—good! Now, Paul, let us be well served, and you shall not be forgotten. Bring us the bill of fare, and a bottle of good sauterne, old and natural: no mixed stuff, friend Paul."

"You shall have the best, sir; make yourself easy on that point."

Oysters were served while the first dishes were preparing, in conformity with the choice he had made from the list his friend had read to him. During these moments of delay, a dispute arose at a table near him: the price of the funds,—the rate of exchange,—the last sales of colonial produce,—the speculations that had been made in wine and brandy, to send abroad, in consequence of the peace of Amiens. The conversation was loud and

animated, and several persons spoke at the same time. De Lille was attentive.

"I thought as much from their first words," said he, in a low voice; "these are brokers and merchants who have come to dine, and wash down their bargains with the good wine of the Cadran Bleu. These fellows know where prime living is to be had. I am glad to find the house preserves its ancient reputation."

At another table sat three ladies, representing three dealers in furniture and second-hand drapery. They laughed immoderately at each other's language, and made such a noise, that the poet could but indistinctly catch the subject of their mirth.

"I would lay a wager," said he, "that these three gossips are the wives of wood and charcoal merchants, in the Isle Souviers, who are amusing themselves while their husbands are gone to some sale at a distant forest. Only think, if I were a young man, how I would scrape an acquaintance with them, and crack jokes during the hour of dinner. How diverting it would be!"

When the service was removed, the mimic "Paul, the waiter," came gently towards the table, and expressed his hope that everything was good.

"Excellent, Paul, my good lad! I call you lad; but perhaps you have been a long time in the house."

"A long time, sir!" said the actor, giving his voice rather a graver tone; "long enough to remember having had the honor to wait upon M. De Lille."

"Not so loud,—not so loud, Paul; if you are overheard by the company, I shall be obliged to retire."

"Retire!" said Paul, with an air of surprise; "why every one loves M. De Lille."

Scarcely had Paul pronounced his name a second time, when an academician, in a dialect that announced him to be an inhabitant of the banks of the Garonne, came forward and said, "M. De Lille, if I heard aright; the great-wine merchant of the Rue des Marmousets, at the sign of the good woman without a head?"

"No, sir, no; I am not a wine-merchant. Am I, my dear?" addressing himself to Madame De Lille, and smiling.

"Ah! ha! you smile; you think I don't know you; me, travelling clerk to the first house in Bordeaux. I cannot forget the good old musty cahor you tried to make me swallow for the brilliant of my employers, the Bertrand brothers. Now, as my place is taken in the diligence, and I set off in two hours, if M. De Lille would favor us with an order, I promise, on my word of honor, to see it executed myself."

"I thank you a thousand times," said the poet; "but I really have no occasion for your services."

"I am sorry for it, good master; sorry for both of us; your house would lose nothing by trying a sample of the brothers Bertrands' stock, and I should be proud to have gained them so good a customer."

"Thanks, many thanks, for your kind offer, good sir; but I have retired from business," said De Lille, squeezing the hand of his wife in sign of delight. He looked radiant, called for coffee, and the bill.

The bill was laid on the table.

"How much, how much, my dear!" said he, to Madame De Lille. "Pay it, without saying a word; the dinner was so good I would not make an observation; besides, Paul knows me."

Madame De Lille opened the paper, and read as follows:—

"The honor to receive in my house the favorite poet of France is the only recompense I can consent to accept. I entreat him to accept my dinner as a homage paid to his genius by the restaurateur."

HENNEVEN.

"What means this!" said the old man, rising. "I cannot accept a dinner where I have not the least title to the generosity of the master of the house."

"No title!" said a literary friend, who played the part of the restaurateur. "You have a title not to be treated like an ordinary customer; and any man, in whose bosom a true French heart beats, would be but too happy to have such an opportunity of testifying his admiration."

"The man," said a lady, who personified Madame Henneven, "who has been so happy as to possess, even for an hour, in his saloon, the author of such splendid poems, cannot but feel that he is the poet's debtor." So, taking the piece of paper off the table, she retired.

"My dear," said Madame De Lille, "you ought not to offend these good people by a refusal."

"Well," said the poet, "be it so, on condition that this kind man and his wife come and dine at our house."

He did not, however, forget his promise to Paul. He told his wife to slip a piece of six francs into his hand; and, as he was afraid of being further importuned by the company, he begged to be conducted to the gardens of the Café Turc, near the hotel of the Cadran Bleu.

He was conducted about the streets in the environs of his friend's house, until he had walked about the distance that separates the Turk's coffee-house from the Cadran Bleu, and then into the garden, where a new scene was prepared, representing the gardens of that celebrated point of *réunion* for the inhabitants of the Marais, who hasten thither, after dinner, to regale their wives and children with iced cream and cakes. Several of the actors his friend had assembled were ready, waiting to play their parts, and make De Lille believe that he was really in one of the bowers of the public garden. He was led to a seat near which flower-pots and boxes, with shrubs and odoriferous plants, had been placed.

The poet took off his hat, raised his sightless eyeballs towards heaven, and seemed to be returning thanks to the Creator for the pleasure he felt; then, heaving a sigh, he said,—

"It is here that one can breathe the fresh air of spring, while inhaling the fragrance of the plants and flowers around his seat."

A new waiter presented himself.

"Do these gentlemen wish for iced-cream?"

"I do not think they would be good for you," said his wife.

"Good! the most excellent and agreeable tonic imaginable!" replied the poet. "Tell me, boy, what ices have you?"

"All kinds you can desire, sir; vanilla, pistache, strawberry, citron, and *crème à la Jacques De Lille*."

"How—how!—à la Jacques De Lille?" said the poet, with emotion.

"It is, sir, a mixture of preserved fruit of the rarest and richest kind. It is what we sell most at present, although the price be greater than that of other creams. All the young poets, and your literary gentlemen, sir, like it above all things;



they pretend that it gives them more brilliant ideas, and inspires them with a more refined taste. If you would taste it, sir, you would find it delicious."

"Be it so—be it so, my good boy," said the poet; and turning to his wife, "That is true Parisian, my dear,—the *mode*, the *mode*, and the *mode*, like everything they do, with passion."

A cream was soon brought to him, highly scented with essence of pine-apple. The poet declared that in his long life he had never tasted anything so exquisite.

Then came two musicians from the Opera Comique, and began to touch their harps.

"What! Savoyards—Italians in the garden?"

"No, my dear," said Madame De Lille, "they are two brothers from Languedoc, who go about the streets and public places; they play so well, that all Paris is delighted with them."

"Well—well, let us hear them; this is a pleasant day, indeed. Oh! Paris, where else can so many delightful things be found, and for so little cost?"

While one was preluding a new air, the other cried, with a loud voice, and with the rough pronunciation of the south,—

"Gentlemen and ladies, we are going to have the honor to play before you the new air, and sing the new song, or canticle, of 'St. Jacques.' It is not, ladies and gentlemen, either Jacques the hermit, nor Jacques of Compostella, nor Jacques the major, nor Jacques the minor; but Jacques De Lille, the Homer, the Virgil of French poesy."

The harps struck up an air that had been composed by Grétry, the poetry being by one of the company, in which the condensed history of the poet's life was sketched, from his birth at Li-marque, to his last arrival at Paris. With such voices, and such brilliant execution, it may readily be conceived, the poet was enchanted. But he now began to suspect that Madame De Lille had arranged this music, and employed the musicians on purpose. He pressed her arm. "Let us go, my dear," said he, with emotion; "I cannot consent to be thus exhibited in public, like a wild beast. I thought myself with a select party of friends; in a few minutes I shall have all the people in the gardens about me. Let us depart."

"So you are in the midst of a select party of friends, my dear De Lille," said the master of the house; "and none but intimate friends and admirers are in your presence,—all happy and honored in a common effort to please and amuse you!"

"Then we have not dined at the Cadran Bleu?" said the poet, astonished.

"You have dined in the house of your old friend, and those who have represented the *habitués* of the Cadran Bleu and the Jardin Turc are here present to answer for themselves."

"It is not possible—it is not possible! Another farce! but this I cannot swallow."

Here M. de B— of the Academy, taking the poet by the hand, said, in the same provincial dialect, "What! will you not allow that I played the part of the travelling clerk who offered to the wine-merchant of the Rue des Marmousets the services of the house of Bertrand brothers?"

"And I," said P—, of the French theatre, "am your most humble servant Paul, to whom you gave six francs."

"And we," said other voices, "are the brokers and merchants who talked of the rise in stocks this morning."

"And we," said three ladies, "are the gossips who amuse themselves when their husbands are absent."

When every one had claimed his or her share in this entertainment, and the lord and lady of the mansion renewed their expressions of satisfaction in the name of M. et Madame Henneven of the Cadran Bleu, the poet took out his handkerchief, wiped his forehead, and when his emotion permitted him to express his gratitude without a faltering voice, he exclaimed, "O France! in thy gay and happy society alone could such amiable deception be so admirably employed to amuse and solace an old man. O, my kind and affectionate friends! may you feel for your recompense the half of that delight which this moment communicates itself to my heart. When my dust shall be mingled with that of my fathers, each of you may say, 'I, too, contributed to shed a moment of light on the path of the blind poet; it was with me and my friends that he passed the happiest day of his life.'"

It was thus that literature and talents were honored in France when admiration of either was no longer held to be a crime against the state.

Before De Lille emigrated he was very near being immolated by the disgust that the atrociously sentimental Saint Just felt for men of letters; but he was saved by a person he had never seen.

Two members of the section of the Pantheon were charged to make domiciliary visits and arrest those whom they might deem *suspicious* of entertaining aristocratical opinions. The College of France was denounced *en masse*. Before making his visit, the elder of the two members, a working mason, called upon an ancient secretary of the section and asked him what he thought of a citizen De Lille who made no better use of his time than writing verses.

"I know who he is," replied the secretary.

"An aristocrat, no doubt."

"No, a poet."

"Well, it is pretty much the same."

"He may be an aristocrat among poets; but nowhere else. He regrets, probably, the loss of his revenue, but he has not courage enough to complain; he is the most timid creature I have ever seen. The other day, in the narrow passage Cloître St. Benoit, a poor man asked him for a charity. De Lille felt all his pockets, and found there half-a-crown, all the money he possessed, and, trembling like a leaf, he gave it to the beggar, whom he mistook for an assassin."

"If he trembled, he is guilty."

"No; his imagination is disordered; he does nothing to trouble the government. To arrest him would be an act of injustice without utility; to destroy him, a loss for the Republic;—for who will sing the praises of our armies if we kill all the poets!"

"Right, citizen; let him be kept to sing our victories over tyrants."

De Lille was soon afterwards arrested and brought before the committee of the section. The mason took his part and saved him. He even obtained for him a passport, on his promise to join the army and sing the exploits of the soldiers. De Lille so far kept his word that, being in the neighborhood of Huningen when it was bombarded, he ventured to the borders of the Rhine, to witness the effect of the artillery, which he describes in his poem on Imagination. Timid as he was, his virtue triumphed over his weakness during the fatal year of 1793. Two days before the festival that had been voted in honor of the Su-

*preme Being*, Robespierre, dissatisfied with the hymns that had been sent to the Committee of Public Safety, for the occasion, and anxious to add to the celebrity of the ceremony a name well known to literature, ordered De Lille to prepare his lyre. The poet refused. He was menaced with a walk to the guillotine. "*It will spare me the trouble of walking home,*" replied the poet. The committee laughed at the singularity of the remark and forgot him for the moment.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
COLUMBUS.

*A Print after a Picture by Parmeggiano.*

BY B. SIMMONS.

I.

RISE, Victor, from the festive board  
Flush'd with triumphal wine,  
And, lifting high thy beaming sword,  
Fired by the flattering harper's chord,  
Who hymns thee half divine,  
Vow at the glutt'd shrine of Fate  
That dark-red brand to consecrate!  
Long, dread, and doubtful was the fray  
That gives the stars thy name to-day.  
But all is over; round thee now  
Fame shouts, spoil pours, and captives bow,  
No stormier joy can earth impart,  
Than thrills in lightning through thy heart.

II.

Gay Lover, with the soft guitar,  
Hie to the olive-woods afar,  
And to thy friend, the listening brook,  
Alone reveal that raptur'd look;  
The maid so long in secret loved—  
A parent's angry will removed—  
This morning saw betroth'd thine,  
That sire the pledge, consenting, blest,  
Life bright as motes in golden wine,  
Is dancing in thy breast.

III.

Statesman astute, the final hour  
Arrives of long-contested power;  
Each crafty wile thine ends to aid,  
Party and principle betray'd;  
The subtle speech, the plan profound,  
Pursued for years, success has crown'd;  
To-night the vote upon whose tongue,  
The nicely-poised division hung,  
Was thine—beneath that placid brow  
What feelings throb exulting now!  
Thy rival falls;—on grandeur's base  
Go shake the nations in his place!

IV.

Fame, Love, Ambition! what are ye,  
With all your wasting passions' war,  
To the great strife that, like a sea,  
O'erswept His soul tumultuously,  
Whose face gleams on me like a star—  
A star that gleams through murky clouds—  
As here begirt by struggling crowds  
A spell-bound loiterer I stand,  
Before a print-shop in the Strand?  
What are your eager hopes and fears  
Whose minutes wither men like years—  
Your schemes defeated or fulfill'd,  
To the emotions dread that thrill'd  
His frame on that October night,  
When, watching by the lonely mast,  
*He saw on shore the moving light,*  
And felt, though darkness veil'd the sight,  
The long-sought World was his at last? \*

\* October 11, 1492.—"As the evening darkened, Co-

v.

How Fancy's boldest glances fail  
Contemplating each hurrying mood  
Of thought that to that aspect pale  
Sent up the heart's o'erboiling flood  
Through that vast vigil, while his eyes  
Watch'd till the slow reluctant skies  
Should kindle, and the vision dread,  
Of all his livelong years be read!  
In youth, his faith-led spirit doom'd  
Still to be baffled and betray'd,  
His manhood's vigorous noon consumed  
Ere power bestow'd its niggard aid;  
That morn of summer, dawning grey,\*  
When, from Huelva's humble bay,  
He full of hope, before the gale  
Turn'd on the hopeless world his sail,  
And steer'd for seas uptrack'd, unknown,  
And westward still sail'd on—sail'd on—  
Sail'd on till Ocean seem'd to be  
All shoreless as Eternity,  
Till, from its long-loved star estranged,  
At last the constant needle changed,†  
And fierce amid his murmuring crew  
Prone terror into treason grew;  
While on his tortured spirit rose,  
More dire than portents, toils, or foes,  
The awaiting world's loud jeers and scorn  
Yell'd o'er his profitless return;  
No—none through that dark watch may trace  
The feelings wild beneath whose swell,  
As heaves the bark the billows' race,  
His being rose and fell!  
Yet over doubt, and pride, and pain,  
O'er all that flash'd through breast and brain,  
As with those grand, immortal eyes  
He stood—his heart on fire to know  
When morning next illum'd the skies,  
What wonders in its light should glow—

Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin, on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety; and now, when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unrelenting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bedchamber, and inquired whether he saw a light in that direction; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the roundhouse, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman rising and sinking with the waves, or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited."—*Irving's Columbus*, vol. i.

\* It was on Friday, the 3d of August, 1492, early in the morning, that Columbus set sail on his first voyage of discovery. He departed from the bar of Saltes, a small island in front of the town of Huelva, steering in a south-westerly direction," &c.—*Irving*. He was about fifty-seven years old the year of the Discovery.

† On the 13th September, in the evening, being about two hundred leagues from the island of Ferro, he, for the first time, noticed the variation of the needle, a phenomenon which had never before been remarked. Struck with the circumstance, he observed it attentively for three days, and found that the variation increased as he advanced. It soon attracted the attention of the pilots, and filled them with consternation. It seemed as if the very laws of nature were changing as they advanced, and that they were entering another world subject to unknown influences."—*Ibid*.

O'er all one thought must, in that hour,  
Have sway'd supreme—Power, conscious Power—  
The lofty sense that truths conceived,  
And born of his own starry mind,  
And foster'd into might, achieved  
A new creation for mankind!  
And when from off that ocean calm  
The Tropic's dusky curtain clear'd,  
And those green shores and banks of balm  
And rosy-tinted hills appear'd  
Silent and bright as Eden, ere  
Earth's breezes shook one blossom there—  
Against that hour's proud tumult weigh'd,  
Love, Fame, Ambition, how ye fade!

## VI.

Thou Luther of the darken'd Deep!  
Nor less intrepid, too, than he  
Whose courage broke earth's bigot sleep  
Whilst thine unbarr'd the sea—  
Like his, 't was thy predestined fate  
Against your grim benighted age,  
With all its fiends of Fear and Hate,  
War, single-handed war, to wage,  
And live a conqueror, too, like him,  
Till Time's expiring lights grow dim!  
O, hero of my boyish heart!  
Ere from thy pictured looks I part,  
My mind's maturer reverence now  
In thoughts of thankfulness would bow  
To the Omniscient Will that sent  
Thee forth, its chosen instrument,  
To teach us hope, when sin and care,  
And the vile soilings that degrade  
Our dust, would bid us most despair—  
Hope, from each varied deed display'd  
Along thy bold and wondrous story,  
That shows how far one steadfast mind,  
Serene in suffering as in glory,  
May go to deity our kind.

From the Confessions of a Footman in Blackwood's Magazine.

## HAIR CUTTING.

You may recollect, perhaps, Mr. Editor, that, about thirteen years ago, certain Orders of Council (issued during the war) shut out the Birmingham manufacturers, for a time, from the American market. The joy which pervaded my native town, when these Orders were taken off, was boundless. Some people illuminated their houses; others blew themselves up with gunpowder; balls, routs, and concerts, night after night, were given by every family of any gentility; and the six hackney coaches of Birmingham were bespoke for full dress parties sixteen deep. But, if it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, I am sure I may say, that's a good wind which blows nobody evil; it happened, on one of these evenings of general rejoicing, that a traveller, who was staying at the "Hen and Chickens" hotel, took a fancy to require the assistance of a hair-dresser.

For my sins, not a single fashionable barber was to be met with! Mr. Frizzlewig's people were all engaged for the next week. Mr. Tailcomb was sent to; but he "could not come in less than two hours." At last, the waiter (who was to bring a barber, whether he could get one or no) bethought him of us, and ran down with the gentleman's commands.

Mr. Napkin's intimation produced an immense sensation in our back parlor. My master had met with an accident the day before—he was the real barber of whom the story is told, that cut his own thumb through the cheek of his customer. Our big 'prentice was gone out for all the afternoon, to decorate the young ladies by contract, at "Hollabaloo House" boarding-school. I—the *enfant perdu* of the scissors—was the only disposable force! But great exigences must be met with appropriate exertions of daring. An introduction at the "Hen and Chickens" was an opportunity not to be neglected. John Blow-

bellows, the blacksmith, who had been grumbling because I was going to shave him, was now informed that he could not be shaved at all; and, with instructions to "cut gently," and "to charge at least half a crown," I was hurried off to "the gentleman at the inn."

The first sight of my new patient set my nerves dancing in all directions. He was a huge, tall, brawny, red-hot Irishman, with a head of hair bright orange, and as curly as that of a negro.

"Cut my hair, boy," he said, in a voice like the grating of wagon-wheels; "and, you spalpeen, be handy, for it's these twenty-four hours that I'm waiting for you."

I had cut two descriptions of hair in my time; but Mr. M'Boot's was neither of these. In the smooth, straight lock, I succeeded pretty well; for I could cut an inch or so off all round, and tell by my eye when all was even. And in the close crop of the charity-school, I was at home to facility; for it was only running the comb along, close to the scalp, and against the grain, and cutting off everything that appeared above it. But the stranger's hair was neither in the lanky, nor the close-hogged mood. It was of a bright red color, as I have said before—stiff as wire—of an inveterate tight round curl—and bushy to frightfulness, from excess of luxuriant growth. He had started from London with it rather too long; worn it, uncombed, on a three months' journey through Wales; and waited till he reached Birmingham, that he might have it cut in the fashion.

"Cut my hair, I say, you devil's baby," repeated this knight of the appalling chevelure, imbibing a huge draught from a tumbler of brandy and water, which he was consuming while he dressed, and recommencing, in a horrible voice, to sing "The Lads of Shillelagh," a measure which my entrance had for the moment interrupted. I obeyed, but with a trembling hand; the very first sight of his head had discomposed all my faculties. I plunged into the operation of adjusting it as into a voyage over sea, without rudder or compass. I cut a bit here, and a bit there, taking very little off at a time, for fear of losing my way; but the detestable round curl, rolling itself up at the moment I let go the end, defeated every hope, every chance, of regularity.

"Thin the rest," blasphemed the sufferer, "and so leave it, for I'll not wait." This command put the finishing stroke to my perplexity. Thinning was a process entirely past my skill; but a fresh execration, interrupting "The Lads of Shillelagh," left me no longer any power of thought. I had seen the business of "thinning" performed, although I did not at all comprehend it; I knew that the scissors were to be run through the hair from one side to another with a sort of snip—snip—all the way, so I dashed on—snip—snip—through the close round curls, quite surprised at my own dexterity, for about a minute and a half; and then, taking up my comb to collect the proceeds of the operation, three-fourths of the man's hair came off at once in my hand!

What followed I have never exactly been clear to. Mr. M'Boot, I think, felt the sudden chill occasioned by the departure of his head-gear: at all events, he put his hand to his head, and motioned to rise. I made a rush to the door, muttering something about "heating irons;" but, as I turned round, I saw discovery in his eye. I see him even now, with a countenance more in amazement than in anger, standing, paralyzed, beside the chair upon which he had been sitting, and rubbing his head with the left hand, as doubting if the right had not misinformed him; but, at the moment when the thing occurred, I thought only of my escape. I made but one step to each flight of stairs; clung to the basket of a London coach which happened to be starting at the moment, and, in five minutes, with the "thinning scissors" still hanging to my fingers, lost sight of Birmingham—perhaps forever.

"My native land, good night!"



## MISS SARAH MARTIN.

DIED, October 14, at Yarmouth, Norfolk, Miss Sarah Martin.

In the death of this scarcely less remarkable than estimable female, society at large, and more particularly the town of Yarmouth, her residence, has sustained what it is to be feared will prove an irreparable loss. A life which was more completely devoid of all considerations of self, was more exclusively devoted to doing good, and in the pursuit of that object really accomplished a greater quantity of good, would with difficulty be found; perhaps not at all, if the effect produced be measured by the amount of talents that, humanly speaking, was allotted by the Almighty to the purpose. To give publicity to the details of such a life is not only agreeable, but may almost be considered a bounden duty.

There are few, except in the very lowest classes of society, who may not feel in reading these particulars that an example which it is altogether in their power to imitate is thus proposed to themselves. Some may even be tempted to think, when the springs and modes of action and their results are laid before them, that they hear the words of our blessed Saviour, "Go thou, and do likewise." The power of wealth, the influence of station, the grasp of genius, the expansion of the mind by study, all these are naturally calculated to enlarge the sphere of utility; but with no one of these could the subject of the present brief memoir be said to have been gifted; of most she was eminently deficient. A child of poverty, accustomed throughout life to earn her daily bread by her daily labor, she nevertheless proposed to herself a very different decided object, and this she steadily kept in view. The object was to visit the prison, and relieve and reform its wretched inmates; and thus to do what she humbly hoped might be acceptable in the eyes of her Creator by benefiting her fellow-creatures. It needs scarcely to be said that a strong religious impression would alone have been competent to have produced such an effect. But no sooner did this gain power over her mind than her determination was formed; she persevered through evil report and good report; against objections, remonstrances, and ridicule, against privations, against the harder trials of what could not but be offensive to a delicate female—nay, even against the neglect and rebuffs of those whose welfare she sought, she "held the even tenor of her way;" and she succeeded no less to the comfort of herself than of the objects of her solicitude. Some account of the effects of her exertions is already before the public in five several parliamentary reports from the pen of Captain Williams, the humane and judicious inspector of gaols. In that for 1835, he states, "Sunday, November 29th, I attended divine service in the morning at Yarmouth prison. The male prisoners only were assembled; a female resident in the town officiated; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation extremely distinct. The service was the Liturgy of the Church of England; two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners, and extremely well, much better than I have frequently heard in our best appointed churches. A written discourse, of her own composition, was read by her; it was of a purely moral tendency, involving no doctrinal points, and admirably suited to the hearers.

"During the performance of the service the prisoners paid the profoundest attention and the most marked respect, and, as far as it is possible to judge, they appeared to take a devout interest. Evening service was read by her afterwards to the female prisoners.

"This most estimable person has, for the long period of seventeen years, almost exclusively given up her time to bettering the wretched condition of the prisoners confined in this gaol. She is generally there four or five times a week, and since her first

commencing these charitable labors she has never omitted being present a single Sabbath day. On the week days she pursues, with equal zeal, a regular course of instruction with the male and female prisoners. Many of the prisoners have been taught to read and write, of which very satisfactory examples were produced; and the men are instructed and employed in binding books, and cutting out of bone, stilettoes, salt-spoons, wafer-stamps, and similar articles, which are disposed of for their benefit. The females are supplied with work according to their several abilities, and their earnings are paid to them on their discharge; in several instances they have earned sufficient to put themselves in decent apparel, and be fit for service. After their discharge they are, by the same means, frequently provided with work, until enabled to procure it for themselves."

The following particulars have been principally copied from a very interesting autobiographical sketch, which was drawn up by this lady during her last illness, and has been published since her death. The present writer can vouch for the truth of many of the leading facts.

Miss Martin was born at the village of Caister near Yarmouth, in June, 1791; of both her parents she was deprived at a very early age. The care of her consequently devolved upon her grandmother, of the name of Bonnett, who was a glover, and is remembered by many still living as a woman of a most kind disposition, exemplary conduct, and much piety. She herself was from the first no common child;

"Dainties she heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy."

Her passion was for reading at every spare moment, and tales and novels and books of that description were naturally her attraction and her delight. It was in her nineteenth year that first, by what in common parlance would be called accident, her thoughts were turned into a different channel. She walked to Yarmouth on a fine summer evening, and, tired perhaps, strolled into a place of worship, and, as she confesses, listened to the preacher from mere curiosity. But the effect was far from transitory. The text he had selected was, "We persuade men;" and its truth he exemplified in the persuasion of his new hearer. To use her own words, "It was then that the Spirit of God sent a ray of light upon my guilty soul, slave of Satan, fast bound in misery and error. Stranger as I was to my divine teacher, this first lesson was distinctly impressed, that the religion of the Bible was a grand reality. On my way back I reflected upon what I had heard, and my mind was expanded with a sense of the divine majesty. Returned home, I spoke of the sermon with astonishment and admiration. I was told that it was the novelty pleased me, and would soon wear off; but the answer of my heart was 'I hope never, be it novelty or delusion; it is so precious I cannot part with it.'"

The seed was sown, and neither by the wayside, nor on a rock, nor among thorns, but on good ground, where it would bear fruit a hundred-fold.

Doubts, difficulties, and struggles naturally followed, and no less naturally gave way. Engaged as she was in her business as a dressmaker, she still found time for her religious duties; for those who seek time will always find it. Her first attempt at usefulness was the causing of herself to be admitted as teacher in a Sunday school. A very touching case of a dying child was very shortly after presented to her notice, and she was allowed to remark with joy and thankfulness that the blessing of the Father was neither held back from herself nor the children. The parish workhouse next attracted her attention. Having been told of a young woman there afflicted with an abscess, she found admission by going to visit her, and at her death obtained what was then the desire of her heart, in the request of a number of aged and sick women in the room to continue her visits, to read

the Scriptures and pray with them. The request was soon echoed by the inmates of all the sick rooms; and it is needless to say that time and pains so employed were productive of the happiest effect. The workhouse, which had previously been in a most neglected and disgraceful state, shortly, by this single circumstance, assumed the air of order and comparative comfort. Not content, therefore, with her original design, she extended her views to the education of the children, and here, also, found her labors richly rewarded. Every Monday afternoon was devoted to this object, and continued to be so till within a short time of her death. She made the children commit to memory portions of the Holy Scriptures, and of Watts' Divine Songs. She prepared from the Bible ten sets of questions, answered by texts, on the most prominent scripture truths; she had them copied in large writing on pasteboard sheets hung along the walls, and she commenced teaching them herself; but, on discovering that two girls about nine or ten years old had taught what they had learned of her to two of their bedfellows, she transferred this work to such among them as desired to undertake it, and found the plan answer well. The interest taken by the children in their religious instruction astonished her, and she records with gratitude, that it was always to her a charming sight to observe the happy countenances of these children while teaching their little pupils for her to hear them on a Monday.

From the workhouse to the gaol is but too commonly a single and an easy step, and such it proved—but, in the present instance, happily—with Miss Martin. We quote her own words when we say that “often, in passing the latter, she had felt a strong desire to obtain admission to the prisoners and read the Scriptures to them; for she had felt much of their condition and their sin before God, how they were shut out from the society whose rights they had violated, and how destitute they were of Bible instruction, which alone could meet their unfortunate circumstances.” And here also she was indebted to a casual occurrence for the accomplishment of her wishes. She had heard of a woman having been committed for having cruelly beaten her child; and she applied, and obtained leave to visit her, while the other prisoners, witnessing the comfort then administered, each after each prayed to be allowed to share it, and thus she gradually established her footing. The public attention had not then been directed to the subject of prison discipline. Howard and Neild were dead, and Mrs. Fry and Sir Fowell Buxton were but at the outset of their benevolent career. Gaols were nothing more than places of confinement and privation, and occasionally punishment; safe custody was nearly the whole that was required, and, provided the doors were locked upon the inmates, no inquiry was made how their time was spent. The most of it was given up to gaming, swearing, playing, and bad language, while visitors, and provisions, and liquor, were indiscriminately admitted from without with little restriction. At Yarmouth, too, it must unfortunately be admitted that no attention was at that time paid to the moral or religious tuition of those confined: except by name, the very existence of the Sabbath might be said to be unknown among them. Here then Miss Martin resolved to make her stand; she had gone one Sunday to see a female convict under sentence of transportation, and had found her engaged in making a bonnet. With such a fact before their eyes, but little persuasion was needed on her part to induce the prisoners to pay some respect to the day set apart by the command of the Almighty for rest. Some of their own number at first undertook to read to the others, while she herself attended and joined in the service. The duty of performing this, after a short time, fell upon her; and she for twenty years unremittingly continued it, both morning and evening. The consequences of such a line of conduct may easily be imagined; they have, indeed,

been strongly portrayed in the quotation made above from Captain Williams' Report. It were impossible in a publication like this to attempt to follow them in detail, but they will be found in her own memoir, and still more strikingly in the extracts subjoined from her prison-journals, which she kept with great care; regularly recording whatever she observed regarding the prisoners, their offences, their state of mind on coming within the walls, the effect she was able to produce upon them, their feelings on returning to the world, and in many instances their subsequent conduct, and their success or the contrary in life.

To both parties it is but justice to add that the results were in the greater number of instances satisfactory. These records have by Miss Martin's will been consigned to a lady in the neighborhood, who, it is much hoped, may be induced to deposit them in the public library of the town, where and where only they will find their proper resting place. They will be frequently seen by those acquainted with the writer, with whom they cannot but increase their reverence for her character, and they may lead others to tread in her steps. Possibly also they may fall under the eyes of some one whose case they record, and who, while he reflects on his now altered condition, may be the more encouraged to persevere in his reformed career, while he blesses the ministering hand, and thanks the power that guided and prompted it.

After all, the question will naturally occur, how it could possibly happen that any one situated like Miss Martin should have been enabled to devote her time to pursuits that could in no wise contribute towards the providing of her “daily bread.” This would have been altogether impossible without extraneous aid. The fact was, that her whole dependable income was the interest of a sum of between £200 and £300; but, when it became known how she employed herself, and what good she did, a lady who had watched her progress proposed to pay her for a day, weekly, as much as she would have earned by dress-making; and the benevolent example was followed till every day was so “bought off.” Various persons also contributed small pecuniary aid to assist her in finding employment for discharged prisoners; and, finally, the town-council persuaded her, though with much difficulty, to accept an annual grant of £13, meeting her remonstrances with the cogent remark, “If we permit you to visit our prisons, you must submit to our terms.”

Yet another question may likewise possibly be asked, How could a young woman of low origin and condition, and without support from the authorities, insure respect, or even decency, in such a place? But those who would make the inquiry are far from conversant with human nature. They take a very incorrect estimate of the dignity of the female character, in whose train respect and esteem are no less certain attendants than regard and affection. If, according to the poet,

“Vice is a creature of so hideous mien,  
As to be hated needs but to be seen,”

the contrary, happily, holds good with virtue; and this was strikingly exemplified in Miss Martin, with regard to whom, Captain Williams informs us, “only a single instance is recorded of any insult having been offered her, and that was by a prisoner of notoriously bad character; upon which,” he adds, “she gave up her attendance upon the ward he belonged to, but, at the earnest entreaty of the others, resumed her visits after his discharge.”

**MORAL RETRIBUTION AT LAST.**—M. Galignani, the publisher at Paris, who, by a twenty years' piracy of English literature, has realized a large fortune, has just been decorated with the Legion of Honor. We really do not know which is worse—the punishment or the offence.—*Punch*.

From Chambers' Journal.

## POPULAR FRENCH SONGS.

## NO. I.—MALBROUGH.

AN enterprising Parisian publisher has, during the last year, been issuing a series of the most popular songs of France, with illustrations which surpass, in pictorial effect and in characteristic drawing, any publication we have to boast of in England, while the price is a mere bagatelle—sixpence—or about the fifth of what such a thing would be offered at for sale in this country. Each number, (of which one appears every week,) contains sometimes a single piece, though, when they are short, there are three songs to a *livraison*. An interesting essay precedes, and the music, with piano-forte accompaniment, concludes every number. The first song is one of the most popular—not only in France, but over the rest of the continent and in this country—that ever was written. It is properly entitled, “The death and burial of the invincible Malbrough,” (*Mort et Convoi de l'invincible Malbrough*), the great Duke of Marlborough's name having been first corrupted by the French into “Malbrough,” and imported back again to its native language altered into Malbrook; by which the song is universally known here.

As it relates to one of England's most celebrated generals, we prefer translating the curious and interesting French remarks which accompany the ditty in the “*Chansons Populaires*,” to making any comments of our own. This amusing essay is by M. Lacroix, chief librarian to the king of the French, an accomplished historian, and author of several historical tales of great interest and popularity. He has invariably written under the name of the Bibliophile P. L. Jacob:—

“The celebrated song of Malbrough was certainly composed after the battle of Malplaquet, in 1709, and not after the death of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, in 1722, as many grave commentators on the facetious ballad have supposed. Not a single circumstance narrated in the popular little poem accommodates itself to the veritable demise of his Grace. When the illustrious general died at his estate of Windsor Lodge, on the 17th June, 1722, from the consequences of an attack of apoplexy, he had not appeared at the head of an army for more than six years; for more than ten he had played nothing more than an obscure and secondary part in European politics; and the French, more fickle at that epoch than they are even at present, had had quite time enough to forget him. George I., on mounting the throne, recalled the Duke of Marlborough to court, from which Queen Anne had estranged both him and his wife; but his majesty demanded nothing more than the duke's counsels—which he never followed. Marlborough, therefore, lived very soberly upon his domain, where his money failed him in completing his magnificent Blenheim, which Queen Anne and the English parliament agreed to finish in memory of his brilliant Dutch victory. He fell into a second childhood, and finally expired in presence of Lady Marlborough, whom he charged to bury him with pomp and grandeur.

“The ditty is, then, anterior to his demise, which made but little noise even in England; yet in the ancient prose legion which originally accompanied the song, it is stated that ‘Marlborough was killed at the battle of Malplaquet, which took place between Mons and Baray on the 11th September,

1709.’ In that battle, which was, even according to English historians, glorious for the French, the Marshal de Villars was wounded in the knee when he was about to surround the Duke of Marlborough, and to hem him in between the two wings of the French army. At this decisive juncture the English general ran the most critical hazards, and was supposed to have partaken of the fate of five of his generals who were killed in the *melée*.

“The rumor of his death was rapidly spread, and, without doubt, some wanton versifier made the following funeral oration while bivouacking at Quesnoy on the evening of the fight, to console himself for having had neither food nor rest for three days; such being characteristic of a Frenchman's temperament. The Duke of Marlborough, a great captain and subtle politician, had been the bane of Louis XIV. during thirty years—he had pursued, attacked, and crippled him on every field of battle, and in every European cabinet. He had proved himself a worthy pupil of the great Condé and of Turenne at Hochstett, Oudenarde, and Ramillies; his name was the terror and admiration of the soldier. Not being able to conquer, the enemy lampooned him, and each of his victories was followed by a new satirical song; such verses being in France then—as in the good times of Cardinal Mazarin—the people's most ordinary means of taking their revenge.

“The song was not much known to the heroes of Malplaquet; it was preserved only by tradition in some of the provinces, where it had been probably left by the soldiers of Villars and De Boufflers; it was not even received in the immense collections of anecdotic songs which formed part of the archives of the French noblesse. But in 1781 it resounded, all of a sudden, from one end of the kingdom to the other. It happened that when Maria Antoinette gave to the throne of France an heir, he was nursed by a peasant named [probably nicknamed] Madame Poitrine, who had been chosen, among other qualifications, for her healthy appearance and good humor. The nurse, while rocking the royal cradle, sung Malbrough, and the dauphin, it is said, opened its eyes at the name of the great general. The name, the simplicity of the words, the singularity of the burthen, and the touching melodiousness of the air, interested the queen, and she frequently sang it. Everybody repeated it after her, and even the king condescended to quaver out the words, *Malbrough, s'en va-t-en guerre*. Malbrough was sung in the state apartments of Versailles; in the kitchens, in the stables—it became quite the rage; from the court it was adopted by the trades-people of Paris, and passed thence from town to town, and country to country; it was wafted across the sea to England, where it soon became as popular as in France. It is said that a French gentleman wishing, when in London, to be driven to Marlborough street, had totally forgotten its name; but on singing the air of Malbrough, the coachman understood him immediately, and drove him to the proper address with no other direction.

“Goethe, who travelled in France about the same time, was so teased with the universal concert of Malbrough, that he took a hatred to the duke, who was the innocent cause of the musical epidemic. Malbrough made itself heard, without ceasing, apropos of everything, and apropos of nothing; it gave its name to the fashions, to silks, head-dresses, carriages, and soups. The subject



of the song was painted on fire-screens, on fans, and on china; it was embroidered on tapestries, engraven on toys and keepsakes—was reproduced, in short, in all manner of ways and forms. The rage for Malbrough endured for many years, and nothing short of the Revolution, the fall of the Bastille, and the Marseilloise hymn, were sufficient to smother the sounds of that hitherto never ceasing song.

"The warlike and melancholy air of the song did not, any more than its hero, originate in France, and we have sought in vain to trace its history back from the time when Napoleon—in spite of his general antipathy to music—roared it out whenever he got into his saddle to start on a fresh campaign. We are not unwilling to believe, with M. de Chateaubriand, that it was the same air which the crusaders of Godefroid de Bouillon sung under the walls of Jerusalem. The Arabs still sing it, and pretend that their ancestors learned it at the battle of Massoura, or else from the brothers-in-arms of De Joinville, who repeated it to the clashing of bucklers while pressing forward to the cry of 'Mountjoy Saint-Denis!'"

After so elaborate an essay, the reader will expect a first-rate song, but he will perhaps be disappointed to find that the mountain of preface brings forth nothing but a poetical mouse. The song of Malbrough is curious merely from its absurdity; but its very absurdity is quaintness. It is, in fact, not meant to be read in, as it were, cold blood; it is only intended to be sung, for much of the humor lies in the constant repetition of each line. Such repetitions would, however, be far from amusing to read, and we therefore only print the first and last stanzas entire. The couplets bereft of the refrain do not rhyme, for, as each line is sung over and over again before the tune is finished, the jingling of concordant syllables would render the whole tiresome.

#### THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF MALBROUGH.

Malbrough is gone to the wars,  
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine;\*  
Malbrough is gone to the wars,  
None know when he'll return.

At Easter perhaps 't will be,  
Or else at Trinity.

But Trinity has passed,  
And yet he comes not back.

His dame ascends her tower  
So high she can go no higher.

Her page she sees approach,  
In vestments all of black.

"O sweet and comely page,  
What is the news you bring?"

"The tidings I shall tell  
Will cause your eyes to weep—

Your pink attire to doff,  
Likewise your silk and gold.

Monsieur de Malbrough's dead—  
What's more—he's buri-ed.

I saw him laid in the earth  
By four brave officers.

\* Miron-ton, miron-taine, is an old *refrain*, or burden, which was in other ditties usually articulated miron-ton, ton, miron-taine, and corresponds to the *fal, lal, lal* with which English song-writers eked out their loping stanzas to the tune. The last line is sung three times, and the whole stanza repeated straight through.

One carried his cuirass,  
A second his buckler stout,  
A third his terrible sword,  
A fourth carried nothing at all.

At the entrance of his tomb  
They planted rosemary.

On the highest branch of the tree,  
A nightingale was perched.

They saw it steal his soul  
With laurel it to crown.

Each man fell on his face—  
And then got up again

To sing the victories  
That Malbrough had achieved.

The ceremony over,  
They all went home to bed,

Some with their good wives,  
And others by themselves.

No single mortal failed  
In this, I'm pretty sure;

Let them be dark or fair,  
Or of the chestnut's hue.

I've nothing else to say,  
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine;  
I've nothing else to say,  
And I'm sure I've said enough" (*thrice.*)

PLAY WRITERS have now-a-days no pleasant duty. They must compose pieces not so much for the purpose of "holding the mirror up to nature," as to suit the fancies of actors—a thing about as ridiculous as would be the writing of books to suit the taste of compositors. In a late article in Mr. Jerrold's *Illuminated Magazine*, an ideal author, Mr. Delawhang, who writes a play called the *Road to Riches*, submits his production to the manager of one of the metropolitan theatres, and receives it back along with the following characteristic letter:—"My dear Sir—We are all of opinion that the third act of your drama must be transposed with the first; because Mrs. Z— (if she is to play your heroine) will not consent to appear in the dress you have described, after Miss Q— has already been seen by the audience in a similar costume. This is imperative. You must, my dear sir, if you wish the piece to *escape failure*, which now-a-days means *great success*, cut down your low comedy part. I acknowledge it is cleverly written, but it interferes unpleasantly with Mr. —'s character, and he *must* be the feature, or he will not act at all. The part is too funny; you can reduce it to a mere walking gentleman. You can throw the jokes into the bit you have written for the second bailiff, which is short enough, and he is never on in Mr. —'s scene. The supper and champagne you have described in the second act must be entirely omitted. In these times of theatrical economy, the management cannot afford any expensive extra properties; you can speak about them, which will do just as well. I agree that it will cut out some very brilliant dialogue—but what are we to do? I would advise you, in a friendly way, to alter the title of your piece, and simply call it by the name by which you have designated the character intended for Mr. —. It will be quite worth the while of your music publishers to give the twenty guineas to Mrs. Z—, if she *will* introduce the song you have pointed out. She objects to sing it for less. You must concede all these matters, or the play will be laid aside; for I understand that the reading in the room was *wholly ineffective*. Yours most sincerely,— P. S. Send it altered in the morning."

From the Athenæum.

**MEXICO as it was and as it is.** By BRANTZ MAYER, Secretary of the U. S. Legation to that country in 1841 and 1842. New York, Winchester; London and Paris, Wiley & Putnam.

WE have of late years obtained several interesting glimpses of Mexico, a country which, both from its ancient monuments and modern condition, opens to us some of the most perplexing difficulties in the history of civilization, and some of the most knotty problems in political science. Mr. Mayer does not profess an intention to satisfy either the antiquarian or the statesman; he declares that his design was simply to record what he saw, adding only such reflections as were suggested to his mind at the moment; he describes himself as a mere gatherer of materials, and declares that "Time will build the monument." His contributions "to the pile" embrace a wide variety of subjects, relating to the social condition, religion, antiquities, statistics, revolutions and politics of Mexico; and our duty will be best performed by selecting some of the most prominent and useful portions of this miscellaneous collection.

The aspect of Vera Cruz, where our Secretary of Legation landed, is briefly and sportively described:—

"Vera Cruz lies on a low, sandy shore, extending for miles along the coast. I will not trouble you with the details of the city's history, famous as the spot where thousands have come to die of the *vomito*—or, to make their fortunes, (if they survive the certain attack of that disease,) and return with shattered constitutions to colder climates, to ache in memory of the heat they endured in Mammon's service. Landing at the Moleta, the first thing that struck me was a gang of more than a hundred galley-slaves, chained, and at work in the broiling sun, cutting and carrying stone to repair the broken pier. The second was the roofs of the churches, which seemed to be covered with mourning, as I supposed for some deceased prelate. The mourning turned out, however, to be nothing more than thousands of zopilotes or turkey-buzzards, the chief of whom is usually perched on the peak of the cross of the loftiest church—a sentinel for prey! These two classes of folks, to wit, the galley-slaves and zopilotes, constitute a large part of the most useful population of Vera Cruz—the former being the city authorities' laborers, the latter the city authorities' scavengers. It is a high crime to kill a zopilote. He is under the protection of the laws, and walks the streets with as much nonchalance and as 'devil-may-care' a look as other 'gentlemen in black,' who pick the sins from our souls as these creatures pick impurities from the streets. The Mole, or quay, is of good masonry, and furnished with stairs and cranes for the landing of goods, though from the great violence of the ocean during the *Northerns*, and the great neglect of proper repairs, it is likely to be entirely ruined. In heavy weather the sea makes a clear breach over it; yet this, and the Castle of San Juan on a land spit near a mile off, are the only protections for the shipping of all nations and the commerce of more than half the Republic! Passing from the Mole you enter the city by an unfinished gateway, near which Santa Anna lost his leg during the attack of the French in 1838. Beyond this portal is a large square, which will be surrounded with custom-house buildings—though there is now scarce a symptom of them except in the granite stones, most of which have been imported from the United States. From this spot, a short walk to the left leads you to the arcade of a

street, and you soon find yourself in the public square of the city, which, though small in its dimensions, is neat and substantial. On the east, north, and west, it is bounded by noble ranges of edifices, built over light arches—the one to the eastward, with its back to the sea, being the former governor's residence, and still appropriated to the civil and military purposes of the State. On the south of the square is the parish church, with its walls blackened with sea-damps and zopilotes."

There was little temptation to detain travellers at Vera Cruz, which its own citizens describe as "the metropolis of pestilence;" Mr. Mayer therefore sought the earliest means of continuing his journey into the interior. Tales of robbery, however, were rife, and he obtained an escort from the authorities. The value of such protection may be estimated by the fact that Mr. Mayer having accidentally examined the carbine of one of his guards, found that the lock was so damaged as to render the weapon utterly unserviceable. The most interesting event of the journey was the acquaintance which our traveller made with the *arrieros*, or common carriers of the country, by whom nearly all the transportation of the most valuable merchandise and precious metals is conducted.

"They form a very large proportion of the population, yet by no similar class elsewhere are they exceeded in devoted honesty, punctuality, patient endurance, and skilful execution of duty. Nor is this the less remarkable when we recollect the country through which they travel—its disturbed state—and the opportunities consequently afforded for transgression. I have never been more struck with the folly of judging men by mere dress and physiognomy, than in looking at the *Arrieros*. A man with wild and fierce eyes, tangled hair, slashed trowsers, and well greased jerkin that has breasted many a storm—a person, in fact, to whom you would scarcely trust an old coat when sending it to your tailor for repairs—is frequently in Mexico, the guardian of the fortunes of the wealthiest men for months, on toilsome journeys among the mountains and defiles of the inner land. He has a multitude of dangers and difficulties to contend with. He overcomes them all—is never robbed and never robs—and, at the appointed day, comes to your door with a respectful salutation, and tells you that your wares or moneys have passed the city gates. Yet this person is often poor, bondless and unsecured—with nothing but his fair name and *unbroken word*. When you ask him if you may rely on his people, he will return your look with a surprised glance, and striking his breast, and nodding his head with a proud contempt that his honor should be questioned, exclaim: 'Soy José Maria, Señor, por veinte annos Arriero de Mexico—*todo el mundo me conoce!*' 'I am José Maria, sir, I'd have you know—an Arriero of Mexico for twenty years—all the world knows me!'"

Most travellers have dwelt with rapture on the first aspect of the Valley of Mexico from the ridge of the Sierra Nevada; to Cortez and his companions, it seemed as if a terrestrial paradise had been suddenly opened to them, for the hills were then covered with forests, the lake had not shrunk from its proportion, and in the centre of its wide expanse of waters rose the proud city of the Aztec kings, filled with palaces and temples, the Venice of a New World. Even now, there are few who could gaze on such a panorama as Mr. Mayer has described without lively emotion:—

"Conceive yourself placed on a mountain nearly two thousand feet above the valley, and nine thousand above the level of the sea. A sky above you of the most perfect azure, without a cloud, and an

atmosphere so transparently pure, that the remotest objects at the distance of many leagues are as distinctly visible as if at hand. The gigantic scale of everything first strikes you—you seem to be looking down upon a *world*. No other mountain and valley view has such an assemblage of features, because nowhere else are the mountains at the same time so high, the valley so wide, or filled with such variety of land and water. The plain beneath is exceedingly level, and for two hundred miles around it extends a barrier of stupendous mountains, most of which have been active volcanoes, and are now covered, some with snow, and some with forests. It is laced with large bodies of water looking more like seas than lakes—it is dotted with innumerable villages, and estates, and plantations; eminences rise from it which, elsewhere, would be called mountains, yet there, at your feet, they seem but ant-hills on the plain; and now, letting your eye follow the rise of the mountains to the west, (near fifty miles distant,) you look over the immediate summits that wall the valley, to another and more distant range—and to range beyond range, with valleys between each, until the whole melts into a vapory distance, blue as the cloudless sky above you. I could have gazed for hours at this little world while the sun and passing vapor chequered the fields, and sailing off again, left the whole one bright mass of verdure and water—bringing out clearly the domes of the village churches studding the plain or leaning against the first slopes of the mountains, with the huge lakes looming larger in the rarefied atmosphere. Yet one thing was wanting. Over the immense expanse there seemed scarce an evidence of life. There were no figures in the picture. It lay torpid in the sunlight, like some deserted region where Nature was again beginning to assert her empire—vast, solitary, and melancholy. There were no sails—no steamers on the lakes, no smoke over the villages, no people at labor in the fields, no horsemen, coaches, or travellers but ourselves. The silence was almost supernatural; one expects to hear the echo of the national strife that filled these plains with discord yet lingering among the hills. It was a picture of ‘still life’ inanimate in every feature, save where, on the distant mountain sides, the fire of some poor coal-burner, mingled its blue wreath with the bluer sky, or the tinkle of the bell of a solitary muleteer was heard from among the dark and solemn pines.”

The city of Mexico does not improve on nearer acquaintance; the greater part of its population consists of the *léperos*, and though they do not suffer from the loathsome disease which gives them their name, they are quite as disgusting:—

“Blacken a man in the sun; let his hair grow long and tangled, or become filled with vermin; let him plod about the streets in all kinds of dirt for years, and never know the use of brush, or towel, or water even, except in storms; let him put on a pair of leather breeches at twenty, and wear them until forty, without change or ablution; and, over all, place a torn and blackened hat, and a tattered blanket begrimed with abominations; let him have wild eyes, and shining teeth, and features pinched by famine into sharpness; breasts bared and browned, and (if females) with two or three miniatures of the same species trotting after her, and another certainly strapped to her back; combine all these in your imagination, and you have a *recipé* for a Mexican *lépero*. There, on the canals, around the markets and *pulque* shops, the Indians and these miserable outcasts hang all day long; feeding on fragments, quarreling, drinking, stealing, and lying drunk about the pavements, with their children crying with hunger around them. At night they slink off to these suburbs and coil themselves up on the damp floors of their lairs, to sleep off the effects of liquor, and to awake to another day of misery and crime. Is it wonderful, in a city

with an immense proportion of its inhabitants of such a class, (hopeless in the present and the future,) that there are murderers and robbers?”

General Santa Anna has acted so conspicuous a part in the great drama of the Mexican Revolution and has recently been brought so prominently into discussion that we cannot pass over his portrait:—

“In person, General Santa Anna is about six feet high, well made, and of graceful bearing, though he stumps along on an old-fashioned wooden peg, rejecting, as uncomfortable, all the ‘mock legs’ with patent springs and self-moving inventions, which have been presented to him by his flatterers from all parts of the world. His dress, as I have said before, is on all public occasions that of a high officer of the army; and his breast is covered with richly-gemmed decorations. His brow, shaded with black hair somewhat sprinkled with gray, is by no means lofty, but narrow and smooth. Although his whole head is rather small, and perhaps rather too long for its breadth, it has, however, a marked and boldly-defined outline, indicating talent and resolution. His nose is straight and well-shaped, and his brow knit in a line over close and brilliant eyes, which are said to flash with fire when aroused to passion. His complexion is dark and sallow, and his temperament is evidently bilious. His mouth is the most remarkable feature. Its prominent expression, when at rest, is that of mingled pain and anxiety. In perfect repose, you would think him looking on a dying friend, with whose sufferings he was deeply but helplessly sympathizing. His head and face are those of an attentive, thoughtful, melancholy, but determined character. There is no ferocity, vindictiveness, or ill-temper in his expression; and when his countenance is lighted up by pleasant conversation, in which he appears to enter eagerly, though with a timid and subdued voice; and when he puts on that sweetly wooing smile, which seems too tranquil ever to ripen into a laugh; you feel that you have before you a man, who would be singled from a thousand for his quiet refinement and serious temper; one who would at once command your sympathy and your respect; a well-bred gentleman, and a resolute soldier, who can win by the solicitation of an insinuating address, or rule by the authority of an imperious spirit.”

During his residence in Mexico Mr. Mayer made several excursions into the country, and everywhere found the Indians reduced to the greatest misery and degradation:—

“In the course of this afternoon we passed through several Indian villages, and saw numbers of people at work in the fields by the road side. Two things struck me: first the miserable hovels in which the Indians are lodged, in comparison with which a decent dog-kennel at home is a comfortable household; and second, the fact that this, although the Sabbath, was no day of repose to these ever-working, but poor and thriftless people. Many of the wretched creatures were stowed away under a roof of thatch, stuck on the bare ground, with a hole at one end to crawl in.”

While on a visit to one of the most intelligent of the Mexican landed proprietors, Mr. Mayer received the interesting information of the existence of at least one Indian community, which has preserved a qualified independence, and probably maintained the usages of their Aztec ancestors.

“As we looked over the fields of cane, waving their long, delicate green leaves, in the mid-day sunshine to the south, he pointed out to us the site of an Indian village, at the distance of three leagues, the inhabitants of which are almost in their native state. He told us, that they do not permit the visits of white people; and that, numbering more than three thou-



sand, they come out in delegations to work at the haciendas, being governed at home by their own magistrates, administering their own laws, and employing a Catholic priest, once a-year, to shrive them of their sins. The money they receive in payment of wages, at the haciendas, is taken home and buried; and as they produce the cotton and skins for their dress, and the corn and beans for their food, they purchase nothing at the stores. They form a good and harmless community of people, rarely committing a depredation upon the neighboring farmers, and only occasionally lassoing a cow or a bull, which they say they 'do not steal, but take for food.' If they are chased on such occasions, so great is their speed of foot, they are rarely caught even by the swiftest horses: and if their settlement is ever entered by a white, the transgressor is immediately seized, put under guard in a large hut, and he and his animal are fed and carefully attended to until the following day, when he is despatched from the village under an escort of Indians, who watch him until far beyond the limits of the primitive settlement. Du Roslan and myself felt a strong desire (notwithstanding the inhibition) to visit this original community, as one of the most interesting objects of our journey: but the rest of our party objecting, we were forced to submit to the law of majorities in our wandering tribe."

The lake of Tezcuco was one of the objects which Mr. Mayer was anxious to visit, and his personal observations confirm the accounts of the old historians, respecting the supply of food which the Indians obtain not merely from the abundant supply of fish and water-fowl, but also from "flies' eggs," which, so far as we know, have nowhere else formed an article of consumption:—

"On attaining the lake itself, the view was exceedingly beautiful. The expanse was a clear and noble sheet, reflecting on its calm bosom every hill and mountain of the valley, while to the north (where it unites with San Cristoval) the lakes and horizon are blended. Yet it is singular, that, sounding in the deepest central part of the lake, we obtained *but two feet and a half of water!* The boatmen *poled* the entire distance of twelve miles, and on every side we saw fishermen wading along in the lake, pushing their boats as they loaded them with fish, or gathered the 'flies' eggs' from the tall weeds and flags, that are planted in long rows as nests for the insects. These eggs (called *agayacatl*) were a favorite food of the Indians long before the conquest, and, when baked in *patés*, are not unlike the roe of fishes, both in flavor and appearance. After *frogs* in France, and 'birds' nests' in China, I think they may be esteemed quite a delicacy, and I find that they are not despised even at fashionable tables in the capital. Father Gage, at page 111 of his travels, says that 'at one season of the year, the Indians had nets of mail, with the which they raked off a certain *dust* that is bred on the water of the lake of Mexico, and is kneaded together like unto *oas* of the sea. They gathered much of this and kept it in heaps, and made thereof cakes like unto brick-bats. And they did not only sell this ware in the market, but also sent it abroad to other fairs and markets afar off; and they did eat this meal, with as good a stomach as we eat cheese; yea, and they hold the opinion, that this scum of fatness of the water is the cause that such great number of fowl cometh to the lake, which in the winter season is infinite.' This was written early in the seventeenth century, and '*infinite*' still continues to be the number of wild fowl with which these lakes and the neighboring marshes are covered during the winter. I have elsewhere said, that the plains and the waters seem actually *peppered* with them. There can of course be but little skill in sporting among such clouds of birds, and the consequence is that they are slain for the market, by persons who rent the best situated shooting-grounds

from the proprietors of the lake margins. The gunners erect a sort of infernal machine, with three tiers of barrels—one, level with the marsh or water, another slightly elevated, and the third at a still greater angle. The lower tier is discharged at the birds while they are sitting, and this of course destroys a multitude; but as some must necessarily escape the first discharge, the second and third tiers are fired in quick succession, and it is rare indeed that a duck avoids the wholesale slaughter. From 125,000 to 200,000 annually load the markets of Mexico, and form the cheapest food of the multitude; but it is rare that you can procure one delicate enough to bring to your table."

A very lamentable account is given of the state of religion in Mexico; the priests and monks are accused of the most degrading vices, and gross deceptions. We select one of the least offensive of such pious frauds, as a specimen of the artifices by which sacerdotal influence is maintained:—

"It is related that Hidalgo, the celebrated priestly leader of the revolutionary movement, was accustomed to travel from village to village preaching a crusade against the Spaniards, and exciting the *Creoles* and Indians; and one of his most effective tricks is said to have been the following. Although he had thrown off the cassock for the military cloak, he wore a figure of the Virgin Mary suspended by a chain around his neck. After haranguing the mob on such occasions, he would suddenly break off, and looking down at his breast, address himself to the holy image after the following fashion:—'Mary! Mother of God! Holy Virgin! Patron of Mexico! behold our country,—behold our wrongs, behold our sufferings! Dost thou not wish they should be changed? that we should be delivered from our tyrants? that we should be free? that we should slay the *Gauchupines*? that we should kill the Spaniards?' The image had a moveable head fastened to a spring, which he jerked by a cord concealed beneath his coat, and, of course, the Virgin responded with a *nod!* The effect was immense—and the air was filled with Indian shouts of obedience to the present *miracle!*"

The extent of sacerdotal influence is strongly displayed in the following anecdote:—

"During the heat of the insurrection, it was deemed necessary, upon a certain occasion, to execute a priest; and the officer in command of the party ordered a common soldier to lead the *padre* to a neighboring ditch and despatch him with a bullet. The soldier peremptorily refused, declaring that it was unlawful for him to kill a 'servant of God.' The officer threatened him with instant death if he persisted in his refusal; but the soldier continued firm. The captain then turned to the priest, ordered him to '*receive the confession of the soldier on the spot,*' and then sent both to the ditch, where they were murdered together!"

Many amusing anecdotes are told of the boldness and dexterity of the Mexican thieves, several of whom deserve to be ranked as rivals to Lazarillo de Tormes. But if we are to rely on the statements of Mr. Mayer, dishonesty and profligacy pervade the entire mass of Mexican society; there is nothing pleasing in its present condition, and very little promising in its future prospects.

Mr. Mayer's antiquarian sketches add little to the information previously communicated by Humboldt, Stephens, and others; he intimates, however, that there is yet a vast quantity of Mexican remains never yet opened to Europeans; and we agree with him that much additional research will be requisite before we shall be in a situation to come to any satisfactory conclusions on the various questions raised respecting the ancient monarchy of the Aztecs.

## BRIGANDS IN SPAIN—PLEASANT TRAVELLING.

THE following account of an incident of travel in Spain, characteristic of the state of that unhappy country, has lately appeared in various newspapers. It purports to be a letter from M. Tanskie, correspondent at Madrid of the *Journal des Débats*, Parisian newspaper, describing a journey he made a short time ago from Madrid to Bayonne.

"I have just made acquaintance, in a manner somewhat dramatic, with the ladrones of Old Castile, who are a sort of *juste milieu* between the robbers of Andalusia, who pass for being the most *cavalleros* (gentlemanlike) men, and those of La Mancha, who are justly branded as the most savage and cruel. After the new arrangement of the post between Madrid and Bayonne, the mails had been several times attacked by brigands, particularly soon after leaving Madrid. The government thereupon had the coach escorted by detachments of cavalry as far as Buitrago, and also certain stages between Aronda and Burgos; but they are not a sufficient protection. In fact, it was at two and a half leagues from Orando, at eight in the evening, that the mail in which I was a passenger was stopped. Two of the brigands seized the leading postilion, and pulled him off his horse. Four others, two on each side, came to the carriage, and called upon the coachman and the conductor to come down. I was in the *coupe* with M. Mayo, a young Spanish advocate. The courier and a student were in the interior. We were not suffered to alight, and as we were all unarmed, we could not have made any effective resistance. Indeed, had any one shown such a disposition, the rest would have prevented him, because in that case, all would have been murdered. Sometimes the robbers burn the coach and all the luggage, in the hopes of finding among the ashes such money and valuables as remain concealed.

After binding the hands of the postilion and driver behind their backs, they led the mules and carriage about five hundred yards off the road, on to the fields. There they made us all four get out, and then tied our hands behind our backs. The captain of the band, who was the only one on horseback, dismounted, and called upon us, in bad Castilian, to declare what money we had, and where it was, adding, that if we did not tell the truth, we should be victimized. He interrogated us with all the acuteness of the most experienced commissary of police, frequently changing his tone and accent. Who are you? whence do you come? where are you going? were questions put to us; and if we had had the misfortune to belong to any place near the haunts of the brigands, or had happened to know the person of either of them, we should have been inevitably assassinated. In fact, only three months ago, a poor postilion was killed by these brigands near the same spot, because he happened to be acquainted with one of them.

They inquired of us whether we were Englishmen or Americans, for if we had been, they would have completely stripped us; the Spanish lower orders of people imagining that the clothes of all the English and Americans are stitched with gold thread. Our interrogation finished, we were made to lie flat on the ground, with our faces downwards. This done, they plundered the coach, throwing down all the trunks and packages. Knowing that they could not get mine open without breaking it to pieces, I looked up and told them that I would open it for them, and give up to them all the

money it contained, if they would unbind my hands; for they had drawn the cord so tight that I was in great pain. They consented and brought my trunk to me. The money they found in it did not satisfy them. They left me in the hands of one of their band, a young man between twenty and twenty-two years of age, who continued to search my trunk, while an older and fiercer brigand watched my every look and gesture, with his carbine levelled at me. The young man, although he made use of the coarsest oaths and other expressions the Spanish language could furnish him with, was not so savage as the rest, and this was evidently his first expedition. He carried neither carbine nor sword, and the only weapon he had was a Catalonian knife stuck in his belt. Everything he saw in my trunk caused him surprise and wonder. He asked me to tell him the use of each. On finding some rosaries, he exclaimed, 'Ah! you are a priest?' I told him no, but had bought the rosaries at a fair in Madrid as curiosities, and that they were of no real value. He, however, with great devotion kissed the crosses suspended to them and the other emblems, but finding they were of silver, he broke the string, letting them all fall to the ground. He carefully picked them up, and again kissed each cross and emblem, but at the same time renewed his oaths at his own awkwardness. He secured these and every other thing he thought valuable between his shirt and his skin; but my clothes and linen he put into a large sack, which appeared to be the common receptacle. I had also some small knives and daggers. He asked me what I did with them. I told him they had been sold to me as having been worn by the *Manolas* of Madrid under their garters. At this he laughed, and throwing two of them on the ground for me, he put the rest into his private magazine.

I hoped to make something of my young brigand; but while I was talking to him, the captain came suddenly up and struck me with violence on the back of the neck with the butt end of his carbine, saying in a furious tone, 'You are looking in his face, that you may be able to recognize him!' He then seized me by the right arm, while another took my left, and they again bound them behind my back. In my bad Spanish I assured him that I was a foreigner, but they threw me down upon the other passengers. I fell upon the driver, who was literally sewed up in two or three sheep-skins, with the wool outwards. I took good care not to stir from this position, for the ground was saturated with the snow which the sun had melted and brought down in streams from the Semo Sierra. By this probably I escaped the fever which attacked the student from Tolosa, who lay in the water more than an hour. When the brigands had secured all they thought worth taking, the captain remounted his horse, gave the word of command, and they all retreated. My young robber, in passing by me, put into my fastened hands the padlock and key of my trunk, and threw over my head a peasant's cloak.

After remaining some time recumbent, the postilion, whom the brigands had released before leaving, unbound the conductor, and thus one after the other we were all set at liberty and upon our feet again. The wind had scattered all my papers and books; my first object was to collect them. The postilion and coachman set to work in the mean time to take up such of my linen as the robbers did not think worth carrying away, but I

begged them not to put themselves to so much trouble, and thus secured myself a change on reaching Bayonne. I also recognized in the hands of some of my fellow-travellers a sheep-skin I had been advised at Madrid to furnish myself with, a silk handkerchief, and a cap, which I claimed, and which served to keep me warm while crossing the plateau of Burgos, which was covered with snow and hoar-frost. As to the cloak bequeathed to me by my young thief, the conductor claimed it as his, saying that it was the custom of the brigands thus to cover those whom they had robbed, to prevent their seeing what direction they moved off in. This rather lowered in my estimation the gratitude I owed to my young thief.

On arriving at the small village of Orquillas, about half a league from where we had been stopped, a different scene awaited us. The courier and conductor, to account for the delay in the arrival of the mail at Irun, thought it necessary to apply to the local authorities. We were all shown into the *venta* of the village, which consisted of little more than a kitchen within four bare walls, in which a young girl endeavored to make a fire with some damp weeds and roots of trees, which sent forth a vile odor and a thick smoke, which filled the place, and set all our eyes weeping. The *alcalde* soon made his appearance in the *venta*, with the *fiel de fechos*—a species of *escribano* or registrar—accompanied by some peasants with guns in their hands, representing the national guard. The *alcalde* gravely seated himself by our sides on the wooden bench. He was about sixty years of age, clothed with an old cloak in rags, without any shirt; but *en revanche* he wore in great pride, a little tending to one side of his head, what was once a hat, but was now without any brim or top to the crown. The *escribano* was younger, but apparently more intelligent. He wore a peasant's dress, but had on also a pair of boots, a cravat of red cotton, and a hat entire in all its parts. He placed himself behind a table close to the *alcalde*, taking from his pocket pens, ink, and stamped paper.

The national guards were in jackets, and shod with *abarcas*, or square pieces of leather, fastened to their legs by long scraps crossed over them. The legs themselves were naked; and very few, if any, wore shirts. They looked upon us with a sort of contemptuous consequential smile. [Our depositions having been taken, the *escribano* gave orders in the name of the *alcalde* to the national guards.] He sent four of them in pursuit of the robbers, as he said, and four others were to accompany us. They loaded their muskets before us. The *escribano* pulled out of his pocket a handful of small pistol balls, and distributed them to the men, who put several of them into their *trabucos*.

The ceremony being finished, the *alcalde* rose up solemnly, took off his hat, the *escribano* did the same, and recommended us to follow his example, and swear that our depositions were sincere and exact. We obeyed, and repeated after him the oath usually administered in courts of justice. [We were now favored with a little brandy, by the politeness of the postilion, having no money of our own: it was very acceptable, for we had tasted nothing for fourteen hours, and were very cold.] We then set out with the four national guards, and at the first stage some cavalry soldiers were added. Thus, when we had nothing to lose, and when we were in a fit condition to brave all the brigands in Spain, we travelled along escorted

like princes, and fed at the expense of the *mayoral*, who at every inn stood our guarantee as far as Irun."—*Chambers' Journal*.

*The Despatches of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington*, during his various campaigns in India, Denmark, Portugal, Spain, the Low Countries, and France. Compiled from official and authentic documents, by Colonel Gurwood, C. B., K.C.T.S., Esquire to his Grace as Knight of the Bath, and Deputy-Lieutenant of the Tower of London. Part I.

This new edition is one of the wonders of the age: twelve volumes, costing twelve pounds, and often referring, like all original documents, to the dry minutiae of business, not only exhausted, but another impression called for! Waterloo was nothing to this crowning glory. *Cidunt arma togæ*, or rather to types.

Military *retenue* prevents the colonel-editor from saying, what is usually said upon such occasions, "that, stimulated by the public approbation, and so forth, he has spared neither labor nor expense to render it worthy of increased patronage;" but he appears to have done it. "Many important letters and papers particularly relating to India," are now published for the first time. "The letters and general orders copied by the Deputy-Adjutant-General from the original manuscripts of the Duke of Wellington when commanding in India, have been inserted according to their respective dates; and extracts from the instructions for the movements of the army, and from the general orders, circulated by the Quartermaster-General and Adjutant-General, in the Peninsula, France, and the Low Countries, have also been added to this edition."

But there is better news behind. Notwithstanding this increase of matter, there will be no "extra charge," but a reduction of one third: the twelve volumes, including the new matter, will be compressed into eight. The first and second volumes will contain the documents relating to India, and will be printed so as to form a separate work: it would be well perhaps to adopt a similar arrangement with the last six.

This is the age of illustration, and an accompanying set of *sufficient* maps and plans is very much needed for these *Despatches*. It may be said that persons likely to read this work are likely to have a set already: but most probably they are useless for the purpose,—either too small clearly to exhibit the district of the campaign or the field of action, or too large for purposes of easy reference when reading the volume: and plans of battles or sieges, of course, are unattainable; yet both are absolutely necessary, to follow the text.—*Spectator*.

NOTICES OF MOTION.—Colonel Sibthorpe, to move that an inquiry should be made whether the Mr. Gunn, who married the Duke of Sussex to Lady Augusta Murray, did not, as a clerical Gun(n), place himself in direct opposition to the canons of the church.

Mr. W. Williams, to move for a copy of the passage in which the Duke of Sussex declares Gunn to be the parent of all his (the Duke's) happiness; and whether the phrase, "Son of a Gun," may trace its origin to this circumstance.

Mr. Brotherton, to move that an inquiry should be instituted as to the secret entrusted to Gunn, and whether an explosion would have been the consequence of Gunn's having let out the important matter with which he was loaded.—*Punch*.



From the Metropolitan Magazine.

## FAIR ANNIE MACLEOD.

A TALE, BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THOSE attachments that take place in early life, contrary to the wishes of tender and *not ambitious* parents, seldom, if ever, end happily. The *ignis fatuus* of passion, which leads the young and trusting maid to the arms of her lover, vanishes when the cares of her own creating press upon the heart of the wife and mother.

In my native village, before I had entered upon that world which owes, like some descriptions of beauty, half its enchantment to the veil that shades it, I was acquainted with a young maiden, whose personal and mental attractions were of that cast which romance loves to portray.

Annie Macleod was the belle of our little hamlet. She had a bright and loving eye; a cheek ever dimpling with the smiles of gladness; and a fairy foot, which was as elastic as the stem of the bonnie blue bell, her favorite flower. Annie had many lovers; but one, a stranger at Roslin, was the chosen of her heart. To him her hand was often given in the dance; and many were the inquiring glances at, and frequent the whispered surmise about him, by 'kerchiefed matron and snooded maid. Annie's was a first love: and, like everything that is rare and beautiful, when seen *for the first time*, was irresistible. Just emerging from the girl into womanhood, with all the unweakened romance of nature playing round her day-dreams, and coloring the golden visions of her sleep, the manly beauty of the stranger's countenance, and the superior refinement of his speech and manners to the youth of that sequestered hamlet, came with all the power of enchantment to ensnare and bewilder her innocent mind.

Rumors about this favored stranger at length reached the ears of Annie's mother—unfortunately, she had no father. Questioned by her parent, her answers were in character with her youth and simplicity. She knew nothing of the stranger; but "was sure he was a gentleman, for he had offered, and really meant, to marry her." Mrs. Macleod, upon this information, acted without delay. She forbade Annie, on pain of her maternal displeasure, to see the stranger again, unless he, by his own conduct, proved himself to be worthy of her. But on a fine Sabbath morning, when going to kirk, dressed out in all her pretty bravery, and blooming as the rose-colored ribands that tied her bonnet, Annie met the stranger at the place where they had so often held tryste together; and there Robin Bainbogle, as he crossed the rude bridge that leads over a wild ravine to Roslin Castle, saw, as he said, "the bonnie lassie for the last time, wi' a face like a dripping rose." Tears Annie might and probably did shed—but that day she fled from her home.

Years passed away. The mother of the lost girl sank under this blow to her parental hopes. The young maidens, Annie's compeers in age and beauty, became wives and mothers; and the name of "fair Annie Macleod" was seldom mentioned but by sage matrons, to warn their daughters, or by chaste spinsters to draw comparisons to their own advantage.

It was on a dark and stormy night in November, 1792, that the pious and venerable pastor of—— was sent for to attend a dying woman. Wrapped in his plaid, the kind man walked hurriedly along the common footway to a settlement of squalid

cottages, such as vice and poverty usually inhabit. In one of these cottages, or rather huts, he found the object of his search. Pale, emaciated, and sinking away, like the flickering light of an exhausted taper, lay the once beautiful—the once innocent and happy Annie Macleod. What had been her fate since she left her mother's roof 't was easy to imagine, though the veil of secrecy rested upon the particulars of her history. Her senses were at times unsettled; and it was only during the short gleamings of a sounder mind, that she was able to recognize in the Rev. Dugald Anderson, the pastor of her sinless youth, and to recommend to him, with all the pathos of dying love, the pretty, unconscious child that slumbered at her side. That done, her heart, like the last string of a neglected lute, broke, and the spirit that had once so joyously revelled in its abode of loveliness, fled from the ruined tenement of beauty forever.

"And these are the fruits of love!" said Anderson, bitterly, as he eyed the cold and stiffened features of Annie. "Oh! monstrous violation of that hallowed name!"

"Of a troth, 't is a sad sight!" said an old woman, the owner of the hut; "and I count me the judgment o' the gude God winna sleep nor slumber on sic doings, as the ruin o' this puir lassie."

"No," said Anderson, emphatically, "the justice of God may seem to slumber, but is awake. Accursed is the seducer of innocence; yea, the curse of broken hearts is upon him. It shall come home to his heart and to his spirit, till he lie down and die, in very weariness of life."

The pious pastor took home the little Allice to the Manse; and after the remains of her mother were decently interred in the village kirkyard, a simple headstone, inscribed with her name, told of the last resting-place of "fair Annie Macleod."

Some years subsequently to this melancholy event, the good pastor of—— went out, as was his wont, to "meditate at even-tide." As he stood leaning over the white wicket gate, that opened from his garden into the churchyard, thoughts of early days and early friends came trooping to his mind.

"No after friendships e'er can raise  
The endearments of our early days;  
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,  
As when it first began to love."

The last rays of the setting sun shone full upon the windows of the chapel, reflecting from them a thousand mimic glories. His eye glanced from the holy edifice to the simple tombs, partially lighted by the slanting sunbeams, as they quivered through the branches of the patriarchal trees, which here and there hung over the forgotten dead. Suddenly a man, habited in a foreign garb, advanced up the broad pathway leading from the village. Looking about him, he at last stood opposite a white headstone, over which a decayed yew threw its melancholy shadow. It was the headstone that marked the grave of the once joyous Annie. As if oppressed by some sudden emotion, he sank rather than leaned against the hollow trunk; but soon again returning to the grave, he knelt down, and burying his face with both hands, appeared to weep. The good pastor, interested in the scene, stood gazing unobserved at the stranger, who, after the lapse of a few seconds, rose up from his knees, and turned away as if to retrace his steps. Then again coming back, he stooped down, and plucking something from the

green sward, kissed it, hid it in his bosom, and with rapid step left the churchyard.

Anderson returned into the Manse, drew a chair to the hearth, sate down, took up a book, laid it down again, and walked out into the little court that fronted the village. A feeling of curiosity perhaps led him to glance his eye over the way, where stood the only alehouse in the hamlet, when he saw the same stranger come out, and, crossing the road, stop at his own gate. To his inquiry if the Rev. Dugald Anderson was at home, the good pastor, answering in the affirmative, courteously held back the gate for the stranger to enter; while the little bare-footed lassie who opened the door, seeing the visitor with her master, bustled onwards, and ushered them into the best parlor, carefully wiping with a corner of her blue-checked apron the tall, spinster-looking elbow chair, and then withdrew to tell the young Andersons what "a bra' gallant the master had brought hame wi' him."

The stranger's appearance justified Jennie's encomiums. Though past the summer of his life, the unextinguished fire of youth still lingered in his dark full eye; and his tall athletic person accorded well with the lofty bearing of his looks, and the refined courtesy of his manners.

"I believe," said he, addressing Anderson, "you have the care of a young girl, whose mother died some years since?"

"You mean the daughter of Annie Macleod?"

"The same; and it is to ascertain her situation in your family, that I have taken the liberty to wait upon you."

"Her situation in my family, my good sir," said the worthy man, "is that of a daughter to myself—a sister to my children. The calamity which robbed her so early of her mother was an inducement, but certainly not the only one, to my becoming her protector. I was acquainted with her mother in the happier years of her life; and the friendship which I had felt for Annie Macleod revived in full force when duty conducted me to her death-bed. I there pledged myself to be a father to the fatherless; to keep her unspotted from the world—the pitiless world, as the dying mother called it, in the lucid intervals of her wandering mind."

"What!" said the stranger, "did sorrow overcome her reason?"

"Alas! yes; for many weeks before her death they told me that her senses were completely gone; and when I saw her in the last mortal struggle, the delirium of mind was only partially broken in upon by flashes of reason."

The features of the stranger became convulsed, and he seemed to wrestle with some violent emotion.

"You were a friend—perhaps relative, of the unfortunate Annie?" rejoined Anderson.

"Yes—I was a friend;—that is, I—I—knew her," said the stranger.

"Then you will like to see my little charge:" and without waiting reply, the good pastor left the apartment: but almost immediately returned, holding by the hand a pretty fair-haired girl, with dark blue eyes, that seemed made for weeping. "This," said Anderson, leading her towards the stranger, "is Alice Macleod, or, as she calls herself, Birdalane."\*

The stranger drew her to him; and taking her

\* *Birdalane*, means, in Scotch, the last, or only one of their race—one who has outlived all ties.

hand, gazed long and earnestly in her blushing face. "Why do you call yourself Birdalane, my pretty child?"

"Because nurse called me so, when she used to cry over me, and say I had no mother and no father to love me, and give me pretty things, like Donald and Ellen Anderson."

The stranger's eye fell, and tears hung upon the dark lashes that swept his cheeks. He rose, and walked to the window; and Anderson heard the long-drawn sigh that seemed to burst from a heart laden with old remembrances. Presently turning to the pastor, he said, "I am satisfied, good sir, fully satisfied, that this friendless one cannot be in better hands, to fulfil her mother's wish, and keep her 'unspotted from the world.'" Then presenting a sealed packet, he added, warmly grasping Anderson's hand, "Be still a father to that orphan girl, and God requite you tenfold in blessings upon your own!" He stooped down, kissed the wondering Alice, and hastily left the apartment. Anderson went to the window, and in a few moments he saw a groom lead out two horses. The stranger mounted one, and putting spurs to his steed, Anderson soon lost sight of him in the windings of the road.

The worthy pastor, dismissing the little Alice to her playmates, prepared to open the packet. In an envelope, upon which was written—"A marriage portion for the daughter of Annie Macleod," was a draft for one thousand pounds; and on a paper folded round a small miniature, the following words: "A likeness of Annie, such as she was when the writer first knew her. 'Tis now but the shadow of a shade. The beauty, gayety, and innocence it would perpetuate, are gone, like the hopes of him, who still clings to the memory of what she was, with all the tenacious regret of an undying remorse."

Some time after this event, business called Anderson to Edinburgh. One day, while perambulating the streets on his various engagements, he saw the self-same figure, which remained indelibly imprinted on his memory—the identical mysterious stranger, who had visited him at the Manse, issue from the castle gates, and descend with a slow step and melancholy air down the high street. Curiosity, or perhaps a better feeling, prompted Anderson to follow at a distance, and ascertain who he was. It was Lord —.

"'Tis even as I thought," said the poor pastor; "poor Annie fell a victim to the arts of Lord —. Alas! he was too accomplished a seducer for such artlessness as hers to cope with."

The sweet ties that bind the sons of virtue to their social fireside are too simple for the epicurean taste of the libertine: the tender interchange of wedded minds, the endearing caress of legitimate love, are simple wild flowers, that wither in that hotbed of sensuality, a corrupt heart. Never can the proud joy, the refined pleasures of a faithful husband, be his.

For high the bliss that waits on wedded love,  
Best, purest emblem of the bliss above:  
To draw new raptures from another's joy,  
To share each pang, and half its sting destroy,  
Of one fond heart to be the slave and lord,  
Bless and be bless'd, adore and be ador'd,—  
To own the link of soul, the chain of mind,  
Sublimest friendship, passion most refined,—  
Passion, to life's last evening hour still warm,  
And friendship, brightest in the darkest storm.

To conclude. The little Alice never left the

Manse, where she lived as her mother wished, "unspotted from the world." As she grew to womanhood, her simple beauty and artless manners won the affections of Donald Anderson, the son of her benefactor. They were married, and often when Alice looked upon the smiling cherubs that climbed her maternal knee, the silver-headed pastor, as he sat by the ingle in his elbow chair, would put on an arch expression, and ask her where was Birdalane now! while Alice, blushing, and laughing, would draw her little nestlers closer to her womanly bosom, and so answer the good man.

After a life of active charity, full of years and good deeds, the venerable pastor of ——— slept the sleep of peace, in that church where he had often roused others from a darker slumber than that of death. After his decease, and written in the neat old-fashioned hand of his father, Donald Anderson found amongst his papers a manuscript, dated many years back, containing the history of Annie Macleod; which, with some slight alterations, and the omission of particular names, (for obvious reasons,) is now submitted to those readers, whose hearts will not permit their heads to criticize a simple and unadorned tale.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### MISTRESSES, MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

THE Honorable Mrs. Whirligig wanted a footman five feet eight inches high. Fixed with this lady, only two doors out of Portman Square, with four male companions in servitude, and in the society of almost twice as many damsels,—with splendid accoutrements, good *cuisine*, liberal stipend, and small beer unknown,—I made up my mind that I was settled for life. But there are circumstances, sir—I am afraid you will begin to think that I can never be contented,—but there are circumstances which may neutralize even advantages like these!

The Honorable Mrs. Whirligig had, I believe, no other fault than that of being the most unreasonable woman in the world. She was good-natured at times; but *fact* never made any impression upon her. Setting all hours and regulations at defiance herself, she was furious from morning till night at the irregularity of her dependants. If she wanted a particular tradesman at one o'clock, it was useless to say, that he had been ordered to come at two. From the moment a new Waverley novel was advertised, what ratings did I not receive, if it happened to be detained on the road! I don't think she gave me a right direction all the while I lived with her; but, if I had failed to find any place, (even although there were no such place in the world,) dismissal, without a character, would have been my lightest punishment.

Then the walks, and the messages, in every weather, were inconceivable. After sending me through a hail-storm from Berkley Square to the bank, she would be surprised that I was not ready to wait in the drawing-room the moment I came back. She had a quantity of gold-fish too, who seemed to have been spawned for my especial torment. There was a pump in the garden of Lady Anne Somebody, full a mile and a half off, the water of which was sovereign, she fancied, for the health of gold-fishes; and to this pump, with two great pitchers, I was compelled to walk every day. Again, as ladies' footman it was my duty to attend the ladies of our family on all occasions; and the power even of a London footman has its limits. All the ladies of our family kept different hours of business and amusement, and all expected me to be always ready. My mistress kept me up at parties the whole night; and the young

ladies, her daughters, kept me out shopping the whole day. I used to come home with my mistress at four o'clock in a summer's morning from a rout; and the young ladies, and their governess, wanted me to take their morning's walk with them at six!

"Francis!

Anon, anon, sir."

\* \* \* \* \*

I might go on to give the details of my subsequent services with the Dowager-Countess of Skin-Flint, and the West India Governor Whip-and-Strip—with the first of whom I lived in a superb family mansion, where board-wages, of the closest character, were the order of the day; while the governor, who chose to make his servants "part of his family," having found negroes thrive well on salt fish and damaged rice, saw no reason why the same diet should not prove salutary to English domestics.

I might speak of the Miss Just-enoughs, who jobbed a carriage, and dined upon eggs and bacon; but who, nevertheless, discharged me for taking my hand once from my hat, in listening to a message much longer than a bill in Chancery.

Or I might talk of the Earl of Cut-and-run, with whom luxury was even matter of command; but who turned me off, nevertheless, for refusing to hang a Newfoundland dog, when the animal would not jump a fifth time off Richmond bridge for a wager.

I might go on, too, to relate the thousand-and-one rebuffs which I received in the course of my various applications for service. My being rejected at one house, because I was too tall—at the next, because I was too short—at a third, because I was not "serious"—at a dozen, because I did not fit the last man's livery. I might comment generally upon the unfairness of masters and mistresses, who blame servants for bad weather, non-arrival of the post, intrusion of unwelcome guests, and all other current inconveniences—who measure, in their estimate of fitting employment, the greatest quantity of work which can be done in the hour, and expect just four-and-twenty times as much to be performed in the day—who devise impossibilities with infinite thought, and expect to have them performed without any thought at all—who make up their minds, whenever any article is missing, that "the servant" must have taken it, because he is obviously the person most in need of it—who allow their domestics not even those infirmities which are inseparable from our common nature—who believe them impervious to wet, insensible to cold, and unsusceptible of fatigue—who talk ever of their mercenary feeling, their ingratitude, or their infidelity—and look for devotion, disinterestedness, and affection, in a being who only exists upon the tenure of their caprice; and who is but too well aware, that, after years of faithful service, it needs but the whim of a moment, and he has to begin the world again.

But I will not, unless in passing, complain of these afflictions. On the contrary, I will confess, in earnest of repentance—I will acknowledge my own crimes, for iniquities I have committed.

I do repent me that, while starving in the service of Miss Just-enoughs, I ate the mince-meat out of certain pies, and stuck the tops on again as before—to the manifest discredit and severe jobation of the pastry-cook. I do regret that out of aversion to Mr. Twangle, the music teacher, I spilled a plate of soup into his lap one day, when he dined with the Earl of Cut-and-run. I regret that I strangled two of Mrs. Whirligig's gold fishes, to make her think that the water, a mile and a half off, was unwholesome for them. I regret that I rubbed a hole in Governor Whip-and-Strip's livery, because he contracted with his tailor, and returned the old clothes. I say, in sincerity, that I do repent these things; and that, spite of temptation or provocation, I will so offend no more.



From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

## GROANS OF THE INTERNAL GENII.

If it were allowable to revive a practice of the ancients, and suppose things material to be attended each by its own particular genius or spirit, I think it might be allowable in the case of the human stomach, which seems to me in itself to make such a near approach to intelligence and reason, that I scarcely can divest myself of the idea, that it really is a distinct living thing, or entity. I always feel disposed to regard this respectable viscous as a decent, steady sort of servant, that keeps constantly at home, quiet and inoffensive, disposed to go through his work to the best of his ability; nay, anxious to strain a point in his master's service as far as possible, and only unfortunate in being frequently put to tasks so far exceeding his strength, that he entirely breaks down under them, and becomes old and infirm before his time. It is surely a great pity that such a worthy sort of people should be thus hardly dealt with—sufferers, as it were, for the faults of others, not their own. I sympathize with stomachs very much. This has led me to ponder somewhat upon their situation in life, and to reflect if, at a time when oppressed slaves, oppressed aborigines, oppressed everybody, are taken by the hand, something may not be done in behalf of an equally oppressed people much nearer to us, not to speak of much dearer. Thus musing, I have at length thought of allowing an orator of the race to speak for himself and his brethren through these pages; and the following is the substance of his address:—

“Being allowed for once to speak, I would fain take the opportunity to set forth how ill, in all respects, we stomachs are used. From the beginning to the end of life, we are either afflicted with too little or too much, or not the right thing, or things which are horribly disagreeable to us, or otherwise, are thrown into a state of discomfort. I do not think it proper to take up a moment in bewailing the Too Little, for that is an evil which is never the fault of our masters, but rather the result of their misfortunes; and, indeed, we would sometimes feel as if it were a relief from other kinds of distress, if we were put upon short allowance for a few days. But we conceive ourselves to have matter for a true bill against mankind in respect of the Too Much, which is always a voluntarily-incurred evil. Strange, however, to say, none of them are willing to own that they ever give us any trouble on this score, and it is amazing what ingenious excuses they will plead for themselves when they begin to feel the sad effects of their excesses. I have known a gentleman, when suffering under a tremendous overload of dinner at a corporation feast, lay the whole blame of his woes upon a glass of water he had chanced to drink after his soup. Another, feeling himself dreadfully ill the day after a long sitting with a set of convivial friends, was quite at a loss to account for it, till he suddenly remembered that, in the course of the evening, he had been induced to eat a roasted potato. This satisfied his mind at once, and so, as he crawled that afternoon along the street, and was asked by his companions in succession what was the matter with him, ‘Oh,’ he would say, ‘that potato I took last night! Feel dreadfully unwell to-day—all owing, sir, to the potato.’ In fact, there is nothing respecting which mankind labor under a greater delusion,

than the amount of their indulgences at table. I have known some who were in the way of destroying themselves by excess, and yet their constant impression was, that they suffered from being too abstemious; and thus they would go on, endeavoring to remedy the evil by that which only tended to increase it, until all went to wreck.

“What a pity that nature, when she was about it, did not establish some means of a good understanding between mankind and their stomachs, for really the effects of their non-acquaintance are most vexatious. Human beings seem to be to this day completely in the dark as to what they ought to take at any time, and err almost as often from ignorance as from depraved appetite. Sometimes, for instance, when we of the inner house are rather weakly, they will send us down an article that we only could deal with when in a state of robust health. Sometimes, when we would require mild semi-farinaceous or vegetable diet, they will persist in all the most stimulating and irritating of viands. What sputtering we poor stomachs have when mistakes of that kind occur! What remarks we indulge in regarding our masters! ‘What’s this now?’ will a stomach-genius say; ‘ah, detestable stuff! What an everlasting fool that man is! Will he never learn! Just the very thing I did not want. If he would only send down a bowl of fresh leek soup, or barley broth, there would be some sense in it!’ and so on. If we had only been allowed to give the slightest hint now and then, like faithful servants as we are, from how many miseries might we have saved both our masters and ourselves!

“I have been a stomach for about forty years, during all of which time I have endeavored to do my duty faithfully and punctually. My master, however, is so reckless, that I would defy any stomach of ordinary ability and capacity to get along pleasantly with him. The fact is, like almost all other men, he, in his eating and drinking, considers his own pleasure only, and never once reflects on the poor wretch who has to be responsible for the disposal of everything down stairs. Scarcely on any day does he fail to exceed the strict rule of temperance; nay, there is scarcely a single meal which is altogether what it ought to be, either in its constituents or its general amount. My life is therefore one of continual worry and fret; I am never off the drudge from morning till night, and have not a moment in the four-and-twenty hours that I can safely call my own.

“My greatest trial takes place in the evening, when my master has dined. If you only saw what a mess this said dinner is—soup, fish, flesh, fowl, ham, curry, rice, potatoes, table-beer, sherry, tart, pudding, cheese, bread, all mixed up higglety-pigglety together. I am accustomed to the thing, so don’t feel much shocked; but my master himself would faint at the sight. The slave of duty in all circumstances, I call in my friend Gastric Juice, and to it we set, with as much good will as if we had the most agreeable task in the world before us. But, unluckily, my master has an impression very firmly fixed upon him, that our business is apt to be vastly promoted by an hour or two’s drinking; so he continues at table amongst his friends, and pours me down some bottle and a half of wine, perhaps of various sorts, that bother Gastric Juice and me to a degree which no one can have any conception of. In fact, this said

wine undoes our work almost as fast as we do it, besides blinding and poisoning us poor genii into the bargain. On many occasions I am obliged to give up my task for the time altogether; for while this vinous shower is going on, I would defy the most vigorous stomach in the world to make any advance in its business worth speaking of. Sometimes things go to a much greater length than at others; and my master will paralyze us in this manner for hours, not always indeed with wine, but occasionally with punch, one ingredient of which, the lemon, is particularly odious to us ministers of the interior. All this time I can hear him jollifying away at a great rate, drinking healths to his neighbors, and ruining his own. My only relief from such visitations is usually derived from Coffee or Tea, two old steady allies, for whom I have a great regard. A cup of either of these beverages generally helps wonderfully to dispose of the crude wine-drenched mass which I have in hands, and enables me to get the field cleared in time for next action.

"I am a lover of early hours—as are my brethren generally. To this we are very much disposed by the extremely hard work which we usually undergo during the day. About ten o'clock, having perhaps at that time got all our labors past, and feeling fatigued and exhausted, we like to sink into repose, not to be again disturbed till next morning at breakfast-time. Well, how it may be with others I can't tell; but so it is, that my master never scruples to rouse me up from my first sleep, and give me charge of an entirely new meal, after I thought I was to be my own master for the night. This is a hardship of the most grievous kind. Only imagine an innocent stomach-genius, who has gathered his coal, drawn on his nightcap, and gone to bed, rung up and made to stand attention to receive a succession of things, all of them superfluous and in excess, which he knows he will not be able to get off his hands all night. Such, oh mankind, are the woes which befall our tribe in consequence of your occasionally yielding to the temptation of 'a little supper!' I see turkey and tongue in grief and terror. Macaroni fills me with frantic alarm. I behold jelly and trifle follow in mute despair. Oh that I had the power of standing beside my master, and holding his unreflecting hand, as he thus prepares for my torment and his own! Here, too, the old mistaken notion about the necessity for something stimulating besets him, and down comes a deluge of hot spirits and water loaded with sugar, that causes every villicle in my coat to writhe in agony, and almost sends Gastric Juice off in the sulks to bed. Nor does he always rest here. If the company be agreeable, rummer will follow upon rummer in long succession, during all which time I am kept standing, as it were, with my sleeves tucked up, ready to begin, but unable to perform a single stroke of work. While such is my real predicament, my infatuated master is fully persuaded that he is doing something vastly in favor of my business, and calculated to promote his own comfort. He feels the reverse when he at length tumbles into bed, to fester and toss till morning, when, my labors being still unaccomplished, he will awake with a burning headache, a parched tongue, and uneasy sensations all over—call for a glass of soda-water *electrified* (this is his wretched slang for the infusion of a glass of brandy in it;) and thus vainly think to get rid of his pains by that which is only calculated to prolong them.

"These may be said to be a sample of my present distresses; but there has never been a time when I was better used, nor do I hope ever to be treated more considerably till the end of the chapter. I have but an obscure recollection of my infancy; yet I remember sufficiently well that at that time they were perpetually giving me things in the highest degree unsuitable, and generally far too much at a time, or else a proper quantity too often, which I have generally found to come to much the same thing. It was particularly hard, in those days, that, if my young master's nurse took anything that disagreed with her, I immediately became a sufferer by it, who was not only innocent of all imprudence myself, but whose very master was equally innocent—the purest case of paying the penalty of another's offences that could well be imagined. Then came the sad stuffings with cake and pudding, to which my boy-master subjected me whenever he could obtain the means—which I remarked to be particularly likely to happen when he visited aunts and grandmamas; a class of relations who, unfortunately for me, feel themselves under none of those salutary restraints, as to the young, which Solomon has wisely imposed on parents—wisely in all respects, I may say, but that of his not extending his injunctions to a wider circle of relationship. Well do I remember the dreadful poses I used to get into when the foolish young rogue chanced to gorge about thrice the quantity of an indigestible pabulum which he ought to have taken even of a digestible one. Laden so much beyond my strength, I became rigid in every muscle, and could only grasp my burden in mute and nervish despair. His anguish on those occasions was truly dreadful; but the truth is, it was all my anguish in the first place, and he only felt it reflectively. Then came the doctor with his doses of things black and dismal as Erebus, but all vouched for as necessary in the case: and of these nauseating processes the whole misery fell, of course, upon me. It was like cutting a man to pieces while relieving him of a burden which had been tied upon him. Many a time have I prayed my neighbor Pylorus—a jealous door-keeping fellow he is—to allow a little of the mess to pass out of my charge unchymified, that I might get elbow-room to proceed with the remainder; but never one particle would he take off my hands in this way, having a trust, he said, to that effect, which he could not neglect or betray without ruining the whole concern. I used to execrate him in my heart for a stingy ultra-virtuous dog; but I have since come to acknowledge that he was in the right of it, and, indeed, my petition was only an effort of despair, like that of drowning men catching at straws. These bouts, after all, were only severe at the time, and I used to rebound from them wonderfully fast. Alas! my experiences since have sometimes inclined me to look back upon them with a sigh. I was young and stout then. The statutory four meals a-day were scarcely a trouble to me. There was hardly any stuff I could not get the better of, if it only were not given in a quantity absolutely overwhelming. I participated in that bounding vitality which makes difficulties rather pleasant than otherwise to youth, provided they only do not go very much too far. I cannot now pretend to undertake the jobs that then were light to me, and which I would have laughed at as trifles. The saddest consideration of all is, that, so far from those days ever returning, I must now look forward to much worse

than even the present. I feel that the strength which I ought to have had at my present time of life has passed from me. I am getting weak, and peevish, and evil-disposed. A comparatively small trouble sits long and sore upon me. Bile, from being my servant, is becoming my master, and a bad one he makes, as all good servants ever do. I see nothing before me but a premature old age of pains and groans, and gripes and grumblings, which will, of course, not last over long, and thus I shall be cut short in my career, when I should have been enjoying life's tranquil evening, without a single vexation of any kind to trouble me.

"Were I of a rancorous temper, it might be a consolation to think that my master, the cause of all my woes, must suffer and sink with me; but I don't see how this can mend my own case; and, from old acquaintance, I am rather disposed to feel sorry for him, as one who has been more ignorant and imprudent than ill-meaning. In the same spirit let me hope that this true and unaffected account of my case may prove a warning to other persons how they use their stomachs—for they may depend upon it, that whatever injustice they do to us in their days of health and pride, will be repaid to themselves in the long-run; our friend Madam Nature being an inveterately accurate accountant, who makes no allowance for revokes or mistakes, but acts towards all, like Sarah Battle, according to the rigor of the game."

#### JAMES WADSWORTH.

THE Rochester Daily Advertiser announces the death of the Hon. James Wadsworth, who has been languishing several months at his residence in Geneseo. This intelligence, though not unexpected, is deeply afflicting to all who knew and appreciated him, as wisdom and worth are appreciated, when known. It was our privilege to have enjoyed this great and good man's friendship and confidence for many years. We say great and good, for such was truly and eminently his character. He was emphatically the architect of his own fortune and fame. His fortune was acquired by agricultural enterprise and industry; and, by devoting all that was needful of that fortune to the diffusion of *Knowledge* and the encouragement of *Science*, he established for himself a reputation as enduring as time.

Mr. Wadsworth gave his thoughts as well as his money to the cause of *Education*, of *Political Economy*, and of the *Practical Sciences*. The Commonwealth is equally indebted to his wisdom for suggesting and maturing, and to his munificence for carrying out measures of physical, mental and moral improvement. He established and endowed the first *Normal School* in this State. He originated and assisted in perfecting the system of *Common School Libraries*, by means of which every School District in the State is in possession of the most precious literary treasures. He has published large editions of valuable works, and caused them to be gratuitously distributed. And he has done much else, of which we hope to have a faithful memoir; and for which his memory will be gratefully cherished by the citizens of the State of New York.

James Wadsworth, in company with his brother William, who died several years since, were natives of Hartford, Ct. They purchased a large tract of land upon the Genesee river towards the close of

the last century. The Indians were for many years their only neighbors. Their industry, enterprise and intelligence soon rendered their possessions immensely valuable. Their vast fortunes show what enlightened men can accomplish, even in the too much neglected pursuit of agriculture. General Wm. Wadsworth lived and died a bachelor, bequeathing his share of the estate to his brother's children. James Wadsworth, next to John Jacob Astor, was the wealthiest man in our State. His immense fortune descends to two sons, who are heirs also to many of their father's virtues; and to a daughter, who, though in person and mind formed to grace and charm society, has with all a daughter's devoted affection, been the inseparable companion of her father during his years of sickness and suffering. Martin Brimmer, Esq., Mayor of Boston, married the eldest daughter of Mr. Wadsworth.

We hope to see, from the hands of some person having access to papers, an extended memoir of Mr. Wadsworth's life and character.—*Albany Evening Journal*.

Fifty-seven years ago, when only twenty years of age, Mr. W. left his native State of Connecticut; determined to carve for himself a name and a fortune in what was then the Western wilderness. After considerable "looking about," he finally, with a companion, as enterprising as himself, "located" in the richest section of the Genesee Valley. The two friends spent their days chopping in the heavy timbered forest, and at night they returned to their cabin, where their black woman had provided for them such a supper as the forest afforded. Amidst such toils, privations, and hardships they prosecuted their labors, until they had effected a "clearing," when the luxurious soil was made to "bring forth abundantly" a supply for their wants. Here most pioneers would have considered their ends as accomplished, and would quietly have settled down in the enjoyment of the fruits of their previous industry and enterprise. But not so with Mr. W., for he had chalked out for himself a higher destiny.

He returned to Connecticut, and connected himself with a company for the purchase of lands in the "Genesee country." As the agent of this company, or on his own account, he became the purchaser of all the first parcels of land in the market. His good fortune still continuing, or rather his good judgment, industry and frugality, producing their legitimate results, he was enabled to buy out his associates, as well as to make a large purchase of the Poulney estate, so that in addition to one-tenth of the Indian reservations, Mr. W. finally became the possessor of an estate, so extensive that he remarked to a friend, "he could, by crossing the river twice, go from Geneseo to this city," (a distance of thirty miles,) "upon his own lands, and through a portion of the city itself."

But though Mr. W. died seized of an estate so extensive and valuable, that Stephens, the traveller, said of it, that he would not exchange it for the whole kingdom of David; yet its possession was far from being a source of real happiness to its possessor, for the supervision of so extensive a landed property, and the continued drain for money upon his comparatively small income, surrounded him with such embarrassments and perplexities for a great portion of his life, that, in his later years, when the cause had ceased to exist, he suffered more from a confirmed hypochondria, than usually



falls to the lot of the most unfortunate man; and at such times his conversation would turn upon the events of his early life, and it was easy to perceive, that the days of his poverty were the favorite periods of his life, and he abounded in anecdotes bearing upon it. "Forty years ago to-night," he once remarked to a friend, "I first met John Jacob Astor. It was in Detroit. He had an axe upon his shoulder and was looking for employment in the American Fur Company, and I was looking for a school to teach."

It is not only as a man of wealth, and one of the last of that race of men of iron nerves—the first settlers of western New York, that Mr. W. will be remembered; though engrossed in business to an extent, that would have absorbed the energies of common men, he still found time to read extensively, and to read profoundly, particularly, upon his favorite topics, political economy, agriculture, and the improvement of the system of primary instruction; and no one could be many moments in his company, without feeling that he was in the presence of a person possessed of a superior intellect, and one that would have distinguished himself in almost every sphere of life, to which he might have been called, and a work he has left in manuscript (unless it has been recently published) exhibits more of the marks of a man, devoted to literary pursuits, than of one, who commenced life with an axe on his shoulder.

I never met him but in business connected with the book-trade, and I was particularly struck, with the anxiety with which he inquired after the popularity and probable success of the law for the establishment of Common School Libraries. I told him it appeared to be highly popular among the farmers, but the good intentions of the law were frequently defeated by the committees to make selections. "Never mind that," said the old man, "It is an evil that time will correct. The children will know more than their parents." *New York Express.*

From the Britannia.

#### POPERY IN AMERICA.

A POPISH riot in Philadelphia has already issued in the destruction of property, the burning of houses, and the death of American citizens. Whether the hot blood of the Yankees will tolerate this is a matter for themselves. But the moral of the event is matter for the people of England. Through fifty years Popery has been declaring its pacific spirit, its compliance with the laws of every state where it existed, and its compatibility with all the forms of the British constitution. It was at length unhappily suffered to enter the Legislature, and thus possess power. We need only glance at the history of the last dozen years to know the malignity with which it has warred against the interests of England, the violence which it has fomented in Ireland, the overthrow of independent cabinets, and the support of dependent ones, finished by the desperate attempts at revenge for the return of the conservative government, a revenge which had nearly kindled a civil war in Ireland.

When it was charged with those principles of subversion, the answer uniformly was, "Whatever mischiefs may have been effected have been the natural consequence of circumstances. The Papists have lain under hereditary persecution;

centuries of suffering have embittered them; they are merely protecting themselves against a government which has emancipated them through fear, and (as they assert) would fetter them again but for that fear." In so many words, that their Irish meetings and their English votes are simply the result of their position in a Protestant empire, in the face of an established church, and surrounded by a Protestant population.

Philadelphia now raises her voice against this whole fallacy. In an excellent article on the subject in the *Standard*, the question is put in the following clear point of view:—

"We, however, must not allow one important lesson, taught by the Philadelphia outrage, to pass unnoticed. How often have we had it dinned into our ears that the Irish Romanists never would be disorderly or turbulent but for the remembrance of seven centuries of oppression, &c., and the insults of Orangemen? In the United States, however, they have no 'seven centuries,' &c., to complain of, and at Philadelphia their adversaries were not Orangemen, but 'native Americans.' The 'Orangeman,' the Irish Protestant, wherever found, is distinguished by his Saxon qualities of all the patience, industry, and moderation that can consist with a proper ambition—all the forbearance that can ally itself with a high and brave spirit. Neither at home nor abroad was the Irish Orangeman ever the aggressor, but Philadelphia tells what kind of cattle he has had to deal with at home. The truth is, that the Philadelphia affair is but another illustration of Romanism militant."

This case furnishes an example of Popery, and under a mixed form of religion; and the character is written in embers and bloodshed. We next have Popery under a government essentially Popish, and the character is still more gloomy and frightful. A Portuguese female, in the town of Funchal, having dared to think that the images ought not to be worshiped—that the Holy Sacrament is bread and wine—and that the Virgin Mary, though blest as the mother of the Messiah, was born after the manner and with the nature of all other women—has been sentenced by the tribunal of the island to be put to death for this alleged heresy.

THE GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION TO THE TOILET, or a Treatise on Shaving, by a London Hair-Dresser.—If, as the song runs, "the wisdom's in the wig"—the grace, we presume, lies in the beard. How all this—as well as "the unloveliness of love-locks"—was cut short by Puritanism, were a moving tale to write. Enough for the present, that now—when Revolution and Non-conformity are fading into the horizon, and Young Europe is dreaming its dreams of middle-age restorations and other pleasant impracticabilities besides—cheeks, chins, and upper lips are beginning to bud with a thousand pretty fancies, as may be seen any day on a Parisian Boulevard, or our own Quadrant; and we must pronounce our "London Hair-dresser" a man behind his time—a Pym, rather than a Pusey, of the razor and the basin. He is learned in cropping; but silent as to forms of plantation: knows the plain art of destructiveness well—but seems sternly indifferent to all the poetical inventions of Conservatism. A pamphlet entitled "The Hair-grower's Hand-book" is wanting by way of companion.—*Athenæum.*

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Lettres Parisiennes*, par Madame EMILE DE GIRARDIN (Vicomte de Launay.) Parisian Letters by EMILY DE GIRARDIN, under the pseudonym of the Vicomte de Launay. Paris. 1843.
2. *Paris im Frühjahr*. 1843. Von L. RELLSTAB. Leipzig. 1844.
3. *Paris and its People*. By the Author of "Random Recollections of the House of Commons." London. 1843.

Of the myriads of books now yearly appearing which time shall swallow up, so that they or their memory be no more seen, we hope this little work of Madame de Girardin's will not be one. Not that it is more innocent or intrinsically worthy of life than many others of its companions which will be handed over to the inevitable destroyer; but it deserves to have a corner in a historical library, where even much more natural and meritorious publications might be excluded; just as a two-headed child will get a place in a museum-bottle, when an ordinary creature, with the usual complement of skull, will only go the way the sexton shows it. The "*Lettres Parisiennes*" give a strange picture of a society, of an age, and of an individual. One or the other Madame Girardin exposes with admirable unconscious satire; and this is satire of the best and wholesomest sort. One is apt to suspect the moralist whose indignation makes his verse or points his wit; one cannot tell how much of personal pique mars the truth of his descriptions, or how many vices or passions are painted after the happy ever-present model himself; and while we read Swift's satires of a sordid, brutal, and wicked age, or Churchill's truculent descriptions of the daring profligates of his time, we know the first to be black-hearted, wicked, and envious, as any monster he represents, and have good reason to suspect the latter to be the dissolute ruffian whom he describes as a characteristic of his times.

But the world *could* never be what the dean painted as he looked at it with his furious, mad, glaring eyes; nor was it the wild drunken place which Churchill, reeling from a tavern, fancied he saw reeling round about him. We might as well take the word of a sot, who sees four candles on the table where the sober man can only perceive two; or of a madman who peoples a room with devils that are quite invisible to the doctor. Our Parisian chronicler, whose letters appear under the pseudonym of the Vicomte de Launay, is not more irrational than his neighbors. The vicomte does not pretend to satirize his times more than a gentleman would who shares in the events which he depicts, and has a perfectly good opinion of himself and them; if he writes about trifles it is because his society occupies itself with such, and his society is, as we know, the most refined and civilized of all the societies in this world; for is not Paris the European capital, and does he not speak of the best company there!—Indeed, and for

the benefit of the vulgar and unrefined, the vicomte's work ought to be translated, and would surely be read with profit. Here might the discontented artisan see how his betters are occupied; here might the country gentleman's daughter who, weary of her humdrum village-retirement, pines for the delights of Paris, find those pleasures chronicled of which she longs to take a share; and if we may suppose she possesses (as she does always in novels and often in real life) a sage father or guardian, or a reflective conscience of her own, either monitor will tell her a fine moral out of the Vicomte de Launay's letters, and leave her to ask is this the fashionable life that I have been sighing after—this heartless, false, and, above all, intolerably wearisome existence, which the most witty and brilliant people in the world consent to lead? As for the man of the humbler class, if after musing over this account of the great and famous people he does not learn to be contented with his own condition, all instruction is lost upon him, and his mind is diseased by a confirmed enviousness which no reason or reality will cure.

Nor is the Vicomte de Launay's sermon, like many others, which have undeniable morals to them, at all dull in the reading; every page, on the contrary, is lively and amusing—it sparkles with such wit as only a Frenchman can invent—it abounds with pleasing anecdote, bright pictures of human life, and happy turns of thought. It is entirely selfish and heartless, but the accomplished author does not perceive this: its malice is gentlemanlike and not too ill-natured: and its statements, if exaggerated, are not more so than good company warrants. In a society where a new carriage, or new bonnet, is a matter of the greatest importance, how can one live but by exaggerating? Lies, as it were, form a part of the truth of the system. But there is a compensation for this, as for most other things in life—and while one set of duties or delights are exaggerated beyond measure, another sort are depreciated correspondingly. In that happy and genteel state of society where a new carriage, or opera, or bonnet, become objects of the highest importance, morals become a trifling matter; politics futile amusement; and religion an exploded ceremony. All this is set down in the vicomte's letters, and proved beyond the possibility of doubt.

And hence the great use of having real people of fashion to write their own lives, in place of the humble male and female authors, who, under the denomination of the Silver Fork School, have been employed by silly booksellers in our own day. They cannot give us any representation of the real authentic genteel fashionable life; they will relapse into morality in spite of themselves; do what they will they are often vulgar, sometimes hearty and natural; they have not the unconscious wickedness, the delightful want of principle, which the great fashionable man possesses, none of the grace and ease of vice. What pretender can, for instance,

equal the dissoluteness of George Selwyn's Letters, lately published?—What mere literary head could have invented Monsieur Suisse and his noble master? We question whether Mr. Beckford's witty and brilliant works could have been written by any but a man in the very best company; and so it is with the Vicomte de Launay,—his is the work of a true person of fashion, the real thing, (the real sham, some misanthropist may call it, but these are of a snarling and discontented turn,) and no mere pretender could have equalled them. As in the cases of George Selwyn and Monsieur Suisse, mentioned before, the De Launay Letters do not tell all, but you may judge by a part of the whole, of Hercules by his foot,—by his mere bow, it is said, any one (in high life) might judge his late Majesty George IV., to be the most accomplished man in Europe. And so with De Launay, though he speak but about the last new turban which the Countess wore at the opera, or of her liaison with the Chevalier —, you may see by the gravity with which he speaks of that turban, and the graceful lightness with which he recounts the little breakage of the seventh commandment in question, what is the relative importance of each event in his mind, and how (we may therefore pretty fairly infer) the *beau monde* is in the habit of judging them. Some French critics who have spoken of Vicomte de Launay's work, do, it is true, deny his claim to rank as a man of fashion, but there are delicate shades in fashion and politeness, which a foreigner cannot understand, and many a person will pass among us for well-bred, who is not what Mrs. Trollope calls *la crême de la crême*. The vicomte does not, as it would seem, frequent those great and solemn houses of the Faubourg St. Germain, where the ancient nobility dwell, (and which are shut to all the *roture*\*)—but he is welcomed at the court of Louis Philippe, and the balls of the ambassadors (so much coveted by our nation in France)—he dances in all the saloons of the Faubourg, and he has a box at all the operas; if Monsieur de Castellane gives a private play, the Vicomte is sure to be in the front-seats; if the *gentlemen-sportsmen* of the Jockey-club on the Boulevard have a racing or gambling match in hand, he is never far off: he is related to the chamber of deputies, and an influential party there, he has published poems, and plays, and commands a newspaper; and hence his opportunities of knowing poets, authors, and artists, are such as must make him a chronicler of no ordinary authenticity.

It is of matters relating to all these people that the gay and voluble vicomte discourses; and if we may judge of the success of his letters by the number of imitations which have followed them, their popularity must have been very great indeed.

\* Except as in the case of a rich American, who, though once a purser of a ship, has been adopted by the nobles of the Faubourg St. Germain, and is said to have cut the family at the Tuileries, and all his old acquaintances of the *Chaussée d'Antin*.

Half-a-dozen journals at least have their weekly chronicle now upon the De Launay model, and the reader of the French and English newspapers may not seldom remark in the "own correspondence" with which some of the latter prints are favored, extracts and translations from the above exclusive sources, compiled by the ambassadors of the English press in Paris, for the benefit of their public here.

It would be impossible perhaps for a journal here to produce any series of London letters similar in kind to those of which we are speaking. The journalist has not the position in London which is enjoyed by his Parisian brother. Here the journal is everything, and the writer a personage studiously obscure;—if a gentleman, he is somehow most careful to disguise his connexion with literature, and will avow any other profession but his own: if not of the upper class, the gentry are strangely shy and suspicious of him, have vague ideas of the danger of "being shown up" by him, and will flock to clubs to manifest their mistrust by a black-ball. Society has very different attentions for the Parisian journalists, and we find them admitted into the saloons of ambassadors, the cabinets of ministers, and the boudoirs of ladies of fashion. When shall we ever hear of Mr. This, theatrical critic for the "Morning Post," at Lady Londonderry's ball, or Mr. That, editor of the "Times," closeted with Sir Robert Peel, and "assisting" the prime minister to prepare a great parliamentary paper or a queen's speech? And, indeed, with all possible respect for the literary profession, we are inclined to think the English mode the most wholesome in this case, and that it is better that the duchesses, the ministers, and the literary men, should concert with their kind, nor be too intimate with each other.

For the truth is, the parties have exceedingly few interests in common. The only place in England we know of where the great and the small frankly consort, is the betting-ring at Epsom and Newmarket, where his grace will take the horse-dealer's odds and *vice versâ*,—that is the place of almost national interest and equality, but what other is there? At Exeter Hall (another and opposite national institution) my lord takes the chair and is allowed the lead. Go to Guildhall on a feast day, my lords have a high table for themselves, with gold and plate, where the commoners have crockery, and no doubt with a prodigious deal more green fat in the turtle soup than falls to the share of the poor sufferers at the plebeian table. The theatre *was* a place where our rich and poor met in common, but the great have deserted that amusement, and are thinking of sitting down to dinner, or are preparing for the opera when three acts of the comedy are over. The honest citizen who takes his simple walk on a Sunday in the park comes near his betters, it is true, but they are passing him in their carriages or on horseback,—nay, it must have struck any plain person who may



chance to have travelled abroad in steamboat or railroad, how the great Englishman, or the would-be great (and the faults of a great master, as Sir Joshua Reynolds says, are always to be seen in the exaggerations of his imitators) will sit alone perched in his solitary carriage on the fore-deck, rather than come among the vulgar crowd who are enjoying themselves in the more commodious part of the vessel. If we have a fault to find with the fashionable aristocracy of this free country, it is not that they shut themselves up and do as they like, but that they ruin honest folks who will insist upon imitating them; and this is not their fault—it is ours. A philosopher has but to walk into the Bedford and Russell-square district, and wonder over this sad characteristic of his countrymen; it is written up in the large bills in the windows which show that the best houses in London are to let. There is a noble mansion in Russell-square, for instance, of which the proprietors propose to make a club—but the inhabitants of Bloomsbury who want a club must have it at the west end of the town, as far as possible from their own unfashionable quarter; those who *do* inhabit it want to move away from it; and you hear attorneys' wives and honest stock-brokers' ladies talk of quitting the vulgar district, and moving towards "*the court end*," as if they were to get any good by living near her Majesty the queen, at Pimlico! Indeed, a man who after living much abroad, returns to his own country, will find there is no meanness in Europe like that of the freeborn Briton. A woman in middle life is afraid of her lady's-maid if the latter has lived in a lord's family previously. In the days of the existence of the C—— club, young men used to hesitate and make apologies before they avowed they belonged to it; and the reason was—not that the members were not as good as themselves, but because they were not better. The club was ruined because there were not lords enough in it. The young barristers, the young artists, the young merchants from the city, would not, to be sure, speak to their lordships if they were present, but they pined in their absence—they sought for places where their august patrons might occasionally be seen and worshipped in silence; and the corner of Waterloo Place is now dark, and the friendly steam of dinners no longer greets the passers-by there at six o'clock. How those deserters would have rallied round a couple of dukes were they ever so foolish, and a few marquises no wiser than the author of a certain *Voyage to Constantinople*.

Thus, as it seems to us, the great people in England have killed our society. It is not their fault: but it is our meanness. We might be very social and happy without them if we would: but follow them we must, and as in the good old vicar's time, the appearance of Lady Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs amongst us, (whom we *will* ask,) instantly puts a stop to the joviality and free flow of spirits which reigned before her ladyship's arrival; and

we give up nature and blind-man's buff for stiff conversations about "Shakspeare and the musical glasses." This digression concerning English society has to be sure no actual reference to the subject in hand, save that moral one which the Reviewer sometimes thinks fit to point out to his reader, who travelling with him in the spirit to foreign countries, may thus their manners noting, and their realms surveying, be induced to think about his own.

With this let us cease further moralizing, and as we have shown in the above sentences that the English reader delights in none but the highest society, and as we have humbly alluded in a former paragraph to young countrywomen, who, possibly weary of the sameness of their hall or village, yearn after the delight of Paris, and the splendours of the entertainments there; perhaps some such will have no objection to accompanying Madame or Monsieur Girardin de Launay through the amusement of a Paris season, in that harmless fashion in which Shacabac partook of the first feast offered by the Barmecide, and which entails no evil consequences upon the feaster. It is the winter of 1837. Charles X. is just dead at Goritz, and we (the vicomte and his reader) are for a while too genteel to dance in public in consequence of the poor old monarch's demise. We pass some pathetic remarks on the fate of exiled kings; we wonder how it happens that the Tuileries do not go into mourning. We do so ourselves, just to be in fashion and to show our loyalty, but only for a few days—but people should fancy we could not afford to purchase spring fashions, and so having decently buried the sovereign, we give a loose to our pleasures, and go of course to Madame d'Appenay's ball.

"You have no idea how diamonds and your own hair have come into fashion again—we remark this at the ball of the ambassador of Austria, where really and truly the whole room glistened with diamonds. Diamonds and hair! every one puts on everybody's own diamonds, and everybody else's—everybody wears their own hair, and somebody else's besides. Look at the Duchess of Sutherland. Have you seen her grace and her diamonds—all the world is crowding to look at them; and as he goes to look at her magnificent diadem, worth two millions it is said, many a young man has *bien des distractions* in gazing at her grace's beautiful eyes and charming face.

"This is in the Faubourg St. Honoré—as for the people in the Faubourg St. Germain, the poor creatures, on account of the poor dear king's death dare not dance—they *only* waltz—it's more *triste* to waltz, more becoming—it seems by chance as it were. Some one sits down to the piano and plays a little waltz—just a little pretty one—and some one else begins to turn round in time. It is not a dance—no invitations were given, only a few young people have amused themselves by keeping time to M. de X. or Léon de B. They were in white, but

their parents were in black all the time—for the good old king, the first gentleman in Europe, (the French too had a first gentleman in Europe,) lies dead yonder at Goritz.

"As Lent comes on, we are of course too well-bred not to go to church. And to speak about the preachers, *fi donc!* but we positively must hear M. de Ravignan, for all the world goes to Notre Dame, and M. Dupanloup at Saint Roch, and the Abbé Combalot at Saint Eustache. We only mention their names as a fact, and to point out that there is a *return towards religion*, at which we are very happy; but as for commenting upon, or criticising the works of these 'austere inspired ones,' we must not venture to do it; they speak for our salvation and not for their own glory, and we are sure, must be quite above all worldly praise. And so no more about religion in Lent. And oh, it is quite frightful to think how the people do dance in Lent as it is!"

#### ENGLISHWOMEN AT A FRENCH BALL.

"The masked ball given in benefit of the English has been so successful, that imitations may be looked for; the ball of the civil list is to be in the same fashion it is said. We dearly love masked-balls—handsome women appear there under quite novel aspects, and as for ugly women whom a brilliant imagination carries thither, why they become delightful too, in their way, the Englishwomen above all, there is such an engaging frankness. It must be confessed that if we look at the handsome English, and admire them with something like envy and bitterness of heart, there are natives of a certain other sort whom the 'perfidious Albion' sends over to us, and who charm us beyond expression; let us say it to the island's double renown, that if the modern Venus, that is beauty, has come to us from the waves of the channel, the very contrary goddess (whom we need not name) has risen in full dress out of the frightened waves of the Thames. In a word, we admit that our neighbors provide our fêtes with the most beautiful women, and with those who are most of the other sort. They do nothing by halves the Englishwomen, they bring beauty to perfection or they carry ugliness to distraction; in this state they cease to be women altogether, and become beings of which the classification is impossible. One looks like an old bird, another like an old horse, a third, like a young donkey—some have a bison look, some a dromedary appearance, and all a poodle cast. Now all this seated quietly in a drawing-room, and reputedly dressed looks simply ugly, and there 's an end of it; but set it off in a masked-ball—all these poor things dressed and bedizened, all these strange faces, and graces, and grimaces, twisting and hurling, and ogling and leering their best, you can't conceive what a wonderful effect they have! If you could but have seen them the other day in the Salle Ventadour with seven or eight feathers in their heads: red feathers, blue feathers, black feathers, peacocks' feathers, cocks' feathers, all the feathers of all the birds in the air—if you could have seen their satisfied looks as they glanced at the looking-glasses, and the grace with which their fair fingers repaired some enchanting disorder of the dress, and the perseverance with which they placed in its right position over the forehead that charming ringlet which *would* come upon the nose,

and the yellow slipper, or the brown one, with-drawn or protruded with alike winning grace, and all the shells, and beads, and bracelets, and all the ornaments from all the jewel-boxes of the family conglomerated on one strange person, and looking as if astonished to find themselves so assembled; you would say as we do, it is a charming thing a *bal costumé*, and if anybody offers to show you such a sight for a louis, give it, my dear friend, you never laid out money so well."

Indeed any person who has been in a Paris ball-room will allow that the description is a very true and very amusing one; and as we are still addressing the ladies, we would beg them to take warning, by the above remarks, on their visits to Paris: to remember what pitiless observers are round about them in the meagre persons of their French acquaintance; to reflect that their costume, in its every remotest part, is subject to eyes so critical, that not an error can escape; and hence, seeing the almost impossibility, from insular ignorance, to be entirely in the mode, to cultivate a noble, a becoming simplicity, and be, as it were, above it. The handsomest women in Europe can best afford to go unadorned—it is difficult for a Parisian beauty, lean, yellow, and angular; *her* charms require all the aids of address, while her rival's are only heightened by simplicity. And but that comparisons are odious in all instances, and in this not certainly flattering, we would venture to point out an unromantic analogy between Beauty and Cookery in the two countries. Why do the French have recourse to sauces, stews, and other culinary disguisements?—because their meat is not good. Why do the English content themselves with roast and boiled?—because they need no preparations. And so Beauty like Beef. \* \* \* But let us adopt a more becoming and genteel tone. Scotland is the country where agriculture is best understood—France is most famous for the culture of the toilet—and for the same reason; the niggardliness of nature to both countries, with which let us console ourselves for any little national wants among ourselves.

We are sure the fair reader will have no objection to accompany Madame de Girardin to a ball at so genteel a place as the English Embassy, where Lady Granville is celebrating the birth-day of our sovereign.

"On Friday was the beautiful *fête* to celebrate the birthday of the Queen of England; and as it is a woman who is king in England, the men did not wear uniform at Lord Granville's ball, but the women. Nothing could look more agreeable than all these white robes, strewn over with roses, which made the most respectable matrons of the company look young. It was the *fête* of the rose: and never did the royal flower shine with more splendor. At the corner of each door was a mountain of rose-trees in flower, ranged upon invisible steps: indeed a beautiful sight; and here and there you might perceive some of the fair young dancers picking roses in order to replace the graceful bouquets of their robes, which the whirl of the waltz had carried away. Nor was the little theft

likely of detection; there were enough roses there to crown all the hundred-and-sixty English families with their eighteen daughters—Isabella, Arabella, Rosina, Susanna, Eliza, Mary, Lucy, Betsey, Nancy, &c. &c.

"Besides the flowers of the magnificent gardens and hot-houses of the embassy, ten or twelve hundred rose-trees had been sent for, of which only eight hundred, it is said, could find a place in the reception-rooms. Judge from this of the mythological splendor of the scene. The garden was covered with a tent, and arranged as a conversation-room. But what a room! The large beds, filled with flowers, were enormous *jardinières* that all the world came to see—the gravel-walks were covered over with fresh cloths, full of respect for the white satin slippers of the dancers; great sofas of damask and velvet replaced the garden seats. On a round table there were books, and it was a pleasure to come and muse and breathe the air in this vast boudoir, from which one could hear the noise of the music, like fairy songs in the distance, and see passing away like happy shades, in the three long galleries of flowers round about, the lovely and sprightly young girls who were hastening to the dance, and the lovely, but more sedate young married women, who were hying to the supper.

"There never is a *fête* without a *lion*, and the lion on this occasion was a charming Anglo-Italian princess, whose appearance made the most lively impression. Lady Mary Talbot, married two months since to the Prince of Doria, had arrived from Genoa only a few hours before the ball, and only thought of going to rest after so long a journey, and with regret of the splendid festival she must miss seeing. How could a person, arrived only at four, think of being present at a *fête* at ten o'clock? Had it been four o'clock in the morning, there might have been a chance yet to prepare a dress, and to recruit oneself from the fatigues of travel. But now the case seemed hopeless, when of a sudden the following wonderful words were uttered at the princess's door: 'A ball dress is just brought for Madame la Princesse.' And as one sees the courser stretched idly in the meadow start up and bound across the plain at the first signal of the warlike trumpet, so did the fair young traveller, stretched idly upon her couch, rouse herself on a sudden, and bound to the dressing-table at the first signal of coquetry. Whence came this robe so beautiful? what beneficent fairy had commanded it? That question is easily answered—only a real friend could have thought of such an attention. And shall I tell you, young beauties, how to know a true friend? She who admires you, deceives you; she who makes others admire you, really loves you."

In this passage the viscount-disguise is surely thrown off altogether and the woman appears, as natural and as coquettish as Heaven made her. If we have occasionally cause to complain of the viscount's want of sincerity, here, at least, we have no right to suspect Madame de Girardin. The incident of the dress overcomes her nature; and in the enthusiasm of the moment, she let the great secret regarding her sex escape her. But for the moralities that have already been uttered, how long and how profitable a sermon might be composed with that last sentence for a text! "She

who admires you, deceives you; she who causes you to be admired, loves you." What a picture it is of the woman of the world, and her motives, and her simplicity, and her sincerity, and her generosity. That was a fatal confession, Madame de Girardin. It may be true, but it was a fault to say it; and one can't but think of the woman who uttered it with an involuntary terror. Thus we have seen a man boast that he would play any tricks upon the cards, and cut any given one any number of times running, which he did, and the world admired—but nobody afterwards was anxious to play at *écarté* with that man; no, not for a penny a game.

And now having introduced the English reader to two such fashionable assemblies as the foregoing, we must carry them into company still more genteelly august, and see the queen and the Princess Helen. It is in this easy, lively way that the gay Parisian describes the arrival of the amiable widow of the Duke of Orleans.

#### A FÊTE-DAY AT PARIS.

"The garden of the Tuileries was splendidly beautiful yesterday—it was beautified by the king's orders and by the people's—by the sky's and by the spring's. What a noble and cheerful sight it was! Go hang yourselves, ye inhabitants of the provinces, you who could not see this magnificent picture, for the canvass is torn and the piece will never be exhibited again. Fancy now sights such as were never before seen at Paris at the same time: fancy a sky bright blue—fancy the trees real green—the people neat and well-dressed—and the crowd joyous and in its best attire, revelling in the perfumes of the flowering lilies. Confess now you never saw anything like that—at Paris when the sky is blue, the trees are always gray, for the dust eats them up—at Paris when the trees are green then you may be sure it has just rained, and all the people are muddy and dirty. \* \* \* Oh, how brilliant nature was that day, youthful and yet strong—young and yet powerful, fresh and ripe, budding and full: it was like the passion of a pure girl who should have waited till five-and-twenty before she began to love—it had all the purity of a first love—but a first-love experienced when the heart had attained its utmost power and perfection.

"How noble those lofty chestnuts are—how finely do their royal flowers contrast with the sombre verdure of their leaves!

"Look from here and see what a fine sight it is. The great alley of the garden is before us—on the right, three ranks of national guards; on the left, three of troops of the line. Behind them the crowd—elegant and brilliant with a thousand colors. Before us is a basin with its fountain, which mounts upwards in a sunbeam; behind the jet d'eau, look, you see the obelisk, and behind that the arch of triumph. By way of frame to the picture are two terraces covered with people, and great trees everywhere. Look down for a moment at yonder flower-beds and tufts of lilac—every one of them blossomed on the same day. What perfume! what sunshine! Hush! here's a courier, the procession must be drawing near—now comes a postilion all covered with dust, and gallops away: and now comes a poodle dog and gallops



away too, quite frightened—immense laughter and applause from the crowd. After the poodle comes a greyhound, still more alarmed—still more laughter and applause from the crowd—and the first part of the procession serves to keep the public in good humor. A stout workwoman in a cap elbows a genteel old beauty, and says, 'Let me see the princess, ma'am; you, you can go and see her at court.' The genteel old beauty looks at her with a sneer, and says to her daughter, 'The court, indeed! The good woman does not seem to know that there is much more likelihood for her to go to that court than for us.' 'No doubt,' says the young lady. 'Only let her marry a grocer, and they'll make her a great lady.' By which dialogue we learn that the legitimists also have condescended to come and see the procession. At last it comes. See! here are the cuirassiers, they divide, and you see the reflection of their breast-plates flashing in the fountain. Now comes the cavalry of the national guards. What a fine corps, and what a fine horse Mr. G—— has! The king! M. Montalivet—the ministers—they go too fast, I can't see anything. The queen! how noble she looks; how charmingly dressed—what a *ravishing* blue hat! The Princess Helen looks round this way; how young her face seems! Ah, now you can only see her hat, it is a sweet pretty one, in white *paille de riz*, with a drooping marabout. Her robe is very elegant, white muslin, doublé with rose. The Duke of Orleans is on horseback by the queen's side; but mercy on us, who *are* those people in the carriages of the suite! Did you ever see such old bonnets and gowns!—for a triumphal entry into Paris, surely they might have made a little toilet! The *cortège* has a shabby air. The carriages are extremely ugly, and too full—indeed, it was more worth waiting for it than seeing it."

If an English Baker-street lady had been called upon to describe a similar scene in her own country, we fancy her letter would have been conceived in a very different spirit from that of the saucy Parisian. The latter does not possess the Baker-street respect for the powers that be, and looks at kings and queens without feeling the least oppression or awe. A queen in a "*ravissante capote bleue*"—a princess of whom the description is that she is a "*jolie Parisienne*."—Is not this a sad and disrespectful manner of depicting an august reigning family! Nor, if we guess right, would Baker-street have condescended to listen to the vulgar conversation of the poor woman in the crowd who was so anxious to see the procession. The sneer of the great lady from the Faubourg St. Germain is very characteristic, and the deductions by the lookers-on not a little malicious and keen. That tasty description of the spring, too, at the commencement of the passage, where its warmth is likened to the love of an "*honnête jeune fille de 25 ans*," could only have been written by a French woman deeply versed in matters of the heart. Elsewhere she utters still more queer and dangerous opinions of the female sex, as this.

"Just look at the '*femmes passionnées*' of our day, about whom the world talk. They all began by a marriage of ambition; they have all desired

to be rich, countesses, marchionesses, duchesses, before they desired to be loved. It is not until they recognized the vanities of vanity, that they have resolved upon love. There are some among them who have simply gone back to the past, and at eight-and-twenty or thirty passionately devote themselves to the obscure youth whose love they refused at seventeen. M. de Balzac is right, then, in painting love as he finds it in the world, superannuated that is; and M. Janin is right too in saying that this sort of love is very dull. But if it is dull for novel-readers, how much more dismal is it for young men, who dream of love, and who are obliged to cry out in the midst of their transports about the beloved object, 'I love her,' and 'Oh heavens, how handsome *she must have been!*'"

The "*femme passionnée*" we see then to be a recognized fact in French fashionable life, and here, perhaps, our young Englishwoman, who has read the genteel descriptions eagerly will begin to be rather scandalized at the society into which she is introduced, and acknowledge that the English modes are the best. Well, well; passion is a delicate subject—there is a great deal more about it in this book, (or of what is called passion in Paris) than, perhaps, English mothers of families would like to hear of; let us rather be faithful to *fashion*, and as we have read of ambassadors and kings, now have an account of pretenders.

"This makes me think of a young prince, prisoner at Strasburg, whose audacious attempts we were far from foreseeing. Louis Bonaparte is full of honor and good sense; it could only be the *ennui* of exile which inspired him with the foolish idea to war and be emperor in France. Poor young man! it was more pleasure to him to be a captive in his own country than free in a foreign land. When one has blood and a name like his, inaction is hard to bear. Had they but given him right of citizenship in France, he had perhaps been contented. We have often heard him say that all his ambition was to be a French soldier, and gain his grade in our army—that a regiment would suit him better than a throne. *Eh! mon Dieu!* it was not a kingdom he came to look for here, it was only a country.

"We have often known him to laugh at the royal education which had been given him. One day he gaily told us, that in his childhood his great pleasure was to water flowers, and that his governess, Madame de B——, fearing lest he should catch cold, had the watering-pots filled with warm water. 'My poor flowers,' said the prince, 'they never knew the freshness of the waters! I was but an infant then, and still the precaution appeared ridiculous to me.' He never could speak of France without a tender feeling, and in this he resembles the Duke of Bordeaux. We were at Rome when we heard of the news of Talma's death; every one began at once to deplore his loss, and to tell all they knew about the great actor, and speak of all the characters in which they had seen him. Whilst he was listening to us, who was then scarcely sixteen, he stamped his foot with impatience, and said, with tears in his eyes, 'To think that I am a Frenchman and have never seen Talma!'

"They say that on the day of his appearance at Strasburg, Prince Louis, intoxicated by his first moment of success, despatched a courier to his

mother to say he was master of Strasburg and about to march on Paris. Three days after he received in prison the answer of the Duchess of St. Leu, who, believing him to be entirely victorious, entreated him to preserve the royal family from the fury of his partisans, and to treat the king with the utmost possible respect. This shows us how far illusions can be carried among those who live far away from us, and that exiled princes are deceived as much as others."

To think he is a Frenchman and has not seen Talma! What a touch of pathos that is, of true French pathos. He has lost a kingdom, an empire, but, above all, he has not seen Talma. Fancy the pretender, our pretender, dying at Rome, and saying on his death-bed that he dies unhappy at not having seen Garrick in "Abel Drugger!" There would have been a universal grin through history at such a speech from such a man—but ours is not a country of equality; acting is an amusement with us, and does not come within the domain of glory—but one can see these French people with that strange fantastic mixture of nature and affectation, exaggeration and simplicity, weeping not altogether sham tears over the actor's death—and a prince thinking it necessary to "*placer son petit mot*" on the occasion.

We have a "*petit mot*," too, for the Duke of Bordeaux, no doubt as authentic as that here attributed to the unlucky prisoner of Ham.

"A traveller just returned from Goritz recounts an anecdote regarding M. le Duc de Bordeaux, which is not without interest. The prince had invited several young men to ride, and every one admired his boldness and agility. Hedges and ditches—nothing stopped him. At last he came to a ravine, a sort of torrent, whereof the stream was large enough to make the prince pause for a moment. But he turned round smiling to his companions, and said, 'Now, gentlemen, this is the Rhine, let us pass into France;' and so saying he plunged his horse into the torrent, and gained, not without difficulty, the opposite bank. When he was landed, he was aware of his own imprudence, for many of his companions were by no means so good horsemen as he. 'Ah!' said he, looking towards them, and speaking with his usual charming kindness, 'how thoughtless I am! there is a bridge hard by;' and he pointed out the bridge to his suite, and beckoned them to pass over by it. All returned, admiring the young prince's courage still more perhaps than his presence of mind. To cross torrents on horseback is more glorious for oneself, but it is better to find a bridge for one's friends."

Alas! stern reason will not confirm this chivalrous opinion of the Vicomte de Launay. Why is it more glorious to cross torrents on horseback than to go over bridges? To dance on a tight-rope—to lock oneself into a hot oven—to swallow half a score of scimitars, or to stand one's head on a church-weathercock, would not even in France now-a-days be considered glorious, and so we deny this statement of the viscount's altogether, as probably the Duke of Bordeaux would, should it ever come to his royal highness's ears. But must

we say it! this story, like many others in the book, that for instance, of the English knights at the Eglinton tournament breaking their lances in the first place, and *pasting them afterwards together with paper*—are, as we fancy, due to the invention of the writer rather than to the talk of the day, which he professes to chronicle. One of these queer tales we cannot refrain from giving.

This, says Madame de Girardin, puts me in mind of the courier who had a wife at Paris, and another at Strasburg. "*Was it a crime? No.*" (O delicious moralist!)

"And this puts me in mind of the bigamist courier who had a wife at Paris and another at Strasburg. Was it a crime? No; a faithful but alternate inhabitant of these two cities, has he not a right to possess a *ménage* in each? One establishment was not sufficient for him; his life was so regularly divided, that he passed two days in each alternate week at Paris and Strasburg. With a single wife he would have been a widower for the half of his time. In the first instance he had lived many years *uniquely married* at Paris, but he came soon bitterly to feel the inconvenience of the system. The care which his wife took of him at Paris made him find his solitude when at Strasburg too frightful. In the one place ennui and solitude, a bad supper and a bad inn. In the other, a warm welcome, a warm room, and a supper most tenderly served. At Paris all was pleasure; all blank gloominess at Strasburg.

"The courier of the mail interrogated his heart, and acknowledged that solitude was impossible to him, and reasoned within himself, that if marriage was a good thing, therefore there could not be too much of a good thing, therefore it became him to do a good thing at Strasburg as well as at Paris."

"Accordingly the courier married, and the secret of his second union was kept profoundly, and his heart was in a perpetual and happy vibration between the two objects of his affections. When on the road to Strasburg he thought of his fair Alsatian with her blue eyes and blushing cheeks; passed two days gaily by her side, the happy father of a family of little Alsacians, who smiled around him in his northern home. However one day he committed a rash act of imprudence. One of his Strasburg friends was one day at Paris, when the courier asked him to dine. The guest mistaking Caroline for the courier's sister, began talking with rapture of the blue-eyed Alsatian and the children at Strasburg; he said he had been at the wedding, and recounted the gaieties there. And so the fatal secret was disclosed to poor Caroline."

"She was very angry at first, but she was a mother, and the elder of her sons was thirteen years old. She knew the disgrace and ruin which would come upon the family in the event of a long and scandalous process at law, and thought with terror of the galleys—the necessary punishment of her husband, should his crime be made known. She had very soon arranged her plan. She pretended she had a sick relative in the country, and straightway set off for Strasburg, where she found Toinette, and told her all the truth. Toinette, too, was at first all for vengeance, but Caroline calmed her, showed her that the welfare of their children depended on the crime not being discovered, and that the galleys for life must be

the fate of the criminal. And so these two women signed a sublime compact to forget their jealousies, and it was only a few hours before his death that their husband knew of their interview. A wheel of the carriage breaking, the mail was upset over a precipice; and the courier, dreadfully wounded, was carried back to Strasburg, where he died after several days of suffering. As he was dying he made his confession; 'My poor Toinette,' 'pardon me. I have deceived thee. I was already married when I took you for a wife.' 'I know it,' said Toinette sobbing, 'don't plague yourself now, its pardoned long ago.' 'And who told you?' 'The other one.' 'Caroline!' 'Yes, she came here seven years ago, and said you would be hanged were I to peach; and so I said nothing.' 'You are a good creature,' said the two-wived courier, stretching out his poor mutilated hand to Toinette; 'and so is the other one,' added he with a sigh; 'it's hard to quit two such darlings as those. But the time's up now—my coach can't wait—go and bring the little ones that I may kiss them—I wish I had the others too. Heigh ho!'

"But here they are!" cried the courier at this moment, and his two elder boys entered with poor Caroline, time enough to see him die. The children cried about him. The two wives knelt on each side, and he took a hand of each, and hoped that Heaven would pardon him as those loving creatures had; and so the courier died.

"Caroline told François, her son, who had grown up, that Toinette was her sister-in-law, and the two women loved each other, and never quitte each other afterwards."

Here, however, our extracts must stop. But for the young lady, for whose profit they have been solely culled, we might have introduced half a score of others, giving the most wonderful glimpses into the character if not of all the Parisian population, at least of more than one-half of it—of the Parisian women. There is the story of the padded lady. If a duke or a prince came to her château, she sailed out to receive them as full-blown as a Circassian: if it was a dandy from Paris, she appeared of an agreeable plumpness: if only her husband and her old friends were present, she came to breakfast as meagre as a skeleton. There is the story of the lady at her tambour or tapestry-frame, very much puzzled, counting the stitches necessary to work the Turk or the poodle-dog, on which she is engaged. You enter, says the Viscount de Launay, you press your suit; she is troubled, anxious; as you pour out your passion, what will she say!—"O heavens! I love him—Alphonse, in pity leave me!" No such thing; she says, "Seven, eight, nine stitches of blue for the eye; three, four, six stitches of red for the lip, and so on." You are supposed to be the public, she the general Parisian woman. You seem to fall in love with *she*, as a matter of course—(see the former extract regarding the *femme passionnée*,) it can't be otherwise; it is as common as sleep or taking coffee for breakfast; it is the natural condition of men and wives—other men's wives. Well, every country has its customs; and married ladies who wish to be made love to, are married where they can have their will.

Then there is a delicious story about two old coquettes travelling together, and each acting youth to the other. Each writes home of the other, Madame de X. is charming, she has been quite a mother to me. Only women can find out these wonderful histories—women of the world, women of good company.

And is it so? Is it true that the women of Madame de Girardin's country, and of fashionable life, are the heartless, odious, foolish, swindling, smiling, silly, selfish creatures she paints them? Have they no sense of religious duty, no feeling of maternal affection, no principle of conjugal attachment, no motive except variety, for which they will simulate passion, (it stands to reason that a woman who does not love husband and children, can love nobody,) and break all law? Is this true—as every French romance that has been written time out of mind, would have us believe? Is it so common that Madame de Girardin can afford to laugh at it as a joke, and talk of it as a daily occurrence? If so, and we must take the Frenchman's own word for it—in spite of all the faults, and all the respectability, and all the lord-worship, and all the prejudice, and all the intolerable dulness of Baker-street—Miss (the young and amiable English lady, before apostrophized,) had much better marry in the Portman Square, than in the Place Vendôme quarter.

The titles of the two other works mentioned at the head of our article have been placed there as they have a reference to Parisian life, as well as the lively, witty, and unwise letters of M. la Vicomte de Launay. Unwise are the other named works too, that of the German and the Englishman, but it cannot be said that either of them, lays the least claim to the wit and liveliness of the gay pseudo-vicomte.

Those who will take the trouble to compare the two authors, Grant and Rellstab, will find in them a great similarity of sentiment, and a prodigious talent at commonplace; but it is not likely that many of the public will have the opportunity, or take the pains to make this important comparison. Rellstab is a Berlin cockney, with one of the largest bumps of wonder that ever fell to man. His facility at admiration may be imagined, when we state that at the very first page of his book he begins wondering at the velocity of the German Schnell post. He goes five miles an hour, and finds the breathless rapidity of the conveyance like "the uncertain bewilderment of a dream." He enters the Malleposte at Frankfort, and describes THE NEW CONSTRUCTION of those vehicles in the most emphatic manner; says that AT THE VERY MOST they take five minutes to change horses on the road, and that the horses go at A GALLOP. One can see his honest pale round face, peering out of the chaise window, and the wondering eyes glaring through the spectacles, at the dangers of the prodigious journey.



On arriving, he begins straightway to describe his bedroom on the third floor, and the prices of other bedrooms. "My room," says he, "has an elegant alcove with an extraordinarily clean bed—it is true, it is floored with tiles instead of planks, but these are covered with carpets. A marble mantelpiece, a chest of drawers, a *sécétaire*, a marble table by the bed, three cushioned arm-chairs and three others form the furniture; and the room altogether has a *homish* and comfortable look."

As for the aspect of the streets, he finds that out at once. "The entrance into Paris through the Faubourg St. Martin is like the Köpnicker street in Berlin, *although the way from the barrier to the post is not so long as in Paris*;" and then Mr. Rellstab details with vast exactness, his adventures in the yard of the *messagerie*, and the dexterity of an individual, who with little assistance hoisted his luggage and that of his friend on to his brawny shoulders, and conveyed them from the carriage to the ground, without making the slightest claim upon their respective purses. The hotel, and the extraordinary furniture of his apartment, described as above, he is ready to sally with us into the streets.

"We proceeded first," he says, "through the Passage du Panorama. 'Passage,' being the name given to such thoroughfares, is made for the convenience of circulation in the different quarters of the towns, are roofed over with glass, paved with granite or asphalt, and are lined on either side by splendidly furnished shops, (we translate literally, being unwilling to add to or take from the fact, that all passages are thus appointed.) Here I had the first opportunity of observing narrowly the taste displayed in the arrangement of these latter. Nothing, not even the plainest article for sale, is arrayed otherwise than with the most particular neatness. Many shops surprised me by their system of combination. In one, for instance, devoted to the sale of such articles as tea, coffee, and the like, we do not only see tea, coffee, and chocolate, all neatly laid out, each with its price attached to it, but also the various apparatus for the consumption of such articles; teacups and saucers, teapots and tea strainers, as also utensils of a similar nature for the preparation of coffee and chocolate. \* \* I consider it a most excellent arrangement, that to every article its price is attached. The stranger who cannot judge of the price of an article, will often decline making inquiry, lest the demand exceed his opinion of the value—but if he sees what is the price, he is much more likely to buy, as he will know whether his purse will enable him to indulge his desire." Mr. Rellstab then goes into a short disquisition on the price of hats, which he finds are cheaper than in his own country.

Our author has not yet got into the streets of Paris, and we begin to question whether our love of his company will allow us to attend him there.

However we can make a short cut, and come upon him again as he is passing very slowly along the Boulevard des Italiens, for he has not got farther. He has just remarked, we find, that a very vast proportion of the people are in mourning, and accounted for it by informing us that ceremony obliges mourning to be worn a long time.

"The boulevards draw a half circle round the heart of Paris, just as the walks round Frankfort and Leipzig surround the whole of the more ancient parts of these towns. But the half circle here is nearly five miles in length; their appearance is more town-like than garden-like; they rather resemble our Lime Tree walk, (in Berlin,) only that the passage for carriages is in the centre, whilst two rows of wide-spreading trees line a promenade on either side."

Here comes a minute description of the paving, in which we cannot suppose all our readers interested.

"The general impression given by the buildings on the boulevards resembles that given by the Ditch (Graben) of Vienna, though to be sure, the construction of the houses differs considerably from that in Vienna, and still more from that in Berlin. None of the lower floors appear to be occupied by private individuals. They seem all to be made of avail as shops or coffee-houses; even the first and second stories are often similarly employed, and at enormous rents."

M. Rellstab soon after beholds "the Vendôme pillar with its colossal statue of Napoleon, in the perspective of a broad noble street, the Rue de la Paix, a shadowy form," he says, "which, as by magic, darkened the present and brought forward, in its murky light, the mighty past."

This and the next sentence, in which he makes history speak to him and his friend, are of the finest order of fine writing. He does not retail what history says to him, but assures us that the few moments which he passed beneath the pillar produced "emotions which are indescribable." On a carnival day he comes upon the spot whence Fiésci fired his hell-machine on the 28th of July, 1835. The poor fellow's terror breaks out in the most frantic poetry. "Paris," shrieks he, "is like *Ætna*. In the too-strong air of its with-plants-and-flowers-luxuriously-decked ground, (his epithets are always tremendous,) the keenest nosed dogs lose the scent, and in its wondrous environs, the eye finds itself wandering and lost in such an immeasurable labyrinth of beauty, that one forgets how the glowing lava heaves below, and how every moment the thundering hell, in the very midst of the Paradise, may tear open its mouth."

"On, on!"

And "on" he rushes; but this perhaps is the richest passage of eloquence in the book.

What can one say more about him? Good introductions and the name of a writer suffice to introduce M. Rellstab to one or two characters of note. He calls upon them, and finds them, in some instances, not at home, and going or return-

ing in a hired cabriolet, he makes use of the opportunity to print the tariff and propensities of these conveyances. He goes to the opera and is squeezed; he attends the carnival balls and is shocked; he lives in Paris and wishes himself back at Berlin. There is a particularizing throughout the book which is amazing, and to an English reader most comic. But we live amongst commonplace, and we like to read of what we daily see. M. Rellstab's book will tell the reader what he already knows, and if he learns nothing new from it, he will be able to flatter himself on its perusal with the idea—"I too could have been an author."

And, finally, with respect to the work of the celebrated Mr. Grant. The "Morning Herald" says, "it will find its way into every library, and be read by every family;" the "Metropolitan" remarks that "they are able and comprehensive in plan, and nothing could be better executed;" the "Jersey Times" declares (and this we admit) "that no living author could have presented us with such a picture of Paris and its people;" and "Ainsworth's Magazine" is of opinion "that Mr. Grant's volume will supersede the trashy Guide-book of Galignani." Let us trust that these commendations have had their effect, and that Mr. Grant has sold a reasonable number of his volumes.

But for the honor of England, and as this review is read in France, we are bound to put in a short protest against the above dicta of the press, and humbly to entreat French readers *not* to consider Mr. Grant as the representative of English literature, nor to order the book which the "Morning Herald" declares no English family will be without. If we are all to have it, let us, at any rate, keep the precious benefit to ourselves, nor permit a single copy of "Paris and its People" to get out of the kingdom. *Il faut laver* (the words are those of his majesty the Emperor Napoleon) *son linge sale en famille*. Let us keep Mr. Grant's works in the same privacy, or the English man-of-letters will get such a reputation on the Continent as he will hardly be anxious to keep.

English families may, if they please, purchase Mr. Grant's book in place of Galignani's "trashy guide-book," which is the very best guide-book that we know of in any language, which is the work of scholars and gentlemen, the compilation of which must have necessitated a foundation of multifarious historical, architectural, and antiquarian reading, (such as Mr. Grant never *could* have mastered, for he knows no language, living or dead, not even the English language, which he pretends to write,) and which, finally, contains for half the price, four or five times the amount of matter to be found in these volumes, which every English family is to read. Let us be allowed in a Foreign Review to make a protest against the above sentiments, for the sake of the literary profession.

Mr. Grant spent some time in the months of July and August in Paris; he may have been there six, or possibly three weeks. With this experience his qualifications for writing a book on Paris were as follows: he did not know a syllable of the language; he is not acquainted with the civilized habits of any other country; his stupidity passes all bounds of belief; his ignorance is without a parallel that we know of, in professional literature; he has a knack of blundering so extraordinary that he cannot be trusted to describe a house-wall; and with these qualities he is said to write a book which is to be read by all English families, and to ruin Galignani's trashy publication. It is too bad: for the critic, however good-natured, has, after all, a public to serve as well as an author; and has no right, while screening the dulness and the blunders of a favorite wit or blockhead, to undervalue the honest labors and cultivated abilities of meritorious scholars and gentlemen.

Mr. Grant begins to blunder at the first line of his book, and so continues to the end. He diserts upon the gutters in the streets, the windows to the houses, the cabs and their fares, the construction of the omnibuses; and by a curious felicity of dulness, is even in these matters entirely untrustworthy. He says that *Chautebriand* is a republican and a member of the Chamber of Deputies, he visits the Madeline and the Cité, he calls Julius Cesar "that distinguished writer," and a nose "an organ which it is needless to name." He discovers that the Palais Royale is the place to which all the aristocracy of France resorts; he sees "the most elegant ladies of the land sitting alongside of dirty drivers in hack-cabriolets;" and dining at an eating-house for thirty sous, pronounces his meal to be the height of luxury, and declares that the gentry of Paris are in the habit of so dining. Does the "Morning Herald" seriously recommend every "English family" to do likewise? We put this as a home question.

ELIHU BURRITT, the learned blacksmith, has a better fancy of the steam horse, than we remember to have met elsewhere before. This is his way of describing him:

"I love to see one of these huge creatures, with sinews of brass and muscles of iron, strut forth from his smoky stable, and saluting the long train of cars with a dozen sonorous puffs from his iron nostrils, fall gently back into his harness. There he stands, champing and foaming upon the iron track, his great heart a furnace of glowing coals; his lymphatic blood is boiling in his veins; the strength of a thousand horses is nerving his sinews—he pants to be gone. He would 'snake' St. Peter's across the desert of Sahara, if he could be fairly hitched to it; but there is a little sober-eyed, tobacco-chewing man in the saddle, who holds him in with one finger, and can take away his breath in a moment, should he grow restive and vicious. I am always deeply interested in this man, for, begrimed as he may be with coal diluted in oil and steam, I regard him as the genius of the whole machinery, as the physical mind of that huge steam horse."

## JENNY'S FIRST LOVE-LETTER.

[This piece, full of nature and truth, is a contribution by Mr. Alexander MacLaggan, author of "Tales and Poems," to a provincial annual, entitled the *Ayrshire Wreath*, of which a second volume has just appeared. This work is a very meritorious one, especially considered as the production of a modest village bookseller, Mr. McKie of Saltcoats, trusting for aid entirely to "the ingenious" of his own country, and a very few other friends. Some of the local legends are given with much spirit and effect.]  
—*Chambers' Journal*.

COME here, sweet cousin Alice,  
Come, sit ye down by me;  
For I hae a simple story  
O' love to tell to thee.  
Ye smile; I ken ye'll think it a'  
A foolish, moonshine matter;  
But, heh, sirs! how I started when  
I got my first love-letter!

'T was on a lovely morn  
A morn in rosy June,  
The flowers were in their richest dress,  
The birds in sweetest tune;  
The after-grace had just been said  
O'er our sweet morning meal;  
Sae down I sat, and blithely sang  
Beside my birring wheel.

When to our garden window, lo!  
There cam a gentle tap;  
And syne a roar o' laughter loud,  
And then a louder rap!  
And then, as wi' a blast o' wind,  
The lattice open flew,  
And there the witty wild post-boy  
Stood laughing in our view.

"Gude morrow," quo' our auld gudeman,  
"Gude morrow to your glee;  
How are ye? hae ye ony news  
Within your belt for me?"  
"No! nane for you the day, my friend;  
But may I daur to speer  
Gif a bonny strappin' lassie,  
Ca'd Jenny, lodges here?"

For I hae a wee bit billet for  
The bonny feathered doo;  
And as she seems sae swee to rise,  
I e'en maun gie 't to you."  
Then, wi' a mocking solemn face,  
He hoped that I was weel;  
That, for a maid, the safest place  
Was at her spinning-wheel.

"For Jenny!" quo' my father  
Wi' kindlin' wrath; and then  
His awfu' voice, and collie's bark,  
Soon brought my mither ben.  
She pu'd her silken purse, to pay  
The post, that he micht gang;  
But the mischief-loving deevil still  
Beside the window hang.

And aye he winked his wicked e'e,  
And shook his curly head,  
And, laughing, cried, "I ken right weel,  
At sight, a lover's screed.  
Their seals are a' 'Forget-me-nots,'  
Or 'Heart's ease for Love's pain,'  
Or a pair o' sheers, the motto,  
'We part to meet again.'

I think I guess the writer too;  
'T is like our young squire's hand;  
And he's no gaun to be a saunt,  
As far's I understand.  
Sae a watchfu' e'e I hope ye'll keep  
Upon your bonny pet."

Then aff he flew, and like a hound  
He lap the garden yett.

O! had ye seen us, Ailie, dear,  
'T was gloom and silence a';  
Had ane but drapt the weest prin,  
Ye micht hae heard it fa'.  
I turned a sad beg-pardon e'e  
Towards my gentle mither;  
But the twa pair folk like statues stood,  
Mute, gazing on ilk ither.

At length my father turned, and lo!  
The wrinkles o' his brow  
Were marble pale, but soon as black  
As thunder-clouds they grew;  
Whilst from his dark and stern e'e,  
The fire that flashed and flew,  
Like deadly arrows struck my heart,  
And pierced it through and through.

I felt like ane who struggles wi'  
A dream o' agony—  
A torturing dream o' drowning in  
A tempest-troubled sea.  
And then I wept and trembled,  
As doth the new caught hare,  
When it battles with a lingering death  
Within the hunter's snare!

And then I flew and flung my arms  
Around my father's neck—  
And then I clung like ane who clings  
For life frae sinking wreck.  
And when my burning temples fell  
Upon his honest breast,  
I shut my een for shame, and then  
My maiden love confest.

I tauld him that my lover tried  
Nae vile, nae wicked art,  
To wreck my bosom's peace, nor steal  
One virtue from my heart.  
That honor, truth, and constancy,  
Had fanned our mutual flame;  
That he might break the seal, and see  
He wore nae worthless name.

My mither's heart had grown sae grit,  
She scarce could stand or speak;  
But the sweet tears o' forgi'en love  
Fell het upon her cheek.  
At length she said, "My dear gudeman,  
Ye maun forgi'e our bairn,  
For the bonny brow o' sweet sixteen  
Has muckle wit to learn.

Ha'e ye forgat when you and I  
Forgathered, fond and young;  
When we fand the wicked world wore  
A sting beneath its tongue?  
As for the letter, ye may mind  
Ye sent me sic anither,  
And near-hand gat a crackit croon  
Frae my cross-grained gran'mither."

And when I ventured to look up,  
I saw that frae his face  
Wild anger's withering wintry gloom  
Had fled, and left nae trace;  
That frae the landscape o' his soul  
The clouds had passed away;  
And I felt like ane wha's sudden cast  
Frae night to sunny day.

He raised me up, and bade me dicht  
My sorrow-laden een;



Then took my hands in his, and said,  
 "I still will be your frien".  
 That ye should hide your love frae me  
 Made me right wroth, I trow;  
 But I find ye are virtuous, and  
 The passion's aff me noo.

Sae, if ye like, ye e'en may send  
 An answer to the chiel,  
 And tell him to come wast the night;  
 I ken his auld folks weel.  
 And gin ye be like other maids,  
 Ye'll like, nae doubt, far better  
 To see the honest lad himsel',  
 Than get anither letter."

I ope'd the gilt-edged sheet and read,  
 And though it wasna lang,  
 'T was gude the little that was o't,  
 And ended wi' a sang!  
 A sweet sweet-worded sang, a' fu'  
 O' dear heart-wyling turns;  
 'T was written by our own loved bard—  
 Our dear immortal Burns!

Noo, my sweet cousin Alice,  
 Ye've aye been dear to me,  
 My bridal day is drawing nigh,  
 And bride's-maid ye maun be.  
 'T is settled a'—neist Sunday week  
 Mess John wons up the matter.  
 But, heh, sirs! how I started when  
 I gat my first love-letter!

From Chambers' Journal.

#### SUSAN OLIPHANT.—A TRUE TALE.

AT one end of a village near the celebrated Falls of the Clyde, and close on the river's brink, was situated, some years ago, a neat cottage. It could not, from its size, be the villa of a gentleman, yet it wore a superior look to the dwellings in its neighborhood. Surrounded by a garden and orchard, the exterior of this cottage-dwelling spoke of modest plenty and humble contentment; nor did its interior disappoint the opinion formed of it. Its inmates were a man, now descending into the vale of years, yet still hale and vigorous; his wife, past middle age; and a lovely girl their only child. James Oliphant was by profession a gardener; but though his fruit trees yielded abundantly, and his flowers and vegetables were the finest in the neighborhood; though his wife's dairy was the neatest, and her cream and butter the sweetest, yet could not their apparent means of livelihood account for many of the comforts, and even luxuries, which were to be found in their cottage; and, indeed, there is no reason for concealing the fact, so much to Oliphant's credit, that, having been gardener for many years to an English nobleman, the latter, at his death, left him an annuity which, though small, being husbanded with frugality, and seconded by industry, went a great way. James' wife was an Englishwoman, and this will account for the air of order, cleanliness, and comfort in and around their little abode; for, though we would not be harsh on our countrywomen, who does not know that the things intended by these expressions are only known in perfection in the dwelling of the English peasant? Mrs. Oliphant was somewhat arbitrary, and very reserved. She liked to rule, without giving reasons for her conduct; yet she ruled so well, and was so active and attentive

to all her duties, that she merited neither unkindness nor reproof, and the voice of discord was never heard in their habitation, where each knew and performed their own part, for the benefit of the whole. It is true the girl Susan, with her fine forehead and sunny smile, and the depth of feeling in her dark blue eyes, sometimes longed for more cheerful society than that of her parents, or a more unreserved and congenial mind than her mother's, to which to pour forth all its longings, all its aspirations. It would appear they wished her to receive an education and breeding somewhat superior to what a cottage girl might require, for she was exempted by her mother from any part in the menial offices of the little household; and, from a desire to exclude her from the contamination of low companionship, her father was her only instructor: but he was a well-educated intelligent man, as many of his class are known to be in Scotland, so that he was quite competent to direct his child's early education. She was always dressed, too, with a lady-like simplicity, equally remote from coarse plainness and flaunting vulgarity, and her own little room was adorned with care, and furnished with books of elegant literature. Allowed to choose, in a great measure, her own employment, she loved to tend the rich flowers her father's care procured for her, to listen to the happy notes of the birds among the fruit trees; but, above all, to wander on the banks of the Clyde, with some improving books, from whose silent but eloquent companionship the tone of her mind and feelings was insensibly raised to high communing and graceful thoughts, which again diffused a charm over her daily deportment, hardly to be expected from her rank in life. Treated thus with lavish indulgence, without a care or sorrow to cloud her days, what could our young heroine desire more for happiness? But yet, somehow, she envied the fond caresses and unrestrained interchange of feeling and affection which she had witnessed in poorer dwellings than theirs. She wished her mother were not so distant, and that she were invited to twine her arms around her father's neck, when she had repeated to him her daily task; but such were not their winning ways. So she locked the loving emotions of her heart the closer in that pure sanctuary, and contented herself with returning her dear parents' kindness by devoted meekness, and dutiful obedience to all their wishes.

Thus passed Susan's childhood and early youth. When verging, however, on womanhood, she earnestly sought to be allowed to go to the school of the adjoining parish, not so much to seek society, as to acquire some branches of useful knowledge which her father was not competent to impart. After short demurring, and a private consultation, father and mother consented. Eager to improve, the ardent girl pursued diligently and successfully the studies pointed out to her; but ere many months had elapsed, a sudden stroke compelled the aged teacher to call to his assistance a clever young man, the son of an early friend, who was studying for the church, and who wished to fill up his leisure by instructing the young. From this new instructor Susan obtained stores of knowledge of a higher kind than she had received at the hands of the old schoolmaster; and it will readily be anticipated that these were rendered all the more delightful to her, by their coming from a being possessed of the natural qualities which were calculated to awaken a class of sympathies

appropriate to her age. With her, the mastering of a task, and the receiving for it the meed of approbation, were now matters of a deeper interest than before; in short, without being conscious of it, she had given her heart to the young teacher. It was not long after this that, a second stroke carrying off the old master, the new one sought and obtained the appointment to his situation; a humble one, but presenting a reasonable security against want. William Macdonald thought he might now, without impropriety, seek the hand of his young pupil, and it required but a few words to make him aware that he already possessed some advantages for the accomplishment of this object. After that revelation—abrupt, and almost unpremeditated on either side—Susan returned no more to school. She shrunk with instinctive maiden delicacy from throwing herself in her lover's way; but we cannot doubt her heart beat rapturously as, after a few days of her unwonted absence, she saw her teacher on a lovely spring evening come to her home to learn the reason. Again and again he came, and she suffered herself to be led by him along the flowery bank of the Clyde. She had found what long she had yearned for, a congenial heart and cultivated mind with which to commune, and she readily promised, provided that her parents' views were in harmony with her own, to be his wife. Need it be said they gave glad consent. Though of humble birth, William's education had been liberal. His bearing was that, we might almost say, of a gentleman; his situation was comfortable; his prospects encouraging. So Susan, only in her seventeenth year, was wedded to William Macdonald.

Mrs. Oliphant, exulting, gave her only child a liberal wardrobe, and substantially furnished her bed-room; her father gave her some articles, with his fervent blessing; and Susan took possession of a small but neat dwelling adjoining her husband's school.

Two or three days after the wedding, the young wife was unpacking her trunks, and arranging tidily her clothes, when Macdonald entered. "What! is school over so soon? I did not think it was so late."

"Why, you know this is Saturday," replied the husband; "leave off fatiguing yourself, and come and take a walk; but what is all this you have spread around you?"

"Dear William, my mother has been very generous and very kind," replied Susan: "she has stocked me with clothes and with good house linens; and see, here is a piece of Holland for shirts for you. I mean to begin them immediately."

It is marvellous how small a circumstance will serve to reveal a propensity hitherto prevented from showing itself. Macdonald possessed many good qualities, but he was envious and avaricious; and the sight of the few articles of value now spread out before him stimulated these hideous feelings into a state of unhappy activity.

"It is very strange how your mother should have so many fine things," he observed; "where had she the money to buy them?"

"I know not—how should I? She tells not me her secrets, if any she has; but you forget, dear William, she was for a long time ladies'-maid, and then house-keeper, to a rich and noble family. Doubtless she saved something; but it is so kind to bestow it thus on me, that I think we had better take it gratefully, and never trouble ourselves about how she got it."

This was said gaily and innocently; yet the next instant, as if stung by an after-thought, a crimson blush spread over her face and brow, and she exclaimed energetically, "Honestly, William, I'll swear it was made. Often, often I've heard my father say how her master's family valued her incorruptible fidelity and honesty."

"Oh, I doubt not that; I am quite sure of that, my dear girl," promptly replied the husband; "but"—the demon spirit of avarice was knocking at his breast—"but do you think your mother has anything considerable?"

"I have not even an idea. We have had every comfort and lived well. All she has will be mine at her death (I pray God it may be long till then.) She told me so the night before we were married: and, by the way, William, what do you think of this? I had almost forgot I was just going to show it to you. My mother gave me this at the same time," putting into his hands a very small and elegant lady's gold watch; "it was her young lady's gift on her death-bed—for my mother sat up with her many nights—mother told me to keep it safely; it was the most valuable thing she had, and I had never seen it before. But it is only to look at, William, for me; it is not fit for me to wear, you know; but is it not beautiful?"

"It is a valuable thing, Susan, dear; lay it up carefully." The demon of avarice was gnawing at his heart. He sat buried in meditation while his young wife wound up the watch, put it to her ear, and after looking at it a few moments with girlish delight, replaced it in its case, and locked it in her drawer.

A few weeks after this unhappy event, Macdonald found it necessary to permit his wife to attend the bedside of her father, who was seized with a fatal illness. Susan was most sedulous in her attentions, and sometimes fancied the invalid looked anxiously, as if wishing to speak to her alone. At length, one day, having hastened to the cottage, she found her mother absent in the village on some necessary errand. The child of a neighbor was in the kitchen, who told her her father slept. Stealing to his bedside, however, in a few moments he awoke. "Is it you, Susan?" asked he feebly; "where is your mother?"

"Gone out for a few minutes, but I shall get you anything you require."

"It is to say a few words to you I want, my child. Your mother has a will of her own; but I fear I am dying, and I will not leave the world in peace with a *lie in my right hand*. Susan, dear, though I have striven to be a father to you, you are *no child of mine*. Forgive me, Susan, for ever deceiving you thus. I say, Susan, you are not my daughter," repeated he anxiously, as she answered not at first. "Oh, do not talk so, father—father. He is raving!" hurriedly exclaimed the terrified girl.

"Nay, hear me; I *am* in my senses, and speak the truth. When I am gone, tell your mother what I have told you, and that I conjure her to confide in you, and make provision for you out of what is justly yours, not hers." But at this instant the sound of Mrs. Oliphant's return met his ear, and he stopped suddenly, apparently leaving his well-intentioned but injudicious communication incomplete. Shrinking from the idea of his wife's reproach, and trembling under her ascendancy, he left *one* exposed to the storm which he avoided, the person whom he ought rather to have sheltered if he could; so thoughtlessly selfish are many even

whom the world calls worthy characters. Darting a penetrating glance at the uncertain, troubled looks of her husband and daughter, Mrs. Oliphant bustled to his side. He had fainted, and his end approached rapidly. Susan whispered her mother that he believed himself dying, which explained, or appeared to do so, the agitation she had witnessed on her entrance, though Susan said it not with that intention; indeed she knew not what to think, nor how to act, so strangely had her father's words bewildered her. Remaining with the dying man till her husband came to fetch her, they together watched the close of the scene, then leaving a neighbor with the new-made widow, they returned to their home, thus early visited with sorrow. William tenderly soothed his weeping wife; but when she reached her dwelling, she shut herself in her room, to ask her sorely agitated heart what she ought to do. "Can it be so? Am I, indeed, not his child?" A thousand corroborative circumstances flashed on her recollection. "Whose, then, am I? The concealment tells me." Having made the communication to her husband without suppressing a word, the poor girl clung to his breast with passionate fervor, as if fearful he would drive her thence; but, pressing her affectionately closer, he said, "Well, my dear; compose yourself. What is that to us, that it should disturb our happiness for a moment? Are you not my wife—my own Susan still?"

These few words lightened the load of poor Susan's sorrow of more than half its weight; but she knew not that her William cherished in his bosom an adder which was to poison his peace and wreck her happiness. What did it signify to him *who* was her father, provided he could get possession of the ample provision Oliphant's last words pointed at?

The poor gardener laid in the grave, his widow's grief was decent, yet composed. Susan put off her bridal attire for appropriate mourning; and her husband suppressed, with effort, the impatience of the demon-disturber of his repose. After questioning and cross-questioning his poor wife, who now began to be aware of the passion which possessed him, Macdonald at length insisted that Susan should deliver James Oliphant's last instructions to the widow. It had been Mrs. Oliphant's habit, as was natural, never to pass her daughter's door without calling; and each evening, when they had not so met during the day, and now, especially, in the retirement of her new-made widowhood, Susan's walk with William was to her cottage. But again and again the sensitive daughter shrunk from her hateful task, till Macdonald threatened to undertake it himself; therefore, knowing he was irritable, and her mother resolute, for fear of an outbreak of temper between the only two beings in the world she had to love, the devoted young wife set out alone to perform her mission. Her mother's cottage was trim and snug as usual, the widow's grief had not hindered her accustomed cares. Susan trembled violently, but at last faltered out the substance of her last conversation with him she had ever called her father. The widow heard her out with marvellously little change of countenance and manner. At the conclusion she wept. "Yes, my poor girl, there is a mystery about your birth that had better be left as it is, for it has already cost much sorrow. I beg you will, at least, ask no more on the subject at present. A time may come when you will know all."

Macdonald was not at all satisfied with his wife's report of this interview. Bent on bettering his condition, the good-will of a school in the next town was to be sold, and he coveted the possession; but his wife's mother approved not of the plan, and refused the means. Several violent altercations consequently took place between him and the widow Oliphant on the subject of what he insisted was Susan's portion; and no asseverations of the widow, that she possessed only her own—and that, except by her choice, his wife was entitled to no part of it—nor yet the sorrowful pleadings of the distressed Susan, could stop the unseemly and unwonted strife. At length Macdonald, hoping to force his mother-in-law to meet his views, positively forbade any intercourse between her and his wife, and became harsh and unkind to the young and lovely being who had so lately surrendered her happiness to his keeping. The struggle between avarice and his better nature now became deadly in his breast; and one bitter autumn day he took his way to the cottage of Mrs. Oliphant. Outrageous was the war of words in the scene that ensued; and the schoolmaster returned to his young wife in a state of horrible excitement. The fiend had triumphed, and was raging uncontrolled within. He vociferated words of reproach to the unoffending Susan; yea, with coward hand drove her from him, and then fled from the house. The cold chill of despair struck to the heart of the hapless Susan; but when, after a period of time, she found that her husband returned not, she flew rather than walked to the home of her contented happy childhood. Here she immediately perceived that an angry interview had taken place between her husband and her mother.

"My dear mother, tell me all, I beseech you—"

"Mother! I am—for I must now reveal what I hoped to remain secret—I am not your mother."

"Tell me, tell me in pity," said Susan, "have I indeed no mother to fly to in this dismal hour! Oh! I will bless you forever, if you will only let me call you my mother!" More moved than she had ever been by the piteous looks and words, and yet more piteous situation of the gentle, forlorn, and so lately happy girl, the widow raised her kindly, and besought her to be calm, and hear the tale which the selfish passions of her husband had, by his frenzied provocations, wrung from the long unmoved and imperious woman. Susan fixed a glazed yet anxious eye on the speaker as she proceeded. "I shall be as brief as possible. The time, however, is come when you must know the truth; and, remember, the disclosure has not been of my seeking. I was, as you know, housekeeper in the noble family of—. My lovely youngest lady was your mother!" Susan, in an agony of distress, shuddered, but remained calm. "There had been, as I learnt from indistinct expressions of my dying mistress, a species of marriage between her and your father, a gentleman of high degree, but it had been secret and irregular. There was not at any rate a vestige of evidence of the deed, and therefore there hung over your birth all the disgrace of illegitimacy. Your father was absent with his regiment. To shield your mother and her family's proud name, I conveyed you secretly to James, my late husband, who was head gardener, and then my suitor. He succeeded in placing you in safety with a nurse, while I remained, for the few days life was granted, with



the poor mother. I never left her or her remains till I saw them laid, in unsuspected purity, in a lamented grave. The night of her death she gave me the watch you have, faintly whispering, 'Give it to my child, if she survives.'"

"Oh! dear and precious legacy of her who gave me being!" wept the desolate orphan, as if over a mother's grave.

"Hear me out, my poor girl. After a short time I joined him who then became my husband; and communicating with your father, who was abroad, was commanded by him to keep the birth of his child secret as the grave that had sheltered its mother, bestowing on me a sum of money, vested in my own name; but (such was the confidence reposed in me) trusting to me to provide for the offspring of error and sorrow. Not unworthy was I of the trust thus confided in me," proceeded she proudly. "You know, Susan, I have cared for you; I have educated and provided for you far beyond our seeming station. It was my pride and joy to surround you even with elegancies. Notwithstanding what I told you, after the unfortunate disclosure my late husband made to you, your father yet lives; and some of the books and articles you have were sent to me by him for your use."

"Which—which are they?" again interrupted the anxious Susan.

"You shall know that by and by," soothingly replied the woman. "I always intended you should have abundantly sufficient for your moderate and reasonable wants; but in such a form, and at such times, as I saw best. But the violence, pertinacity, and avarice of your husband has provoked this disclosure, and to his own complete discomfiture; since I have at length convinced him," she bitterly added, "that neither the law he threatened me with, nor any power he could appeal to, can procure him what he seeks. The name of your father I am bound to conceal, and neither coaxing nor violence shall force it from me. The only other being who knew it, sleeps now in the silence of death. Even you, poor innocent sufferer for the faults of others, must not ask me this." But she spoke to nearly insensible ears. Susan's brain had hardly comprehended the latter part of her communications. Seeing the condition of the unfortunate girl, she immediately accompanied her home. The wretched Macdonald, already half-repenting, yet writhing under resentment and disappointment, saw them pass his school window, but forbore to intrude upon them.

Hardly conscious as she was, when placed in her own bed, the heart-stricken mourner pointed to her drawer, and eagerly persisted that her now pitying and anxious attendant should bring her somewhat from thence. The widow at length comprehended her, and placed in the trembling hands of her protégé the watch, the legacy of her dying mother. Claspings and kissing it, she hung its chain around her neck, and hid the bauble in her bosom. When Mrs. Oliphant had done what she could for the comfort of the nearly unconscious invalid, she left her to seek medical aid, first calling Macdonald, who, conscience-stricken at what had been his cruel work, hung with tender grief and self-reproach over the uncomplaining sufferer. A dry and burning kiss, a few murmured words of fondness, were all her reply to his flood of tears and passionate intreaties for forgiveness. The same night Susan's senses wholly forsook her;

and, notwithstanding all that human skill could do, ere five days more her spirit had fled, the victim of parental error, and of the selfish passions of her protectress and her husband.

When the solemn scene was finally closed, what must have been the sensations of the survivors? We would not seek to veil errors every one must condemn—selfishness and avarice persisted in, and terminating in the untimely death of a youthful wife, the only being blameless in this domestic tragedy. Macdonald obtained employment in a distant town, and returned no more to the banks of the Clyde. We trust he has spent his days in penitence and humble contentment. Mrs. Oliphant remained in her cottage, and hired a person to cultivate her garden. It must have appeared, if we have faithfully sketched her character, that she was not a woman of much sentiment or sensibility; yet she mourned for the being she had brought up as her own with a quiet, yet more settled grief, than was to have been expected. Not many weeks after Susan's death, a plain travelling chariot stopped at the village inn, and a noble-looking man, its only occupant, inquired for Mrs. Oliphant. Alighting, he was shown to her dwelling, and dismissed his little guide thither, with a liberal recompense. Great was the widow's surprise—much greater than usual the trial of her habitual self-possession—when he stood before her; for, though eighteen years had passed over them, she at once recognized him. After ascertaining that no one was within hearing, "I come to see you, my good friend," the stranger said, "to thank you for your care of my child. Your last letter told me of her comfortable marriage. I may not indulge all I feel; but I would fain for once see her—see the living resemblance, as you have often told me, of my poor unhappy—." Agitation choked his utterance; but his faithful servant wept bitterly. "Ah! what is this I see?" glancing at her weeds; "you are lately become a widow; I had not at first observed it. Well, but, Mrs. Oliphant,"—and he was proceeding with some commonplace words of consolation. "'Tis not my widowhood I mourn, my lord, though that now seems more sorrowful than before. You have come to see your lovely child; and oh! how would her poor heart now have been satisfied! but she sleeps in the cold grave. Alas! do I live to tell it!"—wringing her hands in a paroxysm of distress. The shock was great; but the father listened with deep interest to the particulars Mrs. Oliphant chose to give him of the last illness and death of his hapless child, the circumstances leading to which, it may be believed, were smoothed over, perhaps in kindness. The stranger looked around him—he saw the books he had sent her—the flowers she had reared—her favorite canary, in its spacious cage, carolling the cheerful notes she had so often listened to. He asked to have something that had belonged to her, and the watch, which the widow had taken from the inanimate remains, together with its history, was given to him: finally, he shed tears in bitter anguish over the humble grave of the being who had been wronged so deeply.

Such were the emotions wrung by remorse from a heart not wholly lost to the better feelings of our nature. A humbled, childless, unhonored man, he returned to those scenes of high life, where there are many bosoms besides his concealing under a gay outside a sin and sorrow-stricken heart. Oh that the rich and great would reflect in

time on the consequences that may flow from selfishness and error, not only to themselves, but to others, and, above all, to the one party who ever is the most innocent, though the most wronged. Here, indeed, we have seen that an effort was made to provide a moderate happiness for the unfortunate victim; but, even if her married lot had been happier, was it altogether appropriate? Alas! no. Inheriting by nature the high-toned mind and delicate tastes of her parents, she was cast in a field where these never could have received their proper gratifications and where unhappiness consequently must have sooner or later befallen her; where, as it was, the shock which they received from one set of adverse circumstances proved the cause of her lamentable fate—a broken heart and an early grave.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

THE French Revolution presents an almost endless gallery of scenes calculated to move the heart to pity and wonder; but it scarcely affords one more affecting than the self-sacrifice of Charlotte Corday. The act of this young woman was, indeed, of a kind which ought never to be regarded in any other light than as a great crime; yet the generous part of mankind seem to have agreed that, all the circumstances being considered, some allowance may be made in her case, without danger to the interests of society.

It was the summer of 1793. The king had been six months dead; France had half Europe hanging on its frontiers, and several rebellious provinces within itself. The extreme danger in which the new republic stood had caused power to pass entirely into the hands of the meanest and most frantic party, led by Marat and Robespierre, while the heads of a more moderate party (Girondins) were not only dispossessed of influence, but banished to the provinces, where they were wandering in danger of their lives. The government represented only the lowest populace of Paris; but it alone possessed the energy capable of carrying the republic through such a crisis, and its supremacy was of a species of facts which, deplore them as we will, occur as resistlessly as the laws of nature.

At this time there lived at Caen, in Normandy, a young woman who, like many others of her sex, had taken a deep interest in the Revolution from its commencement. Descended from Peter Corneille, the poet, Charlotte Corday had much of the poetical temperament. She had been educated in a convent, and had constantly labored to improve the powers of her mind. Restless under the restraints of her father's house at Armans, she had gone, for the sake of freedom, to live with a female friend at Caen. There she had formed an attachment to a young officer named Belzunce, and what first gave her an antipathy to Marat, was his denouncing her lover as a counter-revolutionist. She continued to watch the progress of events with the greatest zeal till the expulsion of her favorite politicians, the Girondins, from the national convention, (June 2, 1793,) when she became dreadfully incensed at the party which remained in power, and particularly at the former enemy of her lover. Her feelings were still more highly wrought when some of the proscribed Girondins, Barbaroux, Petion, and others, came to Caen, and discoursed

of their wrongs in circles to which she was admitted. Immediately thereafter an insurrection of her party took place in the district of the Calvados, and the idea occurred to her, that nothing could be wanting to its success if the chief of the anarchists in Paris were put to death. Strained up to the height of political fanaticism, she formed the resolution to go to Paris and destroy Marat, aware that her own life must fall as a matter of course, but believing it to be a small price to pay for the salvation of her country.

Behold, then, this woman, young, lovely, intelligent, pure in character, on her way to Paris, bent on a deed from which it is the nature of her sex, age, and education, to shrink with horror. To Barbaroux she represented herself as anxious to obtain the restoration of some papers belonging to a friend of hers, from the minister of the interior, and he therefore gave her a letter of introduction to M. Duperret, a member of his party still left in the convention. He and his companions had been struck by her interesting appearance, and the fervor with which she declaimed in favor of the free and enlightened republic which they had endeavored to secure; but they had not the faintest notion of the real purpose of her journey. To deceive her own friends, she sent her father a letter announcing that the increasing troubles of France had induced her to seek refuge and quiet in England. At noon on the third day she arrived in Paris, where her first step was to see Duperret, and despatch the business she had with the minister of the interior. Then, eager to lose no time, she drove in a hackney coach to the house of Marat.

This celebrated man was of mean origin, and latterly had supported himself by conducting a paper full of inflammatory appeals to the Paris mob, while he also acted as a deputy, or representative of the nation, in the convention. Of scarecrow figure, and maniacal expression of countenance, he seemed fitted by nature to appear as a supreme demon of discord amidst the storms of such a revolution. The exigencies of the crisis had raised him to vast influence in the convention, where it was not his own voice which spoke, but that of the whole mass of the canaille of Paris, ready at any time to rush into the assembly, and compel a resolution accordant with their own. Marat had, however, been for a short time confined at home with illness, though he was not so ill as to be prevented from writing his paper, and assailing the convention with incessant advices, orders, and remonstrances, all tending to the slaughter of persons whom he suspected of a lukewarmness to the great cause. Charlotte, at her first visit, had been refused admittance; but she immediately returned to her lodging, and wrote the following letter to Marat: "Citizen, I have just arrived from Caen; your love for your country inclines me to suppose you will listen with pleasure to the secret events of that part of the republic. I will present myself at your house; have the goodness to give orders for my admission, and grant me a moment's private conversation. I can point out the means by which you may render an important service to France." In the fear that this letter might not produce the effect she desired, she wrote another, still more pressing, which she took herself at eight in the evening. Marat's housekeeper, a young woman who lived with him as his wife, demurred to admit her; but Marat, having meanwhile read the letter which she had sent, and hearing her name

pronounced, gave orders for her being instantly brought into his room, although he was sitting at the moment in his bath. Being left alone with him, she related what she had seen at Caen; then paused, looking earnestly at him. He eagerly demanded the names of the deputies whom she had conversed with, and, snatching up a pencil, began to write them down, adding, "Very well, they shall all go to the guillotine." "To the guillotine!" she exclaimed; at the same time drawing a knife from her bosom, she plunged it into his heart. The wretched man could only utter one cry to his housekeeper, "Help, my dear!" (*A moi, ma chère!*) when he fell lifeless. The housekeeper, and a messenger who was folding newspapers in an adjoining room, rushed in, and found him covered with blood, while Charlotte Corday stood serene and motionless by his side. The messenger knocked her down with a chair, and the housekeeper spurned her with her feet. The noise attracted the neighbors, and the whole quarter was speedily in commotion. Charlotte arose from the floor, and encountered with placidity the threats and abuse of those who surrounded her. Certain members of the section, drawn to the scene by the spreading tumult, struck by her beauty, her courage, and the calmness with which she avowed her action, interfered to save her from brutal immolation, and conducted her to prison, where she continued to confess all with the same tranquil assurance.

The news of the assassination of Marat spread rapidly through Paris, and excited universal consternation, as well as grief and rage, so great was the importance at this time attached to his public services. The act was instantly attributed by the popular voice to the proscribed party of the Gironde, and made the pretext for excessive severity against such members of that party as were in prison, so that what Charlotte designed for a blow at the anarchists, only did harm to her own friends. "Such," says M. Thiers, "will ever be the case in similar circumstances; a party is proscribed—all are indignant; one, of particular ardor of nature, bursts out with a signal act of revenge, which is laid to the account of the whole, though nothing could obviously be less for their interest, as it invariably is employed to justify further severities." The utmost honor was paid to the remains of the so-called martyr. The Jacobin club was inclined to demand for him a situation in the Pantheon, notwithstanding a law which decreed that great men should have stood the test of twenty years before obtaining such a distinction. They joined to buy up the presses with which he had printed his paper, *The Friend of the People*, that they might never fall into less worthy hands, but be employed, if possible, by some one who should write as zealously and as ably for the popular cause. His body lay in state for several days; it was uncovered to show his wound; at the same time, from a motive truly French, his visage was white-washed, in order to conceal the darkness produced by a rapid corruption. To pursue the account given by M. Thiers in his *History of the Revolution*—"The popular societies and the sections defiled in procession past his bier, strewing it with flowers. Each president pronounced an oration. The section of La Republique was the first to approach. 'He is dead!' exclaimed its president lugubriously—"the friend of the people is dead, and by assassination! Let us waive all eulogy over his inanimate remains. His eulogium is in

his career, his writings, his gory wound, his death! Scatter flowers over the pallid corpse of Marat, my countrywomen! Marat was our friend; he was the friend of the people: it was for the people he lived, it is for the people he died." At these words, young maidens made the circuit of the bier, and threw fragrant flowers on the body of Marat. The orator resumed: "But sufficient are the lamentations; hear the mighty soul of Marat, shaking off its bonds, and saying, Republicans, abstain from further weeping. To republicans is permitted but one tear, after which their country claims all their sympathies. It was not I who was marked for assassination, but the republic; it is not I who call for vengeance, but the republic, the people, yourselves!"

All the societies and all the sections came one after the other around the coffin in which the body of Marat lay extended; and if history record such scenes with some minuteness, it may teach men to reflect on the influence of prepossessions, and lead them to ponder seriously when they mourn the mighty of this earth, or revile the unfortunate of their era.

Meanwhile, the trial of the young murderess was expedited with that rapidity for which republican forms of process were remarkable. Two deputies were implicated in the arraignment; the one, Duperret, with whom she had had intercourse, and who had accompanied her to the minister of the interior; the other, Fauchet, late a bishop, previously suspected on account of his connexion with the right side, and whom a woman, insane or malignant, falsely asserted to have seen in the galleries of the convention with the prisoner.

Charlotte Corday, when conducted before the tribunal preserved her wonted calmness. The indictment was read over to her, after which the court proceeded to call the witnesses. The first who appeared was stopped by the prisoner, without allowing him time to commence his deposition. "It was I," she said, "who killed Marat." "Who incited you to commit this murder?" demanded the president. "His crimes." "What do you mean by his crimes?" "The calamities he has caused since the Revolution." "Who are they who have instigated you to this action?" "Myself alone," she proudly answered; "I had long revolved it in my mind; nor would I ever have taken counsel of others for such a deed. I wished to restore peace to my country." "But do you imagine you have sacrificed all the Marats?" "No," responded the prisoner, with a sigh; "alas! no."

She then permitted the witnesses to conclude, and after each testimony, repeated, "That is true; the deponent is right." She defended herself from one charge alone, namely, her pretended concert with the Girondists; and she confronted only one witness, the woman who implicated Duperret and Fauchet in the case; after which she seated herself, and listened to the remainder of the process with perfect serenity. "You perceive," said her advocate, Chaveau-Lagarde, briefly compressing her defence, "that the accused confesses all with imperturbable firmness. Such composure and self-oblivion, sublime in one respect, can only be explained by the most exalted political fanaticism. It is for you to judge what weight is due to this moral consideration in the scales of justice."

Charlotte Corday was condemned to undergo the penalty of death. Her beautiful countenance evinced no emotion as the sentence was delivered.



and she returned to prison with a smile on her lips. She wrote to Barbaroux, to whom she related her journey and achievement in a letter full of feminine grace, spirit, and dignity; she told him her friends ought not to regret her, for a lively imagination and a susceptible heart threaten stormy lives to those who may possess them. She added, that she was now fully avenged on Pétion, who had, when at Caen, suspected for a moment her political sentiments. In another letter to her father, she intreated pardon for having disposed of her life without his permission. "I have," said she, "avenged many victims—prevented others. The people will one day acknowledge the service I have rendered my country. For your sake I wished to remain incognito, but it was impossible. I only trust you will not be injured by what I have done. Farewell, my beloved father! Forget me, or rather rejoice at my fate, for it has sprung from a noble cause. Embrace my sister for me, whom I love with all my heart. Never forget the words of Corneille,

*C'est le crime qui fait la honte, et non pas l'échafaud.*"

[It is the crime which makes the shame, and not the scaffold.]

On the second day after the death of Marat, (July 15,) Charlotte was conducted to the place of execution in front of the Tuilleries. As she passed along, she met the insults of the meaner class of people with the modest firmness which never left her. The better class, affected by her self-devotion and fortitude, as well as by her beauty, beheld her in silence, some of them with tears. She mounted the scaffold with a cheerful and even triumphant air, when, contrary to the custom of the time, not a voice was raised against her. The executioner having removed the kerchief which covered her bosom, she blushed deeply; and when, half a minute afterwards, he held up her head to the gaze of the multitude, this mark of offended modesty had not yet passed away. Many of the men around the scaffold, from a natural emotion of respect, had uncovered themselves; some of her own sex, who had come to revile her, stood mute and abashed; and when the crowd separated, it was observed to be with a melancholy feeling very unusual at such scenes during the Revolution.

What we know of the extravagant sentiments which reigned at that time, could alone prepare us for an anecdote of a singular nature connected with the death of Corday. A young man, named Adam Lux, a commissary from Mayence, happened to see Charlotte as she was passing to the scaffold. Her appearance produced in him that passion which is usually called love at first sight. Entirely possessed by this feeling, he became incapable of calm reflection, and lost all sense of personal fear. His feelings towards Charlotte were at the same time extended to everything in any way connected with her—even to the guillotine by which she had suffered: which he now regarded as a sacred altar, on which the blood of royalty, beauty, and virtue, were offered up. He published a pamphlet on the death of Charlotte, proposing to erect a monument to her memory, with the inscription, "GREATER THAN BRUTUS," and ending with an invocation of her shade from the Elysian fields, where he conceived it to be dwelling with the other illustrious victims of the Revolution. There can be no doubt that the reason of this young man had been overturned by the excitements of the period. But such consider-

ations were not then admissible. He was quickly imprisoned, tried, and executed.

Justice has since been done to both Marat and his murderess. He is universally regarded as an execrable wretch, who stopped at no cruelty in the way of accomplishing his objects, and whom nothing but an extraordinary crisis in public affairs could have ever invested with any public respect. To Charlotte Corday has been awarded unmixed pity and admiration, a meed the more to be prized, that it is given in despite of the natural horror felt at the crime of assassination, and the reluctance of mankind to admit anything which, by palliating it in one case, may tend to encourage it in another. Her portrait is introduced into the popular histories of the period, and in none of these works do we find one harsh word applied to her.

#### NABODY KENS YE.

[We extract this piece of drollery from "Whistle Binkie, Fifth Series," a collection of original songs published at Glasgow, to which it had been contributed by Mr. R. L. Malone.]

Are ye doin' ought weel?—are ye thrivin', my man?  
Be thankfu' to Fortune for a' that she sen's ye;  
Ye'll ha'e plenty o' frien's aye to offer their han',  
When ye needna their countenance—a' body kens ye;

A' body kens ye,

A' body kens ye,

When ye needna their countenance—a' body kens ye!

But wait ye a wee, till the tide tak's a turn!

An' awa wi' the ebb drifts the favors she sen's ye,  
Cauld friendship will then leave ye lanely to mourn;  
When ye need a' their friendship, then nabody kens ye;

Nabody kens ye, &c.

The crony wha stuck like a burr to your side,

An' vowed wi' his heart's dearest bluid to befrien' ye,

A five-guinea note, man, will part ye as wide

As if oceans and deserts were lyin' between ye!

Nabody kens ye, &c.

It's the siller that does't, man! the siller! the siller!

It's the siller that breaks ye, an' mak's ye, an' men's ye!

When your pockets are toom, an' nae wab i' the loom,  
Then tak' ye my word for't, there's nabody kens ye;

Nabody kens ye, &c.

But thinkna I mean that a' mankind are sae—

It's the butterfly-frien's that misfortune should fear aye—

There are those worth the name—gude sen' there were mae!

Wha, the caulder the blast, aye the closer draw near ye;

Nabody kens ye, &c.

The frien's wha can tell us our fan'ts to our face,

But aye fra our foes in our absence defen's us,

Leeze me on sic hearts! o' life's pack he's the ace

Wha scorns to disown us when nabody kens us.

#### CHORUS.

Nabody kens us, nabody kens us,

Poor'tith's a dry-nurse frae folly whilk speans us—

She deprives us o' means, just to show us our frien's,

Wha winna disown us when nabody kens us.

*Chambers' Journal.*

From Chambers' Journal.

## "WANDERINGS OF A JOURNEYMAN TAILOR."

THE operative tradesmen of Germany—tailors, shoemakers, printers, watchmakers, and so forth—are a wandering race of mortals. As soon as a workman has finished his apprenticeship, he goes upon his travels, walks on foot from town to town, getting a job here, and a job there, and, if penniless, sometimes receiving aid from trades' guilds to help him on his way; and at other times begging, cap in hand, from passengers. When he has spent a number of years abroad, and seen the mode of working in many different towns, he returns, marries, and settles down as a quiet, home-staying citizen. We have often seen men of this vagrant order in Germany, toiling along the roads on foot, with a knapsack on their back, a stick in one hand, and a pipe in the other. We believe begging is strictly forbidden; nevertheless, many a cap has been held out to us imploringly, and even with a pertinacity which no denial could easily repel. One of these wandering journeymen, named Holthaus, a tailor, two years ago published an account of his travels, which excited considerable interest in Germany, and has been translated by William Howitt, within the last month or two, and issued for the benefit of the English public.\*

This singular production is somewhat less amusing than we had expected, for the author says comparatively little about his own adventures, or means of getting employment, confining himself chiefly to a narration of where he went, with accounts of the places he visited. Yet the book is curious, as describing the actual rambles of an operative through various countries in Europe, Asia, and Africa, everywhere depending for the gratification of his passion for travel solely on his needle. As the translator observes, it is the history of a man who "literally sews his way from continent to continent." To whatever country or capital he goes, he finds masters of his own nation and trade established. He works with them, saves money enough to carry him on to a new country, and there finds in his young countrymen fellow-pilgrims of the staff and knapsack, ready to bear him company on new excursions. Our hero commences his narrative as follows:

"It was in the year 1824, that, after the early death of my parents, I quitted my native place, Werdohl, in the circle of Altena, being not yet sixteen years old, and betook myself to Schwelm. There I worked a year and a quarter. I then resolved on a farther journey through Germany, and set out upon it in July, 1825, in company with three other hand-workers, one of whom was out of Saxony." They proceed through the countries on the Rhine to Berlin, after which they go by Pomerania into Poland. Here they experience difficulties for want of proper passports, and their money runs so short, that one sold a shirt, the second a coat, and a third a pair of boots and pantaloons. At Cracow the author is struck with ague, which confines him to the hospital a fortnight. Quit of this affliction, he obtains work for a few days, and earns a little money, with the view of proceeding to Vienna; but the police turn him back into Prussia, and, beaten about from point to point, he is compelled to part with his knapsack to pay a debt which he had incurred for lodging. Lightened of his burden, our unfortunate tailor pushes his way homewards; "and again," says he, "I stood poor and ragged only at a few hours' distance from my native place, Werdohl." A feeling of shame now overwhelms him; he takes courage, and sets forth on

a fresh cruise. To give anything like an idea of his zigzag traversings, and also of his loiterings in different parts of Germany, for a number of years, is out of the question. It is sufficient to say that at Erfurt he got employment, saved some money, and was able to refit himself with clothes and knapsack. Having passed through Bavaria, the Tyrol, and Austria Proper, staying and working a short time in Vienna, off he set for Lower Hungary, sailed down the Danube, and halted at Pancsova, where he worked for eight months, and then went on a journey through Wallachia. At Bucharest he remained ten months. We next find him travelling to Warsaw, in Poland, and after that to the baths of Toplitz and Carlsbad. At the entrance to the latter place, the inscription struck his eye—"He who is found begging in these walks will be seized, and sent with a shove to his own town." "I read this," says he, "with great composure, for I had yet money in my pocket." After a short stay, with a glad heart he seized once more the old wander-staff, and went off towards Innspruck; journeyed a while through the Tyrol, where little work is to be had; proceeded again by Hungary and the Danube; and hearing that something might be done at Constantinople, his plan was made up to visit that distant capital.

The voyage down the Danube, and across the Black Sea, lasted several weeks, and was far from agreeable; but all discomforts came to an end when he arrived in Pera, the Frankish suburb of Constantinople. "Here," said he, "I had the good fortune to obtain employment from the ladies' tailor, M. Rolle, and I sat steadily for three quarters of a year, and worked hard. My manner of life was wholly Frankish. To breakfast and supper I had my own table; for dinner, I frequented a Frankish eating-house. At set of sun the workshop was closed, and then I returned to my quarters, which I had taken in company with others of my comrades, and there supped. In summer, supper consisted of figs, melons, and grapes; in winter, of tea, coffee, ham, and bacon, which last article the Maltese export in quantities to different countries. After supper we generally remained sitting, and smoked our tschibook, and conversed. In winter, we worked again some hours by lamp-light. Of course I did not omit on Sundays, and sometimes, too, on Mondays, to go about and observe the life and manners of this great city, with its million of men of the most various nations and characters." His account of Constantinople, and the manners of its inhabitants, is ample, extending to about forty pages of his book, but is only a thousand-times told tale. Stamboul proved a golden soil to the vagrant tailor; he saved thirty-eight ducats by his labor. Here he might have remained and become rich; but no, he had an ardent craving to visit Egypt and the Holy Land, and set off on a voyage to the East accordingly.

Arrived in Egypt, our hero remained thirteen weeks in Cairo, but was not successful in picking up employment. Most of his time was spent in visiting the pyramids and other objects of curiosity. "I often visited the slave-market in Cairo. Black and brown people lie separated into lots, and are offered for sale by the conductors. The brown are from Abyssinia, and have a tolerably handsome European cast of countenance, but with a black woolly hair. The black from Darfur, from Sennaar, and Upper Egypt, are more ugly, have thick lips, flat noses, through which they stick a bit of wood, so that the orifice may remain open for the ornament of an ivory ring. On each cheek they have three deep cuts, and on their heads black wool. The majority are wholly naked, though others have a gray woollen cloth round the loins, which they use at night as a blanket. If a Frank come into the market, they press eagerly forward, nod, call out with a soft voice, 'Tale henne!' and would fain be bought by him. In Egypt, the Franks are allowed to purchase some of them, but not in

\* *Wanderings of a Journeyman Tailor, through Europe and the East, during the years 1824 to 1840.* By P. D. Holthaus, Journeyman Tailor, from Werdohl, in Westphalia. Translated from the third German Edition by William Howitt. London: Longman and Company. 1844.

Constantinople. A female slave costs from five to eight hundred piastres—from six to ten pounds English; the young are something dearer. In Alexandria they are higher, and still higher in Constantinople. No white slaves are to be seen in Cairo, but black ones in great numbers."

In June, 1838, Holthaus quitted Cairo by a vessel down the Nile, and after a stay of ten days at Damietta, contracted with the captain of a merchant vessel to carry him to Beyrout, in Syria, for the sum of twenty piastres, or three shillings and sixpence. The voyage to Beyrout was undertaken with the hope of procuring work, and a recruitment to the purse, from a German tailor who was established there. "On landing," says he, "I made inquiries after him from some Franks whom I perceived on the strand, and found him in a large haan, where only foreigners lodged. Our countryman assisted us to hire a room in the haan—and a most wretched one it was—which we got for twenty paraahs daily. It was neither drawn nor paved; window holes it had, but no windows; and it was thoroughly black, and perfectly alive with fleas, rats, and mice. There was neither seat nor table in it; and for the wooden key with which we secured our door, we had three piastres extra to pay. The slave-merchants, too, took up their quarters in our haan, and offered their blacks for sale." This turns out a bad move. The German tailor could not give any work, and Holthaus resolved on a voyage to Acre.

With a heart full of piety and thankfulness, the wandering journeyman set his foot on the Holy Land, and, what was very pleasant, the Franciscan monastery at Acre afforded him three days' rest and refreshment free of all charge. "The first night," he observes, "I passed without sleep; for, as I had not slept in a bed for a year and a half, I was uncomfortable in one." Quitting this haven of rest, along with a comrade, he set out on a journey by way of Nazareth to Jerusalem. This proved a distressing pilgrimage. Towards evening, as the wayfarers entered the plain of Zebulon, they sought for a free inn among the villages, but none was to be found. "It was dark, and we went on for another half hour. Then, arriving, at a thicket, we turned to the left, out of the way, and took up our quarters under God's free heaven, and beneath a peaceful olive-tree. Camel-drivers went past during the night, and my comrade was full of anxiety; but we continued quiet, and awoke happy the next morning. With the break of day, without any food, and with only a little supply of water, which was already warm, we arose, and advanced over hill and dale, through copses of oak, over stones and naked rocks. Roads crossed themselves in all directions. In the mountains grazed long-haired goats, and sheep with broad tails. Our necessity increased at every step, as we had no water; and the burning heat made us exceedingly faint. My companion flung himself on the earth, and resolved to die on the spot rather than to advance another step into the wilderness. After much persuasion, he was prevailed on to go a little further, collected his strength, and marched with me forward. Presently we issued from this desert track, and entered again the cheerful green fields; a well, too, after which we had so earnestly sighed, presented itself, and a kind-hearted maiden, like another Rebecca, gave us to drink. By this well it is always, and especially towards evening, a busy scene. Women are washing, girls come and draw water in their jugs or leathern bags, herdsmen approach to water their cattle, and asses are loaded with water-sacks, which they carry frequently to a distance of from six to nine miles. We asked the way to Nazareth—called in Arabic Nazara—and it was pointed out to us, with the assurance that it was very easy to find. Thereupon we laid us down under a shady fig-tree by a cattle-shed, and refreshed ourselves with the clear

water, but had nothing to eat. After this, when we had climbed other hills covered with low brushwood, had seen to the east the village of Cana in Galilee, with its little mud huts, which looked like ruins, and had again refreshed ourselves with cold water at a well near a village, in a dale planted with fig and olive trees, we espied the little town of Nazareth, standing still and lonely on another hill, with its little huts of clay and mud, with flat roofs, from amid which a convent towered aloft, surrounded by a wall. One hut, owing to the steepness of the hill, lay as it were over the other. And this, then, was the place where our Saviour passed the years of his childhood, and where he afterwards, on his perambulations, taught in the schools."

At Nazareth they receive poor treatment, and proceed through a miserable country to Tiberias, satisfied with a view of the sea of Galilee, which lay before them "like a clear pure mirror, surrounded by naked and scorched hills." Amid stones, crags, and sandy wastes, they travelled to Cana, and then back to Nazareth, suffering great bodily distress from hunger and excoriation of the feet. Finally, they got to Jerusalem on the 15th of August, 1838. Holthaus gives a pretty succinct account of the Holy city, which, having inspected to his heart's content, living the meanwhile at free quarters in the Franciscan convent of St. Salvatori, he went off on a wandering excursion to the Jordan and Dead Sea. He returned to Jerusalem, and finally quitted that city on the 2d of September for Jaffa, halting by the way at another of those Franciscan convents, without shelter from which, poor pilgrims would die in thousands in the inhospitable wilderness. At Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, he picked up his former comrade, and the wandering pair took ship to Beyrout. The vessel, which was loaded with watermelons, was a bad sailer, and one day when the anchor was dropped, our hero went ashore to a neighboring Arab village. There is a touch of nature in what follows. "An old woman speedily came running up to me, and implored me to enter her dwelling. I regarded the invitation with suspicion, for you cannot lightly trust the Arab and Turkish women. But I ventured; and she led me into a miserable hut, which I was obliged to enter by stooping, or rather creeping through its low doorway. There, on the floor, lay a black man and a boy, who were both ill. The old woman made me to understand that she wished me to cure them. I could only shrug my shoulders, and explain to her that I was no doctor, nor had any curative means with me. The poor woman sighed, probably imagining that I would not exert my skill. In the East, a Frank is continually regarded as a doctor, and this was now my case. Had I had some brandy and sugar by me, it is probable that I might have assisted the Arab, for this is the favorite remedy with these people."

The vessel again went forward on its voyage, but so slowly that at Acre the errant journeyman lost patience with the delays, and resolved to encounter a land journey, at all hazards, the rest of the way. "Throwing my knapsack on my back, I bought some bread, filled my bottles with water, and marched on by land. It was a fruitful plain through which I strode. To the left lay the Mediterranean, and before me stretched a vast level. At first my way lay through pomegranate gardens and a cedar wood; but afterwards amongst rocks and precipices, till towards evening I entered the plain of Tyre, now Sur. The night overtook me, and I took up my quarters in the bed of a dried-up brook. The next morning, as I awoke, I heard the dull ringing of the bells of a caravan. I arose hastily, quickened my steps, and soon reached it. One of the drivers, who had an unloaded ass, allowed me for eight piastres to ride it to Sidon. This was a novelty for me. We passed several kanaks, where Arab bread, goats' cheese, figs, grapes, and coffee, could be purchased. This night again I



slept in the open air, but in the company of six camels, two asses, and three Arabs. Three hours before the break of day, our caravan put itself in motion; and before the dawn, we were in Sidon, or Saide, as it is at present named, where I merely stayed a few minutes in a Turkish coffee-house, and then stretched my staff farther along the coast, now through deep sandy plains, and now over mountains. Six miles from Beyrout, however, from fatigue and thirst, I was unable to move another stride. I took up my quarters for the night in a summer-house in a mulberry garden, and arising early the next morning, proceeded to Beyrout, where, the 12th of September, I luckily again encountered my fellow-countryman and pilgrim, August, who had arrived the day before. Here then our pilgrimage ended. I had traversed the desolate mountain ranges of Palestine, stood on the shores of the Galilean lake, of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. I had trod the scenes where the foot of the Redeemer had once wandered, and kneeled and prayed on the place of his birth, his death, and resurrection; and now I yearned once more after Europe and my native land."

From Beyrout the journeyman tailor went by sea to Constantinople; there got some work from his old master, but, urged by the thirst for travel, became impatient, and broke away for Athens. At Athens, he was delighted to find himself—thanks to King Otho's Bavarian followers—in a town almost half German. Getting work immediately from the ladies' tailor, Marksteiner, he describes his mode of life. "Here, as in Constantinople, I hired a room with my fellow-traveller, but a room it was only, without bed, chair, or table. Beds I had no further acquaintance with. For years I had now slept on the paved ground, on boards, and frequently amongst rocks and precipices in the open air. Here, wrapped in my quilt, and with my knapsack under my head, I slept more sweetly than many a one in the softest bed. My trunk was my chair and table. Every morning I went early to the workshop, where, besides the master, four journeymen and five German girls worked. We made up only fine articles, for the most part silken stuffs; for the ladies of Athens dress as splendidly as the Grecian, Armenian, and Frank ladies in Constantinople. In the morning, at seven o'clock, we had a cup of sweetened coffee, with a white roll, handed to us in the workshop; at noon we dined in a Bavarische—that is, a Bavarian hotel—and paid, for three dishes, with a bottle of wine, seventy lepte, about fourpence-halfpenny; in the evening we took supper at home; but I did not spend much time in my hired room. On Sunday mornings we went to church, took a walk in the afternoon, partook in a coffee-house, on a country excursion, a glass of wine, of which the bottle cost twenty lepte, or sixteen pfennigs, about a penny-farthing English, and chatted very agreeably the time away. In the evening we went to the 'Concordia,' that is, to a select society of German masters there established, their wives, and assistants, both young men and young women. The journeymen tailors and other professionals formed themselves into a theatric company, and one of my comrades was director; and sometimes an individual stepped forward and declaimed something. Occasionally a ball was given, so that, side by side with good employment here, pleasure and entertainment were not wanting."

Our space forbids us going much further with the vagrant tailor. He walked over a considerable part of Greece before leaving the country; sailed for Naples; visited Rome; arrived in France by Marseilles; and proceeded, by way of Paris and Belgium, to Germany, where the beloved waters of the Rhine again greet his sight. On the 5th of November, 1840, he entered his native Werdohl, after an absence of sixteen years and six months. Affectionately the long absent tailor was welcomed by his friends, and the

narrative of his wanderings was listened to with universal delight. Having given his travels to the world in the volume before us, he set forth on a fresh journey, taking this time a direction towards the northern countries of Europe. He is now stitching his way through Russia, and the reader may hope, if he return safe, for another and equally curious volume, to be translated, like the present, we trust, by our friend William Howitt.

## THE SUMMER MIDNIGHT.

BY THE LATE REV. JAMES WALLIS EASTBURN.

The breeze of night has sunk to rest,  
Upon the river's tranquil breast;  
And every bird has sought her nest,  
Where silent is her minstrelsy;  
The queen of heaven is sailing high,  
A pale bark on the azure sky,  
Where not a breath is heard to sigh—  
So deep the soft tranquillity.

Forgotten now the heat of day  
That on the burning waters lay,  
The noon of night her mantle gray  
Spreads, for the sun's high blazonry;  
But glittering in that gentle night  
There gleams a line of silvery light,  
As tremulous on the shores of white  
It hovers sweet and playfully.

At peace the distant shallop rides;  
Not as when dashing o'er her sides  
The roaring bay's unruly tides  
Were beating round her gloriously;  
But every sail is furled and still:  
Silent the seaman's whistle shrill  
While dreamy slumbers seem to thrill  
With parted hours of ecstasy.

Stars of the many-spangled heaven!  
Faintly this night your beams are given,  
Though proudly where your hosts are driven  
Ye rear your dazzling galaxy;  
Since far and wide a softer hue  
Is spread across the plains of blue,  
Where in bright chorus, ever true,  
Forever swells your harmony.

O for some sadly dying note  
Upon this silent hour to float,  
Where from the bustling world remote  
The lyre might wake its melody;  
One feeble strain is all can swell  
From mine almost deserted shell,  
In mournful accents yet to tell  
That slumbers not its minstrelsy.

THERE IS AN HOUR of deep repose  
That yet upon my heart shall close,  
When all that nature dreads and knows  
Shall burst upon me wondrously;  
O may I then awake forever  
My heart to rapture's high endeavor,  
And as from earth's vain scene I sever,  
Be lost in Immortality!

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

*Fêtes et Souvenirs du Congrès de Vienne; Tableaux des Salons, Scènes, Anecdotes, et Portraits; 1814, 1815. (Festivities, &c., of the Congress of Vienna.)* Par la COMTE A. DE LA GARDE. Paris: A. Appert Libraire Editeur. 2 Tomes. 1843.

THERE WERE previous to the present year three Histories of the Congress of Vienna. 1st, the book of De Pradt; 2d, the History of M. de Flanagan; and 3d, the Journal of a Nobleman at the Congress of Vienna, published anonymously in London. The book of the Abbé, and former Bishop of Mecklin, is lively, startling, and showy. In order to prove his honesty and originality—like our own Cobbett—he makes it a point with himself to differ from all the rest of the world, and it is therefore no marvel that he discovers that there is, after all, nothing so very wrong in the partitioning of Poland; that the aggrandizement of Prussia is necessary to the general equilibrium of Europe; and that the annexation of Belgium to Holland is the very perfection of wisdom.

The book of M. de Flanagan, entitled "*Historie du Congrès de Vienne*," and which first saw the light in 1829, is still more voluminous, though infinitely less readable, than the production of his apostolic and diplomatic predecessor. M. de Flanagan had no doubt the most favorable opportunities of writing a correct and authentic work. He had long previously been employed at the *Ministère des Affaires Étrangères*. He had been advantageously known as the author of a larger work in six vols., commenced in 1809, and finished in 1811, the "*Histoire Générale et Raisonnée de la Diplomatie Française*," so that his previous studies and researches had eminently qualified him for the task which his government had imposed. But although he was clothed in an official capacity, enjoyed the confidence of the actors in this great drama of the Congress of Nations, and had moreover access to all the protocols and archives, there is not perhaps a more arid and colorless production in modern French literature than the "*Histoire du Congrès de Vienne*." Somewhat of this is owing, no doubt, to the dry, dogmatic, and formal style of the publication, a little perhaps to the nature of the subject, but most of all to the diplomatic drill which it was necessary the author's opinions should undergo before they were permitted to be given to the reading world of Europe and America. We have been told on good authority that M. de Flanagan was forced to strike out all the really curious and interesting portions of his MS. The work as printed is but a dull and unanimated record of facts; an enforced and labored panegyric on the five powers and their plenipotentiaries, whom the author complacently and complementarily describes as "*si supérieures aux jugemens humains!*"\*

The "*Journal of a Nobleman at the Congress*

of Vienna" may or may not be apocryphal; but in any event it is a work which could have been written by any valet or gentleman's gentleman; by the lacquey of Prince Metternich, or the page of the late Emily Marchioness of Londonderry.

The Congress of Vienna, like every other congress in modern times, presents two distinct aspects. The one public and patent to all the world—the other latent and unrevealed, unless to the kings and cabinets initiated. The secret letters and confidential communications of Lord Castlereagh to the Prince Regent, and to Lord Bathurst, from the beginning of October, 1814, to the commencement of January, 1815, and of the Duke of Wellington, who supplied the place of his brother plenipotentiary and friend at the congress, from February, 1815, to the moment of its close, would, no doubt, afford some of the rarest materials for anecdote, history, and memoirs; but it is not likely that any of these familiar and confidential letters will ever be made public; certainly not in our own day. There was yet another hand from which much might have been expected. It is well known that during the congress the most unreserved communication existed between Louis XVIII. and his adroit and pliant plenipotentiary. A scholar, a man of taste and erudition, Louis XVIII. was not only possessed with the mania and weakness of corresponding on all subjects, literary, political and scientific, but his most Christian majesty was also desirous of learning, like all the branches of the elder Bourbons, the little tittle-tattle, the small gossip, and the secret scandal, of the rout of kings and rabble of ministers assembled in the capital of the soi-disant descendant of all the Cesars.

Talleyrand was too good a courtier not to gratify this royal yet paltry propensity. There was not an intriguing adventure, not a royal and imperial amour, not a masked ball, not a dinner or supper, or *Tanz Musique* at the *Redouten Saal*, which the ex-bishop did not most unctuously describe for the pleasure and instruction of his royal master. If Alexander, in a fit of half-religious mysticism, or something still more mundane, flung himself at the feet of Madame de Krudener;—if Metternich dallied till the dawn of day in a secluded alcove with some pretty *gräfinn*;—if Castlereagh danced with imperturbable and relentless energy all night long, disclosing his thin and shapeless calves in tight pantaloons;—if Maximilian of Bavaria cracked a coarse joke;—or that Daniel Lambert of kings, the Colossus of Wurtemberg, surfeited himself with a Brobdignagian allowance of sturgeon and *sauer kraut*;—if the sly and insinuating Duchess or Oldenburg flirted in the guise of a grisette, for some politic and fraudulent purpose; or the exuberant humor of his Majesty of Denmark exuded in lively quips and cranks, savoring more of the *cabaret* than the cabinet;—if the brisk and insatiable vanity of Lord Stewart, his inevitable want of tact, and unmistakable want of temper, led him

\* Congrès de Vienne, par De Flanagan, tome i., p. 219.

into scrape after scrape—all were noted down by the imperturbable and inexorable ex-bishop with point and precision. Nor did the other sex escape unscathed. The fan of this princess, the sable pelisse of that, the diamond stomacher of this duchess, the beautiful bracelet of that other, were all described and chronicled with the special science of a Storr and Mortimer; or, better still, with the glowing eloquence of a Laure (of the house of Maradan Carson;) or, to speak synchronously, of a real Bourbonite bodice-maker and legitimate milliner, such as Victorine herself. It was after having received one of these pleasant missives, in which the dresses and costumes of emperors and empresses, archdukes and archduchesses, magnates and starosts, were graphically described, that the gouty and caustic monarch is reported to have exclaimed, "M. D. Talleyrand n'a oublié qu'une seule chose, c'est de nous faire savoir quel était son costume à lui, car il en a de rechange."

But where, it may be asked, are all these confidential letters now? This alone is certain, that they are not among the archives of the *affaires étrangères*; for one fine morning, a quarter of a century ago, the Prince of Beneventum took the slight and superfluous precaution of removing the secret and anecdotal portion of the letters to his private hotel in the Rue St. Florentin. There remain, then, in the archives of France but the political and official correspondence, which is in every sense public property. The author of this portion of these materials for future history is the worthy and excellent M. La Bernardière, previously to the first revolution a member of the congregation of the Oratoire, but who subsequently, on the suppression of his order, embraced the career of politics, and was ultimately employed as *Chef de Division* in the *affaires étrangères*. It is curious as well as instructive, at this distance of time, to reflect how many ecclesiastics were flung into the stormy career of politics by the revolution. Talleyrand, Minister for Foreign Affairs, Baron Louis, Minister of Finance, Fouché, Minister of Police, De Pradt, Ambassador to Warsaw, Sieyès, of Pigeon House Memory, immortalized by the greatest of orators and the first of philosophic statesmen, (Burke,) and La Bernardière, *Chef de Division*, *cum multis aliis*. The only instance of such a signal deviation from an original vocation that occurs to us under the government preceding the revolution, was that in every way most remarkable one, of M. Turgot.\*

To return to the matter more immediately in hand. If the publication of the private papers of Castlereagh and Wellington be dim and distant, we fear that there is still less chance of the correspondence of Talleyrand being disclosed to a wondering and expectant public, in all the permanency of pica and long primer. What then are we to

do? There is a morbid craving, a "Morning Post" anxiety for minute and petty details, and private anecdote; and if the primary evidence be wanting—if the original deed be lost or destroyed, we must have recourse to secondary evidence. In this emergency of the reading public, forth comes the Count A. de la Garde, professing to give his recollections and portraits of the dinners, dresses, and dances, of the balls and masquerades, the masks and musical festivals, the punning pic-nickery and *pallardise* of the congress and its complement; and though there be great parvity in the idea, and albeit it plainly discloses a wonderful littleness of mind, still we are bound to confess that the count has executed his self-appointed task with all the zeal of a literary *Introduceur des Ambassadeurs*, and all the gaudy pride of a provincial postur-master. What manner of man is this, however, and where does he come from, who so obligingly ushers us into the best of company? The count A. de la Garde was we believe (though he does not tell us so) born in France, somewhere about the year 1782 or 1783, and must now therefore be in the 60th or 61st year of his age. His father (if we are not misinformed, for on this point also he is silent) was employed in the *Ministère des Affaires Étrangères*. During the progress of the French revolution he had constantly refused to emigrate. Proscribed because of his attachment to his legitimate king, he saved his head from the scaffold by secreting himself in the house of a friend. When the first paroxysms of the fever of blood were over, the old count thought he might again show himself in a country which he had never abandoned. But his name was still written in ensanguined letters on the fatal list; and proscribed anew after the 18th Fructidor, (4th September, 1797,) he was obliged to emigrate to escape a more lingering death in the pestilential deserts of Sinnamary. He fled to Hamburg. His son, the author of the work at present under review, was his only companion. They experienced all the miseries of an involuntary and sudden banishment. Invited by the Count de Fersen to repair to Sweden, they left Hamburg, and travelling the arid and sandy plains of Holstein, gained Copenhagen on foot. They were received with the greatest kindness by the Count de Lowendall, whom the elder La Garde had formerly known in Paris. By this worthy man, father and son were presented to the prince royal, at whose grotesque dress the young emigrant had heartily laughed the day previously in the park of Copenhagen. The poor young man when presented would have sunk down from mingled emotions of fear and shame when he found who had really been the subject of his mirth, had he not been encouraged by the angelic countenance of a young woman by the prince's side. This was his charming sister the Princess of Augustenburg, who, with an imploring look, besought her brother to read the petition of the forlorn exile.

The prince read the document attentively, ques-

\* See "Mémoires de l'Abbé Morellet," tome i., p. 12.



tioned the unfortunate young man more at length, and having learned the history of his miserable pilgrimage, exclaimed to his sister, "Alas! another victim of the revolution."

"But surely you know German?" said the prince.

"Not a word," said the young De la Garde.

"Poor boy!" said the princess, "so young, and withal so much of suffering. How sad and wearisome, indeed, must your journey have appeared over these dreary sands of ours: an exile in a strange land." And the tears started into her beautiful eyes, and coursed each other down her cheeks.

But succor was at hand. An order on the royal treasury was soon given and paid, and the passage of the young exile was taken on board a merchant ship for Stockholm, somewhere in the month of March, 1801; but the vessel being detained by baffling winds, he was present at the passage of the Sound by Parker and Nelson on the night of the 2d of April, 1801, and did good service to the prince, by whose bounty he had profited a few days before.

At length, however, after the signature of the armistice which destroyed the armed neutrality of the Northern Powers he sets sail for Stockholm, and from thence proceeds to Amsterdam to join his father. In that city he remains till Napoleon has completely triumphed over all the opponents of a consulate for life. The First Consul, strong enough at this juncture—we suppose the 6th Floreal (26th April, 1802,) for no dates are given—to be clement, interposes no obstacle to the return of those emigrants who had fled to escape the scaffold. The old Count de la Garde, having at this moment urgent need of those pecuniary resources without which it is impossible to live in a land of exile, despatched his son to Paris under the care of a M. Clement. They take up their quarters at the Hôtel de Calais, Rue Coquillière. But M. Clement is instantly called off on a family business to Dijon, and recommending young De la Garde to M. Chaudeau, a pastry-cook and master of the hotel, the stripling is forthwith installed in a modest bedroom on the fifth story at the moderate rent of twelve francs a month. The repasts of the young emigrant are proportioned to the exiguity of his purse. Cold and famine soon stare him in the face, but he nevertheless feels all the inebriating transport of a return to his native land, and like a shipwrecked mariner, seems to clutch the soil on which he is cast. The poor serving girl at the hotel tells him of a handsome young man, the tenant of the bedroom before his occupancy, who had been turned half-naked into the streets in an inclement night by his unfeeling landlord, because he was in arrear of rent. He dreams of this remorseless tapster. He sees the horrid spectre with an unpaid bill in one hand, and a padlock in the other to seal the door forever against him. Now he no longer sleeps for dread of duns: hardly does he

eat. The canker in his mind is corroding away his feeble body. He cannot remain still an instant. Out he goes into the heart of that busy, bustling, stinking, sensual Paris. It is to him a cold yet crowded wilderness. He passes the blood-besotted Boulevards, traverses the Rue Grange Bataillère, and thinks to come right on the Hôtel Choiseul, which had anciently been the happy home of his family. Alas! the hotel exists no longer. It is transformed into an auction-room. The venerable house-porter, too, is gone, and nothing remains of the past but the old house-dog Castor, who seems to recognize the child who had so often pulled both ears and tail in the days of other years and other dynasties.

Whilst our hero was yet a child living at the Hôtel Choiseul, another family inhabited a portion of the house. There was a young daughter of this family, the playmate of De la Garde's infantine years, who subsequently became the reigning beauty of the day, and afterwards the wife of one of the richest bankers of Paris, M. Recamier. As the pockets of the unfortunate young man collapsed from more emptiness, as he could not even raise a trifle on the portrait of Louis XVI., presented by the unfortunate monarch to his father, he bethought him of this early friend of his youth. But Madame Recamier is living at Clichy. To Clichy he hies him, dressed out in a three-cornered chapeau, which his father had never permitted him to change for a round hat, the one being in the old man's estimate the type of noblesse, the other of sans-culottism. His coat was the identical upper-vestment, and a motley one it was, which he had worn on the day of his first communion. It was a black cloth, striped with silk of the same color. His trousers of nankeen, were buckled at the knees with pre-Adamite buckles, his doublet was lapelled and embroidered with flowers, while his laced buskins disclosed to the eye in all their radiant colors a pair of gaudy silk stockings which had belonged to Gustavus III. of Sweden, and of which the monarch's valet de chambre had made the young emigrant a present at Stockholm. "Will she receive me, will she recognize me?" thought he as he approached the porter's lodge at Clichy. He sent in his name, and was met with the freezing answer, "Madame regrets she cannot receive you to-day. Not having the honor of being personally acquainted with you, she begs that you will be so good as to inform her in writing of the object of your visit." Years had certainly rolled by, yet it was hard to be thus forgotten. The exile was about to wander silently and sadly away, when he bethought him of the name of "Lolo," the very sobriquet of his infancy, and by which he had often been called by the owner of the château of Clichy; when, presto! the magic of that little word opens to him the house and table of Madame Recamier, by whom he is received with hospitality and succored in the manner most grateful to his wants and his feelings.

But it will not do to sponge forever on the bounty of any one, much less of a noble-hearted woman, and the young La Garde again travels back to Sweden, from whence, at the invitation of Count Felix Potocki, so well known by his colossal fortune, his immense popularity, and the important part he took in the affairs of his country, he proceeds to Poland. At Tulczim, the château of the count, and where hospitality was practised on a scale absolutely regal, we conjecture (for nothing is positively stated) De la Garde remained some years. This must have been one of the happiest periods of his life. The house was always filled with company. Sometimes visits were made of three years' length. A gay and gorgeous hospitality was the order of the day. Horses, equipages, and servants, were at the disposal of the visitor. There were plays, and hunting-parties, and operas, and the Polish poet Trembecky, then in the zenith of his fame, was an inmate of the castle, whose fair mistress, the Countess Potocka, was one of the most fascinating and accomplished women in Europe. The history of this lady, born a Greek of the Fanal, is in itself a romance. It was for her that the garden of Sophiowka, one of the rarest in Europe, was created, on the site of that spot famed as the place where Ovid was exiled. There, in the midst of the Steppes of Yedissen, was created a garden rivalling that far-famed garden of Armida. From Poland young De la Garde proceeds to Russia. Many of the best years of his life are spent between Petersburg and Moscow. He visits the Crimea too, and Kioff. From his intimacy with Tettenborn, De Witt, Ouvaroff, and others of the Russian army, we incline to think he must have entered the military service of the Czar; but it is plain that if he had ever worn a Russian epaulette, he had cast it off before the autumn of 1814.

He arrived in Vienna in the last days of September, 1814. The fêtes had already commenced. There were, he says, nearly 100,000 strangers already arrived. But surely here must be some gross mistake. Even in 1839 Vienna contained only 8200 houses, and a quarter of a century previous the number could not have exceeded 7000. The population in Vienna in 1814 did not amount to 300,000, and any one who knows anything of the city, containing as it does only 127 streets, or its faubourgs, (like the P. S. to a lady's letter,) more important and considerable than the city itself, will at once presume that it was quite impossible that accommodation could have been found for an additional third, suddenly and *uno flatu* added to the ordinary population. It has been our good or ill fortune to have three times visited this celebrated capital, and we never on any occasion heard the number of strangers estimated at above 5000. Nor did they amount to anything like that number, as we happen to know, in the year 1831, the period of the marriage of the present Emperor. There is evidently, therefore,

great exaggeration in this estimate. We are as little disposed to credit that Lord Castlereagh paid for his apartment, during his sejour in that capital, 500*l.* a month, or at the rate of 6000*l.* a year; as even now, thirty years later, when prices and population have greatly increased, one of the finest hotels in the city might be obtained at a rent of 200*l.* a month, or 2400*l.* a year. One of the first visits of De la Garde was to the renowned and witty Prince de Ligne, then in his 80th year. As fully one third of these volumes is filled with the sayings and doings of the prince, we may be pardoned for giving a slight sketch of a man but little known to the present generation, and of whom no biography is attempted in these columns.

Charles Joseph Prince de Ligne, born in 1735, was descended from one of the most illustrious families of Belgium, of which the house of d'Arenberg is but a younger branch. He was the son and grandson of field-marsals, a dignity which he himself attained late in life. There was no man of his day who attained greater perfection in what the French call the "*art de vivre*" than the Prince de Ligne. The tone and polish of his manners, the charm and grace of his conversation, the readiness and piquancy of his wit, always subservient to good taste and good feeling, were not less remarkable than the manly beauty of his person. He entered the Austrian service in 1751. His advancement was rapid and deserved, for every step was the price of some glorious and daring deed of valor. During the seven years' war and the campaigns of the Austrian and Russians against the Turks, he particularly distinguished himself. But his literary, civil, and social triumphs were equally remarkable. The twenty-nine volumes of his published works are but little known in England. Fourteen volumes of these are devoted to military affairs, and though nearly half a century has elapsed since they were published, it is impossible even in our day to read them without being struck by the profoundness, originality, and singular power of minute observation disclosed in the "*Fantaisies et Préjugés Militaires*," a copy of which, printed at what he called his "*refuge*" at Leopoldberg near Vienna, we have now before us. It is, however, on his letters, memoirs, and detached thoughts, that the fame of De Ligne, as an author, must chiefly rest. We find in these depth without pretension, originality without egotism, and that indescribable *laissez aller* manner, that "*beau desordre*," that negligent grace often beyond the reach of the most practised art. We can well conceive, in reading the playful and agreeable letters of the old marshal, models of a "*style parlé*," how he must have amused the Empress Catherine in that famous journey into the Crimea in 1787, when the Semiramis of the north was accompanied by the playful historian of the journey, by Potemkin, M. de Segur, and our own agreeable Fitzherbert, afterward Lord St. Helens. One of the remarkable things

we shall ever remember, was a description more than twenty years ago of that same journey by that old English diplomatist, who once observing his pretty mistress gazing at the silver glory of the moon, on a fine summer evening, gracefully and gallantly exclaimed, "Ne la regardez pas trop, ma chère, car je ne puis pas vous la donner."\*

Under the wings of this Nestor the favorite of Catherine, of Marie Antoinette, and Joseph II., was De la Garde introduced to the gay scenes of that gormandizing capital, whose inhabitants think that man was destined by a superior and superintending power to eat much and long.

Oben wohnt ein Geist der nicht  
Menschlich zürnt und schmälet,  
Noch mit Wolkern im Gesicht  
Küss und Flaschen zählet:  
Nein; Er lächelt mild herab,  
Wenn sich zwischen Wieg und Grab  
Seine Kinder freuen.

"You are come in the nick of time," said the old warrior, as De la Garde entered his antechamber. "All Europe is at Vienna. But the web of politics is embroidered with *fêtes*. The Congress does not march, but it dances, Heaven knows, enough. There is a rabble of kings here, and you cannot turn the corner of a street without jostling a majesty. But dine with me to-morrow at four, and we will afterwards go to the Redouten ball." And to the ball they did go. There the old marshal does the honors to his young friend, and points out all the remarkable characters. That graceful, martial-looking man is the Emperor Alexander. He gives his arm to Prince Eugene Beauharnais, for whom he has a real liking. When Eugene first arrived here with the King of Bavaria, his father-in-law, the court of Austria long hesitated as to the rank that he should have, but the Emperor of Russia gave "so decided an opinion that he is now treated with the honors due to his station."

That grave-looking person dancing with the handsome Neapolitan with the gracefully rounded arms, and the elegant figure, is the King of Prussia. The open countenanced, honest-looking fellow opposite, is the King of Bavaria, and the pale person near him, with the aquiline nose and the white hairs, the King of Denmark. The lively humor and happy repartees of the Dane have made him the delight of the royal and imperial circles. He is called here "*le loustic de la Brigade Souveraine*." That "tun of a man" is the King of Wurtemberg; near him is his son, who is in love with the Duchess of Oldenburg. And now having pointed out the principal figures, the old man allowed his *protégé* to shift for himself. There he saw, in wandering round the room, Zibin, whom he had known at Moscow in 1812, and with whom he had visited the Crimea, the Ukraine, and Tur-

key, and Achille, Rouen, and Bulgari, and Cariati, and Tettenborn, and many others *quos nunc perscribere longum est*.

The next day there was a grand military festival, at which all the sovereigns, to use a French phrase, assisted, and at which they took their places, (to avoid all quarrels about precedence,) according to age—the King of Wurtemberg, as the oldest king, being allowed the *pas*. The arrangement was found so convenient that it was not afterwards departed from. The sovereigns next exchanged orders, crosses, and decorations, and then gave each other regiments in their different armies. No sooner was this done than all the ten digits of all the thousands of tailors in Vienna were put into motion, that his majesty the Emperor of Austria might instantly appear in the uniform of the Imperial Guards of his majesty the Emperor of all the Russias. Malvolio's going cross-gartered was a faint type of this huge and heinous piece of Imperial and Royal tomfoolery. Then there was such a lavish giving of presents. The Calmuc-visaged Czar presented a fur dressing-gown to his elderly brother of Austria, while the starch and stiff King of Prussia, not to be outdone, offered to the Kaiser Franz a silver basin and ewer, that he might be enabled to keep a clean pair of hands if not a clear conscience. Nor were these the only civilities. One day Franz was driving in the Prater, and wishing to get out and walk, he tried to catch the eye of some of his lacqueys; but in vain. Alexander, who is on horseback quick as lightning, divines his intention, jumps from his steed, and with all the agility of a running footman, and all the cunning of a Cossack, offers his arm to his less nimble brother. At this spectacle of apt graciousness, says simple Count La Garde, the welkin rang with acclamations.

Meanwhile the deliberations of the Great Council were enveloped in mystery, but a thousand conjectures were hazarded at the salons of the Countess de Fuchs, then one of the most fashionable of the Viennese ladies. The countess was, ten years later, as we know from experience, one of the most agreeable women in the high society of Vienna, but at the epoch of the Congress she must have been in the zenith of her fame. Her circle was, in 1815, composed of the Countess of Pletenberg, of the Duchesses of Sagan and Exerenzza, and their sister Madame Edmund de Perigord, (better known in London as Madame de Dino,) niece by marriage of Talleyrand, and born Duchess of Courlande, of the Chanoinesse Kinski, the Duke of Dalberg, Marshal Walmoden, the three Counts Pahlen, the Prince Philip of Hesse Homburg, the Prince Paul Esterhazy, afterwards ambassador in England; the Prince Eugene Beauharnais, the Russian General De Witt, M. de Gentz, General Nostitz, Varnhagen, the poet Carpani, and Ompteda, ex-minister of Westphalia, only ex-minister, because there was no longer a kingdom of Westphalia to serve; and last, though

\* "Memoirs de Marmontel."



not least, George Sinclair, lately M. P. for Perthshire, or Caithness, we forget which, and son of old mangel-wurzel Sir John. Madame Fuchs had retained the old Viennese habit of eating supper, and at her hotel La Garde became a regular *habitué*.

On the third day of his arrival, our young friend (for he was young thirty years ago) paid a visit to Talleyrand, whom he had not seen since 1806, and received an invitation to dinner. Few persons had been invited. There were present, of course, the different members of the French embassy, and Madame Edmund de Perigord, but beside these the only guests were Count Razomowski, Pozzo di Borgo, the Duke de Richelieu, and De la Garde, who had now seen Pozzo di Borgo for the first time. Pozzo appeared to have all the Corsican *finesse*, vivacity, and imagination. "La France," said he, "est une marmite bouillante; il faut y rejeter tout ce qui en sort." But though the conversation of the Corsican was piquant and pointed, yet it was easy to see, says De la Garde, that the scholarship of which he made a parade was neither ripe nor profound. He had a perfect mania for quotation, but his citations wanted variety. In an after-dinner argument he supported his opinion by a passage from Dante, a phrase of Tacitus, and some shreds and patches from English orators. La Bernardière, who sat next to De la Garde, told him he had heard the very same quotations two days before at a dinner at Prince Hardenberg's. But this conversational legerdemain is practised not only by the gay *tiraillieurs* of the dinner-table, but by the heavy humdrum brigade of the house of commons; and demagogues resort to the trick as well as diplomatists. An evening party followed, of which the Countess Perigord did the honors with enchanting grace. Our author is delighted with his dinner and his host. Though there was something cold and indifferent in the demeanor and manners of Talleyrand, yet when he desired to please, every word, every look, every gesture told. Flexible, graceful, easy, and profound, he was equally at home in a congress as in a drawing-room, mastering the most knotty and important questions in the one, by the elevated comprehensiveness of a mind devoid of prejudice and passion, and charming the domestic circle in the other, by happy sallies, or that sly and quiet humor, that sure and exquisite tact, in which he was so wonderful a proficient. Happy the man, says our author, who is placed in the morning next the Prince de Ligne, and in the evening next Prince Talleyrand.

The next visit which La Garde made in company with the Prince de Ligne, was to Isabey, the painter. "A congress is about to be held at Vienna; go there," said Talleyrand; and straightway Isabey went. "I have come to Vienna, M. le Maréchal," said the painter, "in the hope of reproducing the features of all the remarkable

persons, and I ought undoubtedly to commence with you, my good prince."

"Assurément en ma qualité de doyen d'âge," was the old man's reply. Every one has seen either the original or engravings of Isabey's celebrated *chef-d'œuvre* of the Congress of Vienna. The picture is supposed to represent the congress at the moment when Prince Metternich introduces the Duke of Wellington. Lord Castlereagh is in the middle of the mass of ministers. Near him is Talleyrand, distinguished by his immovable imperturbability, whilst round him are grouped Nesselrode, Humboldt, Hardenberg, Stakelberg, and the other plenipotentiaries. It was not originally intended that the Duke of Wellington should figure in the picture, for he did not come to Vienna till the month of February, when the design had been already sketched, but his arrival, even thus late, necessitated the introduction of so important a personage; and Isabey, to whom but a corner of canvass remained, with the quick felicity of a man of real genius made a merit of what to an ordinary artist would have been a misadventure, and by a happy hit, brought forward the Great Duke as being introduced by Metternich when the Congress was in full sitting. Thus were the exigencies of chronology, and the exiguity of the canvass by a happy combination at once reconciled.

For a long while Humboldt refused to sit for his portrait, excusing himself on the ground that he would not on principle pay for so plain a face. At length he consented, unnecessarily stipulating, that he should not pay a *doit*. The portrait, when finished, was a striking likeness. "Ah! ah!" said the great naturalist, "I have, indeed, paid nothing for my portrait, but Isabey has had his revenge." The face is a perfect resemblance of the original.

The next day our author was present at the *fête* of the people, and on the following day he rode to the Prater. There was Lord Stewart driving his four-in-hand, and the Emperor Alexander in a curicle, with his sister the Duchess of Oldenburg. On one side of the vehicle rode Prince Eugene Beauharnais; on the other, the Prince Royal of Wurtemberg. Further on in the drive, our hero fell in with Alexander Ypsilanti, son of the Hospodar of Wallachia, his old acquaintance at Petersburg, that jabbering sinuous Slavonian Koslowski, minister of Russia at the court of Turin, and spruce young Luccheseni (*El muchacho tiene talento*), who was what the Spaniards call *Privado*, and plenipotentiary to the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, better known as the profuse and profligate Eliza Bacciocchi, the eldest sister of Napoleon Bonaparte. The four friends adjourned to the *Kaiserinn von Oesterreich*, where they enjoyed an excellent dinner, seasoned with some of the over coarse stories of Koslowski, who romanced with more than the usual readiness and recklessness of a Russian.

Thence they adjourned to the little theatre of

Leopoldstadt, where they saw Caroline, the pretty check-taker of the Diana baths, transformed into a great lady sitting in her private box. The fancy of the king of — had caused this metamorphosis, and when the business of the Congress was over, and this faded Covent Garden flower palled on the taste of her princely paramour, he directed the great Israelite banker of Vienna, to count out yearly 12,000 florins to his abandoned Ariadne.

Each nation had her especial queen of the drawing-room, during the season of the congress. France was represented by Madame Edmund de Perigord, Prussia by the Princess of Tour and Taxis, Denmark by the Countess Bernstorff, England by Lady Castlereagh, afterwards Emily Marchioness of Londonderry, and Russia by the Princess Bagration. The Princess Bagration was then in all the lustre of her beauty. Young, fair as alabaster, with the slightest tinge of rose, with small, delicately chiselled features, a soft and expressive countenance, full of sensibility, an uncertain and timid air, a figure petite, yet perfectly proportioned; she united the Oriental languor to the Andalusian grace. It is not, therefore, to be wondered that her *salons* were thronged. Russians, of course, were there in crowds, including the Emperor, Nesselrode, di Borgo, Razumowski, Volkonski, and Naraskin, the inevitable Koslowski, and the Count and Countess Tolstoy, but there too were all the sovereigns, and their ambassadors, the beautiful Princess of Tour and Taxis, sister to the still more beautiful and unfortunate queen of Prussia, and the chronicler of the assembly, our unerring informant, De la Garde. It was at a lottery drawn at this hotel on the evening in question, that the monster in inhuman shape, (for he had neither the look, form, nor gait of humanity,) the Grand Duke Constantine, gained a pair of beautiful porcelain vases, which had been sent for from the manufactory at Berlin, by the king of Prussia. He at once presented them to the charming hostess. Honest old Max of Bavaria won a box of mosaic, which he gave to Mary Esterhazy; and Capo d'Istria, a steel ornament, which he gallantly transferred to Katherine Volkonski. Alexander gained two bronze candlesticks, which *he did not leave with the hostess*, but carried off, like a crafty Cossack as he was, to a Mademoiselle L—, with whom he occupied his leisure hours. An avaricious autocrat was this same Alexander Romanzoff, pitifully parsimonious as one of those canny children of the Cannongate, who come to penny-a-line away their thrifty genius in London smoke, living on the luxury of a haporth of wheaten bread, until in the fulness of time and of fasting they become editors and proprietors of journals, East India directors, sergeants-at-law and queen's counsel, or peradventure attorneys-general or lords chancellors of England or Ireland. All the linen which the emperor wore, says La Garde, was *confectionné*—(the word is sublimely transcendental, and untranslatable)—*confectionné* mark you, by the pretty hands of Mademoiselle Nariskin. He might have

accepted the work, saith our moralizing cicerone; nothing more simple than that; but then he should have paid like a gentleman for Coulson's best Belfast linen, or Horrocks' superior long cloth. But no; Nariskin's fingers were worked to the stumps. She was worse treated than Moses' or Myer's women. They receive 6d. a shirt, saith our tender-hearted "Times," and find their own thread and rushlight; but the sewing women of this cruel Czar found her own lights and linen, the stuff and stitching were all her own, too, and she had but her labor for her pains. No wonder that Nariskin told the tale of shabbiness to all the little great who would listen to it in town and suburb—on the Bastei, in the Graben, or the more crowded Kohl Markt.

Early the following morning there was a breakfast at a country-box of the Prince de Ligne, at the Kahlenberg, and after that a rendezvous at Ypsilanti's hotel. Behold, says the Greek, to the wondering, yet believing Gaul, the six *billets doux* I have received since yesterday, and in different languages too, in Italian, in French, ay, even in Greek.

A *billet-doux* written in Greek,

The thought puts me quite in passion;  
Could Longinus teach Gräfinns to speak  
Soft nonsense to Hospodars of fashion.

There, however, the *billets* lay in black and white, each of these amorous missives proposing an assignation at a different parish church. But instead of going to any of the churches, the hungry young Hospodar galloped off to the Princess Helene Sowardoff's to a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, where it may be that he swallowed outlets of Archangel salmon, some slices of raw ham, a pot of anchovies, and a dish of fresh caviar, washed down with either a bottle of Beaune, or a quart of quass, or a full measure of Crimean champagne, or an honest bottle of Barclay's brown stout, all of which we have seen produced at breakfast *tempo fa* both at Moscow and Petersburg. At this breakfast Ypsilanti is insidiously encouraged by the hostess to labor in the regeneration of his country, Greece; not that any Russian under the sun, cared then, or cares now, a rush for the independence of Greece; but that in the confusion and scramble and *mêlée*, the Muscovite always cherishes the latent hope, that his kith, kin, or country may profit. Too well did the young Hospodar learn the lesson taught him by female lips; and after placing himself at the head of a fruitless and bootless insurrection, he was in the hour of his adversity abandoned and disowned by Russia. Capo d'Istria, who, for his own selfish and sinister purposes, had urged the young man to take the fatal step, was the first to counsel his dismissal from the Russian service. Arrested by the Austrian authorities, he remained seven long years a prisoner, and died at Vienna on the 31st of January, 1828, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. His death arose from disease superinduced by his long imprisonment.

We cannot follow our author to a heron shoot-

ing-party, but we must give him rendezvous after the interval of a day at the Prince de Ligne's country-box, where he met old Nowosiltzoff, in his youth a page of Catherine, then a councillor of state of the Emperor Alexander. Nowosiltzoff, whom we remember as afterwards the terror and scourge of Warsaw in 1828 and 1829, but who was nevertheless known to us as an agreeable and well-informed man in private life, was then engaged in the preparation of the constitution for Poland. There was a long discussion between the prince and the Russian councillor on the subject of Polish independence; but although De Ligne took the popular and generous view, still we are bound fairly to admit, with Nowosiltzoff, that without frontiers and without fortresses, Poland must either be an armed camp in the heart of peaceful Europe, presenting living ramparts in the shape of her own warlike *pospolite*, or she must become the appendage of some first-rate power possessing those natural frontiers or fortresses wanting to unhappy Sarmatia. That evening there was a grand carnival, followed by romances sung by the Princess Paul Esterhazy, the Countess Zichy, and the Duchess of Sagan. But it would require another Ariosto to go over this ground. Intrigues of all kinds, however, lie hidden under these fêtes. It is an *imbroglio*, said De Ligne, where the Almagivas and the Figaros are plentiful as blackberries. As to the Basils, they are thick enough strown everywhere: but heaven forbid that we may not at the end be tempted to exclaim with the gay barber—

"Mais enfin qui trompe t'on ici."

Now they are arrived at the *porte cochère* of the prince's hotel. On the door was engraved his motto:

Quo res cumque cadunt semper stat Linea recta.

On the other side of the mansion, facing the Danube, were these lines:

Sans remords, sans regrets, sans crainte, sans envie.

Pleasure must at length give way to sleep, and to sleep they go at last. Next day there is a comedy at court; the *Pères Nobles* fall to the lot of elderly princes; an empress may be seen doing the *grandes utilités*, and an imperial duke barbers, gardeners, and *tutti quanti*. We cannot run down such small deer as this, nor stop to witness the first tableau, even though it be Louis XIV., aux pieds de Madame de la Vallière. In one of the tableaux there was a Jupiter wanting. The part fell fortuitously, like the crown of Belgium fifteen years afterwards, to Leopold of Saxe Coburg, then a remarkably handsome man, in the prime of life. When the Apollo came to dress for his part he was found to have a fierce pair of moustaches. These were sacrificed to the inexorable scissors, and the full-grown fools of quality were in ecstasies as the stubble was shaved away. Venus was

represented by Sir Sidney Smith's daughter, the old blue-jacket having come to the congress to incense the kings against far honester and heartier fellows, the Barbary pirates. But in the end gallant Sir Sidney took nothing by his motion, either in reference to the pirates or to the legitimate descendant of inflexible old *Tête de Fer*, the Colonel Gustafson, for whose divine-right pretensions the admiral stickled with impetuous pertinacity. During the representation of the last tableau, Baron Thierry, a young Frenchman attached to the legation of Portugal, executed with great taste a solo on the harp. An imperial lady fell in love with him, but it was a *mariage manqué* after all, and Thierry has since in revenge set up for himself in the kingly or imperial line, at some unpronounceable isle in the Pacific ocean. Lord Stewart is all this while running about with noisy mobility, chattering "chough's language." He is all fine feathers and fustian, and therefore goes by the nickname of *Paon Doré*.

What a different man, however, is that pale-faced biped in the corner from this thing manufactured of gold lace and pipe clay. That quiet, modest person is De Gentz, to whom all the state secrets of Europe are open, and from whom nothing is hid. He it is that oils the springs of the state machine which Metternich moves with such seeming ease. He holds the pen of a ready writer, and his gray goose quill is really the Austrian government, Aulic Counsel and all. His are the leading articles of the "*Wiener Beobachter*," his the manifestos, his the proclamations and paper pellets, which play as much havoc with the gray-coated man of Destiny as the snows of Russia. But he is heinously avaricious. He wants not gew-gaws and orders and decorations, but solid gold, true *Conventions Munz*, and not mere *Wiener Währung*.<sup>\*</sup> And the sovereigns wisely gratify his stanchless avarice and put heaps of money into both his pockets. He is fond of solid animal pleasures, too, as honest Jack, and has sometimes but a haporth of bread, like the fat knight, to a gallon of sack. Wise, long-headed Gentz, peace to thy manes, for thou art gone to thy account, and must at length answer for thy rapaciousness, and hot carousings, and almost pardonable passion for Fanny Ellsler.

Now are evoked the glories of the tournaments of the middle ages. There is another imperial carrousel at the palace of the Kaiser, with twenty-four paladins and their lofty dames. Decidedly this fête has been plagiarized without acknowledgment by Lord Eglintoun, at Eglintoun Castle, with the help of the *paon doré*, erst Stewart, now Londonderry of Wynyard. After the carrousel there is a supper diversified by the red stockings of Cardinal Gonsalvi, the turban of the Pacha of Widin, the caftan of Maurogeny and the calpack

<sup>\*</sup> *Conventions Munz* may be rendered as gold of full tale, and *Wiener Währung* as a depreciated paper currency.



of Prince Manuf bey of Mirza. "Motley's your only wear" indeed. Lady Castlereagh is at this supper, and displays round her forehead her husband's order of the Garter. The venom of the Frenchman and the hyper-venom of the French emigrant break out at this piece of awkwardness. The story may or may not be true, but true or false we dare be sworn there was not a finer looking pair at the imperial supper of that gay night, nor a more lofty and dignified in air, gait, and manner, than Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh, and the fair and full-blown Emily, one of the finest specimens of an English gentlewoman.

The sovereigns feed in public on the following day. They eat right royally, but so monstrous is the King of Wurtemberg about the midriff, that cabinet-makers are previously called in to scoop and hollow out a place in the table to suit the amplitude of his vast abdomen.

Dulness and dyspepsia are now beginning to seize on these diners-out of the first magnitude, when Alexander, in order to give a fillip to the follies of the hour, determines on having a ball at his ambassador's, Count Razumowski's, to celebrate his sister's birthday. The ball is given, but the palace which had been twenty years in course of building and decorating, and which contained the rarest and most precious works of art, suddenly takes fire, and is burnt to the ground. The conflagration produced a startling sensation on all, but excited mournful remembrances in the old Prince de Ligne. There wants but one thing more to "cap the climax" of the congress, said he, "and that is the funeral of an old field-marshal—but the potentates shall not be gratified—I am not sufficient of a courtisan to die to please them."

A day or two afterwards the old man was seized with a violent erysipelas, which, after a few days of great pain and suffering, put a period to his existence.

His dying bed was surrounded with his family and friends, and the Emperor of Austria came on foot and alone to bid a last adieu to the oldest of his servants. His eyes were closed by his daughter, the Princess Palfi, on the 13th of December, 1814. His funeral was after all one of the spectacles of the congress. Alas! what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue. Here is his epitaph, by Bonnay, at which he was the first to laugh:

Ci git le Prince de Ligne:  
Il est tout de son long couché:  
Jadis il a beaucoup peché;  
Mais ce n'était pas à la ligne.

For a while De la Garde is inconsolable, but one Julius Griffiths, an Englishman—(quære Welsh) one of the most accomplished men in Europe, a scholar, a great traveller, and a philosopher,—tells him that as nature resigns herself to these calamities, so ought the heart of man to learn resigna-

tion too. Alas! my dear Julius, says the Gaul, flinging himself into the arms of the Cambrian, when one loses such a friend as this, one mourns him long—one regrets him for evermore. "Evermore" was the scriptural word used, not scempiternally, which is more sounding, though less Saxon.

The old year of 1814 had now rung out its knell too, and by the first day of 1815, De la Garde had taken of Griffiths consolation. He commenced the memorable 1815 in attending the picnic of Sir Sidney Smith in the Augarten. The price of this dinner was fixed at three Dutch ducats a-head, the produce to be applied to the release of the Christians in captivity in Barbary. Every crowned head, every minister of the congress was present. They all ate enormously. Some of them drank deep, and became, saving your presence, right royal, which means in other words, (though you do not know it,) like Davy's sow. But eating and drinking have their limits, and there must be a *carte payante* at last.

Now comes the reckoning, and the banquet o'er—  
The dreadful reckoning—and men smile no more.

The waiter handed the plate to Alexander. Romanzoff paid his way like a man. What he gave to the serving man is not stated. Then came the Dane, and he was down with his ducats too. The *Kellner* intrepidly marches on to excellent Max of Bavaria. Max fumbles in one pocket of his waistcoat—and in the other—then tries his coat—finally his fob—then the waistcoat again, and the coat and the fob in turn; but his majesty is decidedly not worth a doit. He looks wistfully down the table to his chamberlain, a man of taste and letters, and an author, too; but the chamberlain is talking of a book of his own writing, (we know with the fondness of a parent how he may be excused,) to Humboldt, and does not catch the monarch's eye. Max then looks demurely and imploringly into the face of the waiter; but there stands Yann's head man, with white waistcoat and new pumps, worn for the first time, determined not to be bilked by any beer-bibbing Bavarian king whatever. A tapster's arithmetic, as we practically know, is stronger than a stone wall, and will not be beaten down unless by a charge of what Frederick of Prussia called "Yellow Dragoons." Discountenanced and abashed, the old monarch rolls his eye round the room, in a floating and furtive fashion, when the guests, aware of the circumstances, explode into loud laughter. But the imperturbable waiter stands stock still; and at length Alexander and Eugene Beauharnais rush to the rescue, and pay the scot of their Bavarian brother. It is well this scene did not occur at any mansion-house dinner, for had Sir Peter Laurie been present, he had doubtless, on the view, committed Max as a rogue and a vagabond. How well do we know that every man in London is a rogue and a vagabond who has not a ducat in his doublet. This is not merely justice's justice; it

is the inevitable inference of the money-making public, of the harsh and hard-hearted and muddy-headed aristocracy of the breeches-pocket.

Aquien falta el dinero  
Credito falta;  
Y sobre el sonrojo  
No la esperanza.

There were some droll fellows at this congress as well as diplomatists. There was *imprimis* Aidé, the Greek of Smyrna, in an oriental costume, wishing to pass himself off as the Prince of Liban. This cosmopolitan adventurer was a good deal patronized by Castlereagh. His mania was to be presented to all the notabilities of Europe. The Prince de Ligne had presented him to scores of diplomatists and attachés. He came to the charge a six-and-twentieth time, as some big-wig entered the room, with his eternal "do me the favor, prince, to present me." The quick-witted old man, a little nettled, accorded his request, exclaiming, "Je vous présente M. Aidé, un homme très présenté, et très peu présentable." The fate of Aidé was curious. He married a rich wife at Cheltenham and took her to Paris. At a ball at Mr. Hope's, the Marquis de Bourbel (of *Bogle v. Lawson* unenviable notoriety) was waltzing round the room, when he accidentally trod on Aidé's toe. "Je vous demande mille fois pardon, Monsieur," said Bourbel, who could be very plausible and gentlemanlike when he pleased.—"Monsieur," said Aidé rudely, "quand on est si maladroit, on ne doit pas valzer, du moins en public."—"Alors, Monsieur," rejoined Bourbel, "je retracte mes excuses." This was the ostensible cause of quarrel, but bad blood, mixed up with some jealousy, had previously rankled between the parties. A cartel on the part of Aidé was the consequence. De Bourbel, whose aim was unerring, came up to the mark, and shot the Greek through the heart at break of day on the following morning. Apropos of De Bourbel, we could wish he would take to his old tricks again of imitating the "Billets Circulaires." We had a pleasant trip enough and a heavy "honorarium" in that same affair, and should like a repetition of both doses in the coming spring—the one as good for our health, the other for our pocket.

Another of the English originals was Fonneron, formerly a banker at Leghorn, a humped-back man with a humped-back wife, as rich a Cræsus, and whose only ambition was the harmless one of giving good dinners. We regret to think that the breed of Fonnerons is nearly extinct. We say it with mournful consciousness of the melancholy truth, there are few men who give good dinners now, and those few are humble, honest-hearted fellows like ourselves. It is literally the poor feeding the poor—the hungry giving to the famishing. Not one of the many rich rogues we have so often asked, has ever given us a basin of Spar-

tan broth in return. As gentleman Jack Palmer said in the play, whose title we at present forget, "There is, however, another, and a better world," where it is to be hoped that we shall be looked after, and these varlets shall go "*Impransi*."

The only Englishman who contested the Amphitryonic palm with Fonneron, was one *Raily*. We suppose that our friend De la Garde means Reilly, or O'Reilly. "The first time I ever saw him," says Cambrian Griffiths, (scholar, traveller, and philosopher,) "was at Lord Cornwallis' table in Calcutta. I afterwards met him at Hamburg, in Sweden, in Moscow, and in Paris after the peace of Amiens, when he told me he had just arrived from Madrid." "*Rarement*," as has been often said to our wandering selves,

Rarement à courir le monde  
On devient plus homme de bien.

There is something mysterious and singular about this man *Raily*. He rivals Cagliostro, and the Count of St. Germain, who lived like princes, without having any revenues or honest means of making a livelihood. Here, in Vienna, he outdoes the most opulent. He lives in the magnificent hotel of the Count of Rosenberg; his dinners are of the most exquisite, his wines of the most *recherché*, his furniture and equipages of the first style of finish, his servants are in the richest liveries.—But then he is a vulgar-minded fellow at bottom, for he talks too much of all these things, and like all low people, has eternally a duke or a marquis' name oozing out at the corner of his ugly mouth. De la Garde is dying to see this fellow. They go and call on him. He pours on them the slaver of his fulsome flattery, and lets flow the sluices of his vulgarity. He prays the Cambrian and the Gaul—Griffiths—*Julius Griffiths*, and A. de la Garde, to do him the honor to dine that very day. The notice is short—wonderfully short—but there they will meet his very good friends, the hereditary princes of Bavaria—the Grand Duke of Baden, Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, K. C. B. K. H., K. T. S., &c. &c., several ambassadors and *chargés d'affaires*, and other persons of distinction of their acquaintance. Julius, the philosopher, and Adolphus, the epicurean, accept with alacrity: the repast is sumptuous, the wines exquisite, the coffee perfectly aromatic; but then immediately after the liqueurs, whist and *écarté* are introduced, and the guests crowd round a dry-looking mummy of an old man, tall and straight as a poplar, with a lively, fraudulent, beggar my neighbor sort of eye. This is *Misther* O'Bearn, (quare, O'Beirne,) the most ancient and inveterate gambler in Europe, who tells them many queer stories of play, but not a man among them all is pigeoned or plucked, though Reilly and O'Beirne are plainly confederated for plunder. Reilly is, in fact, a regular leg, a Bath born knight of the green cloth, who has shaken the dice box, and chicken-hazarded his way through every nook

and cranny of this wicked world, where there was a shilling to stake, or a sixpence to gain. We have ourselves met a fellow of the name at Paris, as ignorant, as vain, and as vulgar, and who was under the strange hallucination that he could speak and write English. We thought him a leg or a spy. It may have been the same man. His vicissitudes were indeed strange. Three years after this, in 1821, he was in the capital of France, a beggar and an outcast. His money, diamonds, carriages—horses—all are gone. He calls on De la Garde. "I have exhausted everything," said he, "but this bracelet; which contains my poor wife's hair. The bracelet would have followed everything else to the pawnbroker's shop, if I could have raised a five-franc piece on it, but I cannot."—"Good Mr. Reilly," exclaims De la Garde, "why not address those illustrious persons you regaled so magnificently at Vienna."—"I have addressed them," rejoins the gambler, "but have received no reply." Such, alas! is human life. Three years later, Reilly died of hunger in the public streets!

What are the great ones of the earth, "who play for the higher stakes of empires and kingdoms," doing all this while!—

They eat, they drink, they sleep—what then?

Why drink, and sleep, and eat again.

The imperial table costs 50,000 florins a day, and the ordinary expenses amount to forty millions of francs. No wonder that Austria was obliged to tamper with her currency. There are 700 *envoyés*, from all parts of the world, now at Vienna, and they consume so much daily that the price of wood and provisions is raised, and there is an extra allowance given to the employés, who, like the jolly Irishman, had been spending half-a-crown out of their sixpence a day!

Our author's last interview with Talleyrand is at a breakfast on his birth-day. De la Garde arrives before the prince is up. At length the man of many changes emerges through the thick and closely-drawn bed-curtains. Enveloped in a muslin *peignoir* he submits his long head of hair to two *coiffeurs*, who succeed in giving it that flowing curl which we all remember, and which his well-known English imitator emulated in vain. Next comes the barber, who gallantly shaves away like smooth-chinned France of the olden time, and unlike hirsute stubble-bearded France of the present day, then comes the powder puff, then the washing of the hands and nails. Finally, there is the ablution of the feet, infinitely less agreeable to the olfactory nerves, as the lame leg of the prince requires to be dashed over with Bareges water, and that specific stinks in the nostrils of all human kind, being a distinctly compounded recognizable stench of burnt sulphur and rotten eggs. Perfumed and washed, the prince's cravat must now be tied; the first valet de chambre advances and arranges a most graceful knot. The remain-

ing adjustment of habiliment is soon finished, and behold the halting diplomatist at his ease, with the modish air of a grand seigneur, and that perfect *à plomb* and *usage*, the result partly of early education, and chiefly of that long commerce with the celebrated men of all countries which he enjoyed alike from his birth, his social position, his talents, and the high offices which he filled in all the varying mutations of dynasties and governments.

Meanwhile, the man of destiny with the gray frock-coat had been showing some signs of life. The congress were about to remove him from Elba to St. Helena, when all of a sudden he appeared at Cannes. From Cannes he hastens to Paris. His progress is an ovation. But Talleyrand is unabashed as undismayed. On the 13th of March he caused the adoption of the declaration, in virtue of which the great disturber of the peace of nations was put under the ban of Europe. On the 25th of March the alliance against France was renewed. The sittings of the congress lasted till the 10th of June, but the idle, the frivolous, and fashionable crowd hastened quickly away. The balls and concerts are now over—the *bona robas* are taking French leave—the fiddles are packed in their cases—the clogged dice are stowed carefully away—the casseroles and stewpans are laid up in ordinary—the *mâîtres d'hôtel* are in movement, and the cooks secure their places in the *Eilwagen*, lest the broth at home should be spoiled. At such a season De la Garde's occupation is gone. He is the historian of dinners and dances and plays, not of treaties and protocols, but there is a time for all things and Horace tells him—

Edisti satis, lusisti, atque bibisti;  
Tempus tibi abire est.

We have said the subject is a trifling, perhaps an ignoble, one; it is after all but whipped cream; but if there needs must be a chronicler of the trivialities of the congress, commend us to M. De la Garde, in whose volumes there may be found some amusement if not much instruction.

It may be asked, do we rise from the perusal of these volumes impressed with the wisdom, gravity, and ability of the statesmen and ministers. Not a bit of it. With the exception of Talleyrand, Metternich, Castlereagh, Wellington, Humboldt, Hardenberg, and Gentz, there was not one among the crowd congregated at Vienna who could have made 1000*l.* a year at the bar (a sum we have never earned ourselves, though duller fellows triple the money,) or 300*l.* a year in scribbling for newspapers or reviews. But then it may be asked if their social position and manner of life was not abundantly enviable and enjoyable? To this inquiry we briefly reply, in the words of an old French author, when speaking of the life of courts and congresses—

"Manger toujours fort tard, changer la nuit en jour,  
N'avoir pas un ami bien que chacun on baise,  
Etre toujours debout et jamais à son aise,  
Fait voir en abrégé comme on vit à la cour."

There is a compensating truth in the couplets which atones for their ruggedness, and as the grapes are sour to us—as we are neither ambassador, (not even ambassador at Madrid, though we at once possess and lack the *Spanish*,) nor envoy, nor chargé d'affaires, nor simple attaché, we will hold to the comfortable and independent doctrine, that it is better to be our own master than any man's slave.